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JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D.



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JOHN MASON NEALE

D.D.

A MEMOIR

BY

ELEANOR A. TOWLE

AUTHOR OF

"ALEXANDER HERIOT MACKONCHIE: A MEMOIR"

*WITH PORTRAIT
AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS*

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P R E F A C E

THE following memoir of Dr. Neale cannot claim to be a comprehensive record of his life ; but it is a memorial of an unconventional and striking personality which left its mark upon a prosaic period ; whilst it is also a chronicle of spiritual and practical undertakings that, within the limits of the English Church, might well be regarded as original in conception and tentative in character.

Pioneer work of any kind was especially congenial to one who united the impulse of the discoverer to an indefatigable spirit of mental activity. A less sympathetic insight into the deeds and minds of other men might have resulted in a more creative exercise of unusual intellectual powers. His inclination was to adapt and interpret.

Readers of Pater will remember that Sebastian van Storck's dissatisfaction with the Catholic Religion arose from his perception of "its unfailing drift towards the concrete—the positive imageries of a faith, so richly beset with persons, things, historical incidents." To Neale this was one of its chief attractions. These were the things about which his imagination hovered, illuminating forgotten pages of history, giving life to an effigy, setting an aureole about a Saint, transforming a defaced inscription, restoring the glow and colour of painted glass and gilded missals. His mind was a reliquary where stones of little value lay mingled with pearls of great price. They had been gathered

rather than selected. The dusty sunbeams dancing about old folios dazzled his eyes, the waves of fancy washed the dull pebble till it sparkled like a gem, and spiritual experiences confounded the dispassionate judgments of ordinary persons.

These might have been presumed to be the characteristics of a student and a visionary, but Dr. Neale's comparatively short life was not destined to be spent in a scholarly seclusion where thoughts of the past might maintain an unbroken ascendancy, or dreams of the future usurp the sphere of action. The very existence of the Church upon earth presupposed difficulty and strife, and it was not unwillingly that he found himself involved in her conflicts. Moreover, it was also his happier lot beside still waters and green pastures to nourish the innocence of childhood and minister to the infirmities of age and the sorrows of the poor with a direct and affectionate simplicity that insensibly drew rustic untaught minds within the circle of his constraining influence.

It is a difficult, if not an impossible task in drawing a portrait, which might be regarded from such very different points of view, to preserve its true proportions. The intention and aim of the book is to form a conception of Dr. Neale's character as manifested in his active life, his relationships with those committed to his care, as also in his intellectual pursuits and literary accomplishments. He can neither be measured with the dispassionate judgment of posterity nor with the certainty of contemporaneous knowledge. Some memories are naturally dim, old friends have passed away, the mass of Tractarian literature hardly touches the Cambridge side of the movement, but a large correspondence, and journals regularly kept, have done much to fill in details and corroborate the testimony of living witnesses.

The author's thanks are in the first place due to those

members of Dr. Neale's family who have spent much time and infinite trouble in collecting material and selecting letters. Amongst old friends still living who have kindly supplied reminiscences, the Very Rev. R. W. Randall, formerly Dean of Chichester, and the Rev. T. G. Young, Vicar of Hursley, should be especially mentioned. Dr. Neale's daughter, the present Mother Superior of S. Margaret's Sisterhood, has bestowed invaluable information no other source could have supplied, as to the organization and spirit of the Order. A privately printed memoir, compiled by one of the Sisters, has been largely drawn upon for facts and extracts; and a book, entitled "Memories of a Sister," by the present Mother Superior of S. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston, has furnished graphic pictures of the initial difficulties of the Sisters' practical work.

It only remains to hope that the present biography, though necessarily curtailed and imperfectly executed, may yet give a true presentment of a life of disinterested service, which, surmounting many disappointments and disillusion, was spent in patient research, in the vindication of Catholic beliefs, and in the humblest offices of the Christian ministry.

ELEANOR A. TOWLE.

October, 1906.

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JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D.

A MEMOIR

CHAPTER I

Birth and parentage—The Evangelical movement and its influence—
Character and career of Cornelius Neale—His death—John Mason
Neale's boyish letters—School life.

JOHN MASON NEALE, whose life after the age of five years was to be almost wholly spent amongst green fields and country lanes, was by birth a citizen of London, being born in Lamb's Conduit Street, on the 24th of January, 1818.

Like so many of the leaders of religious thought in the first decades of the last century, he was the descendant of a family whose strong religious convictions, formulated in the strictest phraseology of Calvinistic belief, had yet been vivified and enlightened by the purer, gentler spirit of the Evangelical revival. Sin was no longer merely an adverse force to be overcome, it was individualized; and sinners were sought out and cherished with an inextinguishable, pitiful hopefulness, as souls to be saved. Up and down the land, preachers with no credentials from constituted authorities, but fervent in faith, rich in self-sacrificing charity, had gathered the scattered peasantry in remote villages and upon lonely hillsides to listen to their message—a message truly of wrath to come, but also of everpresent and illimitable mercy. Wesley and Whitfield had drawn their thousands—an innumerable company of every sort and degree; rough farm lads had foresworn their vices, and vain young girls their pleasures, at their

bidding. A missionary zeal had been awakened, and it spread in the most unexpected quarters. Hannah More and her sister had civilized the wildest and most neglected districts in the Mendips with an enthusiasm which braved at once all personal risks and the graver discouragement of adverse critics. At court there was a desire to evangelize the long-despised masses. Religion was in danger of becoming the fashion. The Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III., contributed with Wilberforce and others to the expenses of the publication of the "Cheap Repository Tracts;" and Horace Walpole, when a temporary illness interrupted his letters, and shut out visitors and ordinary distractions, was heard to exclaim, "I am sorry I scolded poor Hannah More for being so religious. I hope she will forgive me." Two millions of the tracts were sold within the year, and it was not alone in country parishes, said to be dark as Africa, that in this and other ways the work was carried on. The respectable, ordered ranks of the middle classes were broken by the onslaughts of spiritual incendiaries, and the fire once kindled caught at everything that opposed its progress. Deep, but very varied, religious convictions and experiences threatened the disruption of united families; and serious-minded persons, hitherto content with the accustomed fulfilment of religious obligations, found themselves moved and disquieted, impelled to search, not only into the established foundations of belief, but for the more intangible and illusive assurance of personal salvation.

At the close of the eighteenth century this encroaching wave of religious feeling, blown by strong gusts of missionary zeal across the land, had swept into the sheltered precincts of S. Paul's Churchyard, and, under the shadow of the great Cathedral, had stirred the consciences and sensibly affected the lives of Mr. James Neale and Elizabeth Simpson his wife, who had their home there. They carried on a very prosperous china manufactory for some time in connection with the firm of Wedgwood, and success in temporal matters and easy circumstances left them ample time to spend on private devotion

and upon the furtherance of the religious objects they had so much at heart. John Newton was an intimate friend and constant visitor. During the period of the French Revolution they established prayer-meetings in their house, and Mr. Neale became one of the earliest and most active supporters of the London Missionary Society.

The place of their abode, one may imagine, must have had an effect upon their children, and especially upon the receptive mind of their youngest son, Cornelius, whose childhood and character bear, in some respects, a curious resemblance to those of his only son, John Mason Neale.

In this central spot of the City there was much to appeal to a child's imagination. The ceaseless traffic and strange street cries; the solemn booming of the deep-toned bells; the long flights of stone steps leading to the wide doors of the church, like the stairs in ancient pictures by which saints and angels mount to the gates of heaven; the great dome, vast, mysterious, dim even in the sunshine against the clouded blue of London skies,—all these gave food for fancy, whilst the restless tide of human activities, surging around the impregnable stronghold of faith, had a spiritual significance that must have unconsciously impressed itself upon a sensitive mind. The boy had a fertile imagination and versatile gifts, and was keenly alive to the absorbing interests of the world upon which he was entering. Though brought up in the strictest round of what his mother termed "new covenanted duties and privileges," he soon developed tastes and leanings considered to be tokens of an unregenerate nature.

Always devoted to books, he was an apt scholar, and made such good use of his opportunities that he left Cambridge, in 1812, as Senior Wrangler, Chancellor's medalist, and the winner of Dr. Smith's first mathematical prize. He had won his honours with ease, and his early training inspired a wish that all men might see the vanity of these distinctions; yet to a close observer, there must have been indications of dangerous inclinations and dispositions, for one of his anxious friends, in speaking of

him, fears "lest Satan should throw a fiery dart into the gunpowder."

The dart was thrown, but not, we may hope, by Satan. He became an inordinate reader of fiction, a constant frequenter of London theatres, and, leading in other respects a blameless life, he gradually broke through the severe ordinances and prohibitions which had governed his childhood. To some it might seem that his fear lest "the enchanting poetry of Jeremy Taylor's prose should take the place of substantial spiritual nutriment" still savours of scrupulosity; but to his enlightened friends his spiritual state was unsatisfactory. Nevertheless, there was no open breach, and Susannah, the eldest daughter of Dr. John Mason Good, to whom he made an offer of marriage, had no difficulty in accepting it, though at the time, or soon after, she appears to have entertained disquieting doubts as to his position.

Dr. Good was not only a distinguished physician, but a thoughtful and accomplished writer and an excellent linguist, whose scholarly translations and original verses had won recognition in literary circles. It is not uninteresting to note that his grandson's exceptional gifts were, in some respects, of the same order.

Cornelius had been early disposed by parental influence and his own inclinations to receive Holy Orders; but during his first years of married life he took pupils, and of set purpose his ordination was delayed until 1822. By that time his health had declined. Agonizing thoughts of grace, and election, and final perseverance were pressed upon him with irresistible force, and what was technically termed "conversion" took place. Absolutely and convincingly sincere, though, like his illness, of a somewhat hectic character, it brought enduring peace to his soul, and afforded immense consolation to his wife, who, to her inexpressible joy, found he had violently thrown the Waverley novel he had been reading, to the other end of the room, in a vehement recoil from anything which might interpose an earthly interest between him and matters of more serious moment.



THE GRANDMOTHER AND FATHER OF DR. NEALE.⁷

Ordination followed, he was admitted to the priesthood in 1822, and, after one short year of pastoral work, his ministry on earth was over. Always constitutionally delicate, a life of comparative ease and comfort had not inured him to the ordinary physical trials of the earnest-minded curate. He was a constant and eloquent preacher, fond of children, and unusually fitted to instruct their minds and engage their attention ; and an anxious attendance upon the sick and poor, with arduous devotion to the duties of his office, accelerated the development of consumptive tendencies.

In spite of his youth, he had had varied experiences. His boyhood, in the very centre of the great emporium of the mercantile world, his brilliant university career, and subsequent clerical labours in an obscure country parish, had, as it were, divided his life into three distinct portions. For a while indomitable energies had conquered physical weakness, and he had successfully competed with stronger men, but now, though the intellectual strain might be relaxed, he had felt the pressure of increased moral responsibilities, and the fear of leaving his young wife and four little children to battle unprotected with the world must have necessarily weighed upon his mind. He preached his last sermon, upon the text, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," in 1823, only one year after his ordination ; and a few days later the truth he proclaimed to others had become to him a matter of personal experience.

In those days, unhappily, even the more zealous amongst the clergy rarely found such a consummation desirable. We may well use the words of a modern theologian to describe the condition of the Church in which "the existence of a cycle of supernatural virtues, all founded upon faith and constituting the Christian life, still maintained a traditional place, yet little belief was reposed in that heroic sanctity which is the practical embodiment of all those virtues."

The most ephemeral literature, and chance passages in works of fiction, throw curious side-lights upon clerical habits and standpoints, and bear not unfair witness to

practices and manners of life little in harmony with the high obligations of the Christian ministry. There were, of course, many great and notable exceptions. Men with minds powerfully affected by religious fanaticism, of whom Grimshaw, Rector of Haworth, the contemporary of Wesley and Whitfield, whose life was written by Newton, was a type. In that wild moorland parish, afterwards the home of the Brontës, he preached thirty or forty times a week; he would leave his reading-desk during the singing of a psalm to flog his parishioners from the public-houses into church, and yet, after these exceptional exertions, he would cry in despair from the pulpit that "the greater part of them were going to hell with their eyes open." Many there were, fortunately, of other but yet heroic mould—Henry Martyn, Heber, Simeon, Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, and many less well known gentle and cultivated divines, who maintained Church order and preached sacramental doctrines, whose lives afforded a practical commentary upon the doctrines which they preached; the friends of the friendless, the advocates of the poor, true pastors of the flock committed to their charge. But what wonder if the rank and file of the army should indulge in laxity and idleness when those in high command set so incredibly evil an example of the most irreverent disregard of episcopal obligations: when Bishop Pelham (1807-1827) examined a candidate for Holy Orders by sending him a message by his butler to write an essay; and another performed the same duty in a cricket-tent during an interval in the match in which he was playing; when a contemporary of the same bishop, Bishop Porteous of London, never endowed or built a single church, and, in reply to a request for a charity sermon, could assert, "I only give one a year, and the next is promised!" No wonder that, in such an atmosphere, aspiration should fold its wings, and faith itself grow cold. Nor were morality and manners upon a much higher level. It may be remembered that Henry Tilney, the most upright and amiable of Miss Austen's

clerical heroes, found a very slight and perfunctory attention to his parochial duties a most inconvenient and wearisome interruption to the more important and congenial task of lovemaking ; and that when a new living was in question it was of the greatest moment that it should be in a good hunting neighbourhood. Miss Brontë had every opportunity for observing the ways and characteristics of country curates, and though in St. John she draws, probably from life, the highest type of austere purity and sacerdotal devotion, the figures who cross her stage—also, in all probability, portraits—have, for the most part, little either in their words or actions to remind secular people of higher principles or spiritual aims. Nor were their sermons calculated to inspire a more religious tone than their lives. Crabbe, who wrote from the point of view of the pulpit, had upon this subject no illusions :—

“Hark to the churchman ; day by day he cries,
 ‘Children of men, be virtuous and wise ;
 Seek patience, justice, meekness, temperance, truth ;
 In age be courteous, be sedate in youth.’ . . .
 So they advise, and when such things be read,
 How can we wonder that their flocks are dead ?”

In fact, when Cornelius Neale, in 1823, brought his short pastorate to a close, his single-minded, self-sacrificing service of love must have been the result of strong personal convictions rather than of prevalent ecclesiastical ideals. The ordinary members of the clergy had, indeed, hardly reached the standard of Trollope’s cathedral dignitaries—men of irreproachable integrity and gentlemanly manners, giving sufficiently edifying examples of ordinary virtues in their homes and parishes, with consciences undisturbed by any sense of neglected higher duties. One bishop congratulates himself with simple sincerity upon twenty years of episcopal life innocently spent in Westmorland, at a safe distance from the trials and duties which a residence in his own diocese might have forced upon his notice.¹

¹ See Essay in the *Quarterly Review*. Bishop Wilberforce.

"My time has not been spent," he writes, with a touch of modest pride which cannot be suppressed, "in idle visitings, in country bickerings, in indolence or intemperance. No! it has been spent partly in supporting the religion and constitution of the country by seasonable publications, and principally in building farm-houses, blasting rocks, . . . planting larches, and implanting in the hearts of my children principles of piety and self-government." Nor does it seem for a moment to occur to him that these labours, however praiseworthy, could hardly be regarded as apostolic.

Cornelius Neale's conceptions were of a different order. He took the highest view of his responsibilities, and he ungrudgingly dedicated his gifts and powers to the succour of the poor and sorrowful, in whom he most surely recognized the presence of his Lord.

His little son was only five years old at the time of his father's death, but a child's admiring love had taken such deep and ineradicable root in his mind that, to the end of his life, in spite of long intervening tracts of happiness, and many losses and poignant griefs, he still remembered his silent misery when, lying awake in his little bed (perhaps forgotten in the first awestricken confusion of the bereaved household), he had wondered how it would be possible to go on living in the empty world from which his hero had departed.

His father's tender affection may have made the more impression in that his mother's character was cast in a harder and narrower mould. Full of deep solicitude and anxious desire for her children's moral and spiritual welfare, she may have been somewhat lacking in the excusable and engaging weaknesses of maternity, and possibly oblivious of the danger of laying down unalterable rules and carrying out preconceived theories for the guidance and development of the little souls and bodies of her children. Her religious views were strongly tinged with Calvinism, with no shrinking, as far as we can learn, from its grim logical conclusions. But the boy's instincts had been awakened in a wider, freer atmosphere. The

Bible stories heard at his father's knees were entrancingly real. Already, in imagination, he had fought the lion and the bear alone in the field with David the shepherd-boy, he had been with Moses in cloud and flame upon the sacred mount, he had wandered with the spies into the promised land, the land—oh, strange figure of unimagined joys!—flowing with milk and honey; and his childish feet, both in fancy and in reality, had touched the waters of Jordan, the river of death. The Gospel story, with its parables from nature, and miracles of love, had been unfolded in all its fulness, and the mystical interpretation of Scripture which was to take such a strong hold upon his mind as to permeate all his future writings, had formed a part of his father's teaching.

Soon after her husband's death, Mrs. Neale left Chiswick, where he had died, and took up her abode at Shepperton. The old-world river-side town of Chiswick, as it was at the beginning of the nineteenth century, had many natural features which could hardly have failed to have impressed themselves upon the child's ready perceptions and precocious understanding: the wide flowing river, with the dark barges gliding past noiselessly, mysteriously, upon its still surface; the clink of the chains and the regular tramp of patient horses along the wide towing-paths; the low, brown wharf running down to the water; the faint grey-green of the osiers, and the pollarded elms before the gates of old, substantial, many-windowed houses; and above the level landscape, through fog and smoke, the glory and the glow of Turner's sunsets;—all these things were spread like an open book before the boy's eyes, at an age when impressions are most vivid and enduring, and we can imagine that it was not without regret that Battersea and Chiswick, the first homes of his recollection, were left behind.

At Shepperton he was still amongst tranquil scenery—wide village greens with their ponds and willows, buttercupped meadows and orderly rows of tall sentinel poplars, bordering lanes so happily remote from the centres of population that in their hedgerows, twined with honeysuckle

and bright with red campion, the treasures of childhood, the nest of the thrush or chaffinch might yet remain the happy secret of the fortunate discoverer.

It was an age when careful parents were, perhaps, over-anxious to awaken the early intelligence of their children, and to direct it more especially to the understanding of natural physical science. Mrs. Marcet's boys, though clad in nankeen trousers and frilled collars, were allowed to build the Alps with stone and earth in the kitchen garden, and to dabble with wet clay and watering-pots, in order that they might comprehend the course of rivers and the nature of springs. Miss Edgeworth's Harry and Lucy could not eat their bread-and-milk without learning some useful lesson, and the joy of strawberry-gathering must have been, we imagine, somewhat dashed by the compulsory acquisition of the first rules of arithmetic, since the subtraction of strawberries by the method most approved by the gatherer formed no part of the working of the sum.

Mrs. Neale, it seems clear, fostered in like manner the early acquisition of general knowledge, whilst inculcating principles destined to guide and govern the minds of her children in later years. But her health was not strong, and when the little Mason, as he was called, was six years old, she felt the need of a man's assistance, and addressed the following letter to the Rev. W. Russell, Rector of Shepperton :—

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I hope by this time you have been able to determine whether your inclination and engagements will allow of you taking my dear boy under your daily care and general superintendence, especially in those things which a woman is incompetent to teach. You are now acquainted with what were his father's views and what are mine for him—to bring him up in such a manner as shall be most for the glory of God, and which is but the same thing for the child's present and future happiness.

“I greatly fear everything like a modern education for a boy—as totally subversive of that ‘fear of the Lord

which is the beginning of wisdom,' and of that 'holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.'"

It would be interesting to learn what were in Mrs. Neale's mind the dangerous elements of a modern education. We can hardly be wrong in conjecturing that her nursery laws were of a strict and uncompromising character, counsels of perfection, hardly to be put in practice by the small subjects of that well-governed kingdom. It is a relief to learn that Mason was sometimes found in the position of a rebel against lawful authority, and, upon one occasion at least, was said by his old nurse to be "the dearest, dirtiest, lyingest boy she had ever known."

Mr. Russell's rule was a beneficent one, and he soon appears to have gained an influence based as much upon affection as authority. Though the Neales left Sheperton in 1829, his pupil ever held him in affectionate remembrance; they kept up a constant correspondence and arranged to meet each year, if possible, on the tutor's birthday.

His instructions, in the mean time, had borne abundant fruit. The boy, with his keen intelligence and questioning mind, was eager to learn, and his rapid progress is sufficiently well exemplified in the childish letters, of copper-plate propriety, specimens of the early Victorian epistolary style and phraseology, which nevertheless give some indications of individual character. Laboured, stilted, and treasured, they carry us back to the days when letter-writing was a fine art, to which an apprenticeship was served in the schoolroom.

"April, 1825.

"Æt. 8.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSSELL,

"Mamma has been to see the Diorama. . . . The text last Sunday was taken from Is. 51-15. 1st head, the broken-hearted under a sense of sin; 2nd, the broken-hearted under a sense of affliction. . . . I have been to see a printing press. . . . I had my name printed 'Ultinam quod videram te.' . . . We have learnt 132 words in French.

. . . I have learnt 11 conjugations in French. . . . Grand-papa means to get an empty thermometer and fill it, that I may see how 'tis done.

“Your affectionate boy,

“JOHN MASON NEALE.”

One cannot help being sorry that he had already had his attention directed to the experiences of the broken-hearted, and may well be pleased that the printing press and the empty thermometer should have come to divert his mind. One would have been still more glad to hear of less instructive toys.

Fortunately, though an only boy, he was not an only child, and he had his little sisters as fellow scholars and playmates in his lighter moments, for the bond uniting the fatherless children seems to have been not merely that of a tender family affection, but of like interests and congenial tastes. Before he was ten he had started a family magazine, to which the less scholarly feminine pens were allowed to contribute, though a tragedy, written about the same time, was the sole work of his own classical muse, a serious composition for which he had prepared himself by reading all the tragedies of Seneca.

From the school at Blackheath, to which he was removed in 1829 at the age of eleven, he writes again to his “very dear Mr. Russell,” to thank him for “the very pretty Greek Testament and the letters, and the prayers you were so kind as to give me. We have learnt a verse out of the Greek Testament every day, out of Philippians.” He has also found time to admire the beautiful country; but the Sunday exercises would surely now appear to the most puritanic mind expressly designed to alienate a boy of his age from a creed so exacting with respect to religious observances. Twice in the day he is taken to hear a sermon at the long morning and evening services at Dartmouth Chapel, carefully noting the texts; and lest there should be any respite from serious thoughts and enforced quiescence, Mrs. Neale gathered her flock about her, and read one of Dr. Doddridge’s sermons to them in the afternoon! She must, one would imagine, have

been singularly lacking in a sympathetic understanding of the natural instincts and capacities of young children, if she had no fear of causing permanent injury by the surfeit of spiritual nourishment. After recounting with praiseworthy exactitude the regulated duties of his Sunday, the real little Mason breaks out at the end of the letter, beneath the cloak of Sabbatarianism.

"About a mile and a half from here is a great cavern," he writes, "which you pay sixpence a-piece for seeing, where Jack Cade, who lived in the reign of Henry the VI., and a great many robbers have kept their spoils"—here we have at once the future historian and romanticist. "And we have a field at the back of the house with about a dozen tiny trees stuck into some tiny beds, and a great adder haunting the bottom."

It is possible that the "great adder's" very problematical existence had been used by some bigger boy to strike wholesome terror into his junior's innocent and credulous mind, but at any rate he had the satisfaction of being able to thrill his absent master with the thought of the dangerous reptile.

We much fear that the realm of fairyland whence Hans Andersen, and Grimm, and many others have brought back such marvellous tales, was to him an undiscovered country, but in his spare moments he took his pleasure in "a world of moonshine." The creations of his own brain were as real and almost as attractive as the mermaids and goose-girls, the giants and princesses of known fame and well-authenticated reputation, and the live adder at the bottom of the garden an object of pleasurable though trembling awe.

So his early school life went on ; diligent, inquiring, full of varied interests, most of them centring upon the knowledge found between the pages of lesson-books. A born student, it is clear that he would never, even at ten years old, have asked with Stevenson, in passionate wonder, "Why cannot we all be happy, and devote ourselves to play?"

CHAPTER II

School days—Sherborne—Early attempts in verse—Farnham—Influence of the Tractarian movement—Trinity College, Cambridge—Death of Charles Simeon—Change in Neale's religious opinions.

HIS thirteenth birthday found Neale still at Blackheath, and it would appear that the same processes as those of earlier years were applied to the furtherance of his intellectual and spiritual advancement. Here is the unchildlike list of his ponderous birthday presents: Leighton's "Holy Life," Wilson's "Evidences of Christianity," "Jewish Records," Walker's "Christian;" and Samuel, apparently a schoolfellow of the Sandford and Merton type, presents him with "Watts on the Improvement of the Mind."

Can it be matter of surprise that his letters reflect his training, and that the record of his boyhood is painfully exempt from the natural foibles of youth, and the destructive but wholesome ebullitions of animal spirits! Yet doubtless those "apprehensions were being quickened which are the material of future thought, and, to a great extent, the rule of future conduct;" and, moreover, his literary instincts were being exercised and formulated.

The school had started a "Musæ Proprietariensis," in which all the pupils' best performances were to be written out, and some of his earliest efforts found a place there. In 1832 he encloses in a letter a piece of Sedulius; "Omnipotens æterne Deus spes unica mundi," etc., and his subjoined translation of more than seventy lines:—

"Eternal God, the only hope of Adam's ruined race,
Who rear'st the heaven's huge pillars up, reveal to us Thy grace.

Thou that restrain'st the roaring sea by bands of feeble sand,
Who measurest out the night and day with Thy Almighty Hand :
'Tis Thou that numb'rest all the stars, 'tis by Thy Power they shine,
And every shining lamp appears a proof of skill Divine"—

showing evident signs of care, and elementary ideas of versification ; curiously foreshadowing the diligence of the future gifted translator of mediæval hymns. He was beginning to take pleasure, not only in Latin verse and poetical exercises, but in the study of poetry. He read Warton's "*History of English Poetry*," and found it very interesting. Here are his comments.

"Warton begins from the last period of the English language, which he divides into three portions, the Gothic, the Norman, and the Saxon. Of the first he says there is no fragment remaining except a few sentences from *Cædmon*. The second he takes no notice of. The third he begins with. The first part is rather dull, as it contains only an account of the Saints' lives in metre, which are very long and tedious. Then follows Chaucer and Lydgate, and after that the most interesting part, containing Wyatt, Surrey, Heywood, Sackville, Hall. Here he leaves off, for he grew tired of the work."

This last fact no doubt aroused displeased astonishment in the young student, whose unwearied mind was ever seeking fresh fields and pastures new of light and knowledge, but it would seem clear that the critic and commentator, though he might not be in all respects a safe or sympathetic guide, had at least introduced him to hitherto unknown poets, and to what he justly terms the most interesting period of English poetry. The Elizabethan period, with its "pastoral fancies and Italian conceits," would not, except in the case of the dramatists, have been specially attractive to the ordinary schoolboy. Many children, without any real appreciation of poetry, are captivated by the rhythm and the sound—the marching measures of a war song, the minstrel music of Scott's flowing verse, the rugged tragedy of an old ballad, and even the music of a love lyric ; but it is for the same reason that, without any ear for music, they delight to blow a

trumpet or beat a drum. Neale was not so much a listener as a student. A musical-box would have given him little pleasure unless he had been allowed to pull it to pieces, not for mischief, but in order to understand its construction. Quaint fancies, archaic verse, the perfection of expression, and simplicity of thought with elaboration of style,—some of these things at least he discovered in the rich mine of Elizabethan literature; and undoubtedly his taste was being formed and his faculties strengthened by his limited chances of advancement in this particular study. He began to write blank verse, naturally of no great merit, but careful and imitative. Here are some lines from a poem upon winter, enclosed in a letter to his mother:—

“ The pale moon disappears,
Then comes the morning, lurid, hoary, wan,
And overwhelmed with vapours and with cloud.
The dewdrops are congealed upon the trees;
The hailstones, deadly cold, drop on the thatch.”

If she likes these, he cheerfully promises to send her some longer ones on summer. Versification is an easy art, and he is quite prepared to practise it if desired.

So far his education from all accounts was more or less desultory, with spare time in which to gratify his inclinations with respect to reading and authorship; but in 1833, at the age of fifteen, he went to Sherborne, and the busy routine of public-school life must have broken in, not altogether agreeably, upon some congenial pursuits; though more opportunities were afforded for improvement in scholarship. It would not, however, appear as if the school itself had left any decided impress upon his character. He had no popular qualifications, and probably found few companions who preferred with him the library to the playing-fields. Though always an indefatigable walker, he had no aptitude for athletics. A tall, shy, sallow-faced boy, with thick dusky hair tumbled above a broad forehead, and dark-blue short-sighted eyes, he moved a solitary figure among the young, happy herd, and found ordinary schoolboy distractions and talk unwelcome

interruptions to more serious preoccupations and self-communings.

In his first letter from Sherborne, he characteristically notes what he evidently considers its two most important features: the Great Tom of Sherborne, a magnificent bell, and its inscription, "Sancta Maria, ora pro mihi, miserimo peccatori, A.D. MCCCXXXI;" and, in the neighbourhood, Auburn, the scene of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

There were other outward circumstances well fitted to make impressions that have not been recorded. The change from ordered suburban scenery to the deep, winding lanes and green valleys of Dorsetshire; the soft sweep of rounded hills against unclouded skies; the wide, untrodden pastures and low-lying woods,—all these must have had an unconscious influence; and then, set in their midst, there rose the old town with its historical associations reaching back to the days of S. Ealdhelm, when Newer Wessex—the lands of Dorset and Somerset, with that part of Wilts which may be called the land of Malmesbury—became the diocese of the Bishop of Sherborne (705). So strong was its natural position that it was the only corner of the country where Englishmen successfully resisted the onslaughts of the pirate Northmen, and this not without the powerful assistance of the militant Church, for between the years 868 and 933, no less than three bishops of Sherborne were slain in battle. Nor did the town lose its ecclesiastical character when, in 1075, the see was removed from Sherborne to Old Sarum. The abbey remained, and, under King Ethelred, the rule of S. Benedict had been already introduced into the monastery.

We can have little doubt that an intelligent boy would have been eager to make himself acquainted with the history of the town, but we may be yet more certain that his attention would have been irresistibly attracted by its architectural wonders. The old castle on rising ground, with two streams flowing beneath it through fertile water meadows, had suffered a memorable siege under Fairfax. Upon its surrender it was reduced

by gunpowder to untenable ruins, some of these forming part of the present building: the Chapel of "Alhalowes" and the great Abbey Church. Round these fierce quarrels between the monks and the townspeople centred, culminating in the great fight and fire of 1436, that interrupted the restoration of the fifteenth century. It is a Norman Church transformed into a Perpendicular building, though its tower and transepts retain Norman characteristics. The great vault of the nave with its transverse arches, their bosses of foliage and flowers in infinite variety; the harmonious design of the choir with the shafts rising straight from the floor to the intricate panellings of the roof;—all these may well have served as steps in the study of ecclesiology, and to this he was to devote a large portion of his future time. But though ghosts of the past might haunt the ancient enclosure, they had no message for him. The great church was not as yet to him the sign and witness of a spiritual reality. Chancel and nave, porch and altar, were symbols of a faith to which he was more or less a stranger. The Christian instruction he had received made little account of Christian art. Architecture might place within his hands the lamp of power and beauty, but hardly that of truth and sacrifice. He had been taught to look for the outward signs of inward piety in personal acts and words, rather than in the consecrated types of sacramental grace.

Such was, as far as we can learn, the condition of his mind, when, in 1835, at the age of seventeen, he quitted Sherborne. There is no record of any school distinctions gained, though in many respects he must have been in advance of lads of his age. He had an insatiable appetite for books, extraordinary mental powers, and an exceptionally retentive memory. Yet it may well have been that he had tried too many devious paths to advance upon the beaten track, and in a crowd his shyness naturally kept him in the background. Mrs. Neale was not, as we have seen, actuated by worldly ambition, the prizes of life were of small importance in her eyes, and the boy shared her indifference. He left Sherborne without in

any way making his mark there, and went for a short time subsequently to school at Farnham.

Here, with perhaps more spare time at his disposal, he again employed himself in versification, and some lines have been preserved showing signs of quickened poetic fancy, as well as of a more practical understanding of the art. The poem is to be entitled the "Contest of the Months," and he copies out a dialogue between the fairies Oberon and Titania (one may hope he has been reading the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*"), in a letter to his sister.

"*Oberon*. How calm how rev'rend rise these forest stems,
Whose dark red twilight scarce admits a ray,
Save, where on some green blade or mossy stump,
An eye of gold is strewn. . . .
These solid walls of green, as they run down
By rocks and caverns to the green vale's jaws,
Are fitted for our court."

And in more graceful numbers the fairy queen replies—

"'Tis pleasant now,
When hoary winter throws one arm, bespangled
With gems of frost, around young Spring, who half
Shrinks from his touch, and half with pleasure viewing
His form, now milder from her flowery store,
Hangs her pale snowdrop on his icy neck."

Besides his ordinary studies and verse-making he had other pursuits, and for the first time we hear of him in connection with parochial work; on Sundays taking the class of 'James,' the bishop's butler, in the Sunday school. One of his longest letters home relates his difficulties and experiences. It is remarkable as foreshadowing the infinite pains he was ever ready to bestow upon the teaching of the poor and ignorant. He discusses the best way of applying catechetical methods, and finds it hard to ask questions neither beyond his scholars' comprehension nor else too leading.

He evidently liked the work of a teacher, and took an

individual interest in his pupils; but, next to versification, letter-writing was of all occupations, so he averred, the most delightful; thereby unconsciously betraying a fundamental want of resemblance to the modern schoolboy. In his case words flowed freely, and he probably found it easier to express himself upon paper than in ordinary conversation.

It was whilst he was at Farnham that he first received, either from books or living teachers, some dawning notions of a visible Church as the authorized and divinely appointed vehicle and interpreter of the gospel truths that were to him already the very foundation-stones of faith.

In order to understand what otherwise appears a somewhat sudden and inexplicable change in his mind with regard to theological questions, it will be necessary to take a short survey of the state of the religious parties in England who at this time in various and sometimes divided camps were contending for the faith, and yet with a loyal enthusiasm had ranged themselves beneath one standard—the standard of the Cross.

The Oxford movement was not merely affecting members of the University, but was exercising a far wider influence than could have been anticipated by its most ardent adherents. The days were over when the discussion or exposition of theological propositions was relegated to the pulpit; and the minds of men were filled and stirred, not so much by questions of conscience, as by articles of belief. To many it appeared to be a time of dangerous speculation and unrest, whilst to others it was the God-sent troubling of stagnant waters. What may be termed the old Oriel School, 1826–38, was still a great power when Neale was preparing to go up to Cambridge. It was a united party relying upon the justice of the cause, with no unhesitating voice proclaiming old truths and obligations as taught by the Catholic Church from the beginning, and consequently to be accepted and practised by all her faithful members. As Newman writes in the spring of 1839—

"My position in the Anglican Church was at its height. I had supreme confidence in my controversial *status*, and I had a great and still growing success in recommending it to others."

And in his article on "The State of Religious Parties," published two years before Tract 90, he notes with pleasure the testimony of opponents as to the rapid spread of the doctrines he taught. The movement, it was asserted, had "manifested itself with the most rapid growth of the hotbed of these evil days . . . The *Via Media* is crowded with young enthusiasts, who never presume to argue except against the propriety of arguing at all. . . . These doctrines have made fearful progress. There are few towns of note to which they have not extended. They are preached in small towns in Scotland. . . . They are advocated in the newspapers and periodical press. They have even insinuated themselves into the House of Commons."

This disastrous climax might well fill the minds of cautious opponents with dismay, lest the secular arm should be in vain invoked to suppress ecclesiastical lawlessness. Moreover it was easy to charge the adherents of these opinions with folly and conceit, with ignorant obstinacy and wild indiscretions, but it was not possible to deny that their leaders were men of acknowledged ability, of high moral character and of rare intellectual gifts. Dean Church, in reviewing the course of the movement, declared that "Keble had given the inspiration, H. Froude had given the impetus, and then Newman took up the work," and that work had assumed proportions to fill the onlookers either with surprised delight or with unbounded dissatisfaction. The Tracts were coming out, each like a bomb-shell thrown into the opposite camp; and the alarming rapidity of the attack hardly left time for effectual retaliation, or organized defence.

It was one of the most remarkable notes of the Catholic Revival, that it united men of the most opposite characters, not simply in the work itself, but also in the tenderest bonds of personal affection. The mystic, the

logician, the poet, and the student were, in very diverse manners, all seeking the same end—the restoration of Catholic doctrinal teaching and Catholic practice in the worship of the Anglican Church. In 1833 Keble's Assize sermon on "National Apostasy," whilst it awakened a storm of opposition, had undoubtedly confirmed weak disciples and gained fresh followers; some serious theologians, and some as daring revolutionists as Hurrell Froude, who, with youthful audacity, railed at the Reformers and described the Reformation as "the bad setting of a broken limb." There were, in fact, representatives of every type of character: Newman, Keble, Pusey, Rose, Church, William Palmer, Ward, Isaac Wilberforce, and many others, who, by their teachings and writings, and yet more by the power of an intangible personal influence, had, like the apostles of old, filled the city with their doctrine.

At Cambridge there was a different atmosphere, and its inhabitants breathed a lighter air. But we must not forget that, before he went up to Cambridge in 1836, it was the spirit of the Oxford Tractarians that, like a breeze from an unknown quarter, brought a reanimating sense of space and life to the more or less narrow limits of Neale's doctrinal knowledge and spiritual conceptions.

In the beginning of that year he studied under Dr. Challis, Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, then Rector of Papworth St. Everard, a village near Cambridge. Here Harvey Goodwin, afterward Dean of Ely and Bishop of Carlisle, was his fellow pupil. Soon after, Dr. Challis moved to the Observatory at Cambridge, and Neale remained one of his household, under other tuition, until he matriculated at Trinity. His time at Papworth, however short, was in one respect memorable, for whilst there he had, at eighteen, fallen in love; not an unusual experience at that age, and one to be repeated a few years later in a second attachment. This last was not a mere passing fancy, but held within it serious elements of stability and truth. The boy-and-girl romance, however, and the formal character of the first courtship, throw a curious light upon

the habits of mind and customs of the day. "Love in particular," we are assured, "will not endure any historical scrutiny," but it is undoubtedly true that in its expression it has much to do with times and seasons and public opinion. Mason Neale's proposal was made in what he considered the most correct form, and in the manner best fitted to secure a favourable reply, namely, in a copy of verses. His love was likened to a moss rose, and he prays that in the garden where she blooms he may be permitted to plant a forget-me-not.

This somewhat ambiguous wooing met with the desired response, and we find him at once writing to acquaint his old tutor, Mr. Russell, with his happiness. To a young man just entering upon college life it might prove the surest safeguard; and to Mr. Russell's fear that it may make him idle, Neale can confidently reply that there is not the least danger, since the young lady had no desire to furnish any distractions from important duties, and quotes a sentence from one of her letters in proof of his assertion:—

"Once again, before I close this letter, may I add that, if ever you have wished for my regard, you will show it by your unwearied industry and perseverance, now, and when at College."

These cautions might have come more appropriately from his old master, and we are not surprised to learn that, though the engagement received unqualified approval and parental sanction, it was not destined to survive the disenchanting influences of absence; and, unalleviated by risks or difficulties, it was irrevocably sunk in smooth waters.

It had one enduring result, that from this time, in spite of the pressure of other work, he kept a copious diary. It is of too intimate a nature to be quoted, and contains little of general interest, but now and again it furnishes indications of character, when a boy's enthusiasm or a boy's conceit breaks out through the bare record of events. For example, he proposes to gaze into futurity, and mournfully imagines his funeral tablet erected in

some quiet village church, "To the memory of the Rev. J. M. Neale"—he has already determined to take Holy Orders,—and he longs "that he may have done something to exempt that tablet from being carelessly passed by." He "pants after immortality," with a youthful disregard of the necessarily obliterating action of time upon earthly fame and honour. He is intent upon the workings of his mind, and more wholesomely occupied in reading for matriculation. Mr. Shilleto, his tutor, was fitted for his post. Neale felt he could sit with him from morning to night. He, in his turn, was delighted with his pupil, and especially commended his Greek verse.

In the midst of much heterogeneous matter there are three entries in the journal of this year very appositely illustrating three phases of his mind: the strong substratum of evangelical fervour; the growing sense of the unity of the Church, and of the sacramental system as the necessary outcome of her teaching; and, thirdly, an increasing interest in architecture as the authentic exponent of historical facts and eternal verities.

As one instance of the sympathetic hold he still retained upon the principles in which he had been educated, his detailed narrative of Charles Simeon's death, as he heard it related to a gathering of young men by his devoted friend and follower Mr. Carus, may be quoted:—

"I went to him after chapel this morning, and he was then lying with his eyes closed. I thought he was asleep, but after standing there a little while he put out his hand to me. I said, 'The peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your heart and mind.' He said nothing. I said again: 'They washed their robes, dear sir, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb; therefore they are before the throne of God.' 'I have, I have,' he said. 'I have washed my robes in the Blood of the Lamb; they are clean, quite clean, I know it.' He shut his eyes for a few minutes, and, when he opened them again, I said: 'Well, dear sir, you will soon be able to comprehend with all Saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may——' He tried to raise

himself after his quick manner. 'Stop, stop, you don't understand a bit about that text; don't go on with it—I won't hear it. I shall understand it soon.' And after a while he whispered, 'I think, death—silence.'

How clearly one sees the scene! the revival of energy in the dying teacher lest the text should receive a wrong interpretation; the well-meant efforts of his over-anxious friend, who remembered, somewhat too late, that Simeon had always expressed a wish to be alone when dying, not praying but meditating, and not even interrupted with texts from the Bible. A last recorded utterance, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word;" and then the solitude and silence he had desired as the Shadow of Death fell upon the room; and not upon that room only, for many houses were in mourning, and there was much sorrow, as Neale writes, in Cambridge that night. He rejoices in the thought of what the meeting must have been between Simeon and Henry Martyn, and is impressed by the vast mourning crowds at the funeral and the funeral oration.

A little later we find quite another note sounded in some verses on the death of an uncle, who had apparently been buried with the unseemly ostentation of the ordinary conventional burials of those days :—

"Oh give me back the days of old! Oh give me back one hour!
To make us feel the Holy Church o'er death hath might and power.
Take hence the heathen trappings, take hence the Pagan show,
The mimicry, the heartlessness, the unbelief of woe.

.
And let us know to what we go and wherefore we must weep,
As o'er the Christian's hopeful rest, or everlasting sleep.

Lay in the dead man's hand the Cross, the Cross upon his breast,
Because beneath the shadow of the Cross he went to rest.
And let the Cross go on before—the Crucified was first
To go before the people and their chains of death to burst:
And be the *De Profundis* said for one of Christ's own fold,
And—for a prisoner is set free—the bells be rung, not tolled.
Deck the High Altar for the Mass! let tapers guard the hearse;
For Christ, the Light that lighteneth all, to blessing turns our curse."

Here we have a description of a Christian's funeral, clearly indicating an appreciation and understanding of Catholic rites one might have hardly expected to discover; distinctly marking a stage in his advance towards the principles to which his after-life was so sure and true a witness.

The third indication of a new temper of mind and attention to what was destined to become an absorbing study is given in the last entry to be quoted from his journal before he went into residence at Trinity.

"It has struck me that in the different styles of architecture we may perhaps find an analogy with the different stages of popular feeling in England. The Norman, heavy, dark, and gloomy, corresponds well enough to the absence of liberty which characterizes the reigns of our kings till John. Then the Early English has certainly a resemblance to the far more cheerful and free views introduced by Magna Charta. Still, though there is great beauty in the parts, there is a want of amalgamation and unity in the whole, which, however, we find in the Decorated, the most perfect style, which answers to what was perhaps the happiest age of England, Edward the Third's. Gradually the Commons asserted their own rights, and broke through the symmetry of the Government, and, behold! at the same time, the Perpendicular mullions cut the beautiful tracery, before unbroken, to pieces. I am disposed to think there is more than fancy in that."

However this may be, here we have a glimpse into the workings of his mind, and a notion is afforded of some of his individual tastes and preoccupations when, at the age of eighteen, in October, 1836, he obtained a scholarship and went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge.

CHAPTER III

Undergraduate days—Friendship with Benjamin Webb—Early interest in mediæval literature—Archæological studies—Neale's theological standpoint—Undergraduate friendships—Church tours.

UPON looking back to the Cambridge of the years immediately preceding Neale's matriculation, Lord Houghton—himself a Trinity College man—said, when speaking at the opening of the New Cambridge Union: "I am inclined to believe that the members of that generation were, for the wealth of their promise, a rare body of men, such as the University has seldom produced;" and he might have added that in most cases that promise had been abundantly fulfilled. Trinity had just cause to be proud of the long list of distinguished literary men who had not long since quitted her precincts—the Tennysons, Thackeray, Edward Fitzgerald, Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), James Spedding, Alford, Arthur Hallam, and many others. And Neale notes that, in a letter from B. Jowett, he had heard that "four very clever men were going up at the same time as himself." One cannot but be curious to know how far the acquaintance between the future Master of Balliol and Neale, the founder of East Grinstead and the mediæval historian and ecclesiologist, had gone (they had been fellow pupils under Mr. Russell); but probably their future lives were as separate as their very dissimilar lines of thought.

Though Neale's proclivities were emphatically those of a student, he was not at first thrown into an exclusive set of reading or literary men. He was still somewhat of a solitary, with a natural incapacity for undergraduate amusements.

Boating, cricket, riding, all outdoor games gave him less pleasure than books. He read at all times, in season and out of season, early and late, walking and at meals. And his taste was not unduly fastidious. In reading he was content to traverse wide tracts of history and to make himself acquainted with uncongenial sciences. Grammars, dictionaries, obsolete treatises, dusty folios; all in their different degrees had an attraction for his inquiring spirit. In the fresh, self-confidence of youth he was ever with an eager hopefulness seeking something new. Conscious of his latent powers, he was not over-anxious for results; in fact his failings were those of a clever boy, whose superior gifts have more or less shut him off from a close and salutary contact with the undiscerning public opinion of his fellows. He had never conformed to school-boy codes and prejudices; he remained indifferent to college customs and traditions.

It is fortunate that at this period fresh and engrossing problems were crowding upon his mind and clamouring for attention, or he might well have been inclined to too exact, if not morbid, introspection. In forming any judgment of his immature character, it is very necessary to recall the advantages and counterbalancing drawbacks of his early training. Under a strict, though beneficent, maternal rule, treated with a too conscientious regard to future prospects and spiritual advancement, he had missed the natural outlets afforded by boyish levity and boyish games. There was no irrational forcing of growth and experiences; he was not brought up in the stimulating atmosphere of a hot-house, but in the sheltered decorum of the parlour, which had manifestly unfitted him for a rude contact with the outside world. He had a high, but not unjust, opinion of his own talents, and shrank from the society of those to whom his aims were incomprehensible and his tastes insipid; as a consequence, his friendships were few, and founded rather upon mutual predilections and habits than upon the irresistible if impermanent ground of a magnetic and irresponsible personal attraction.

Recalling the fact that in later years he was regarded in many quarters as an ecclesiastical rebel, it is certainly curious to note that, though he was gradually emerging into a stronger and clearer light with regard to moral and religious questions, he had, in his youthful spring of confidence, no desire to shake off old persuasions and free himself from old associations, that might have been regarded by men of his age as cramping or ignoble.

He had been born in what has been called the "after-glow of the Great Revolution." Social portents were in the air, and sober-minded men felt the ground giving way beneath their feet. To some, as to Newman, "the vital question was how to keep the Church from being liberalized." To others there had come another ideal—a Church which "for her tenderness and loving-kindness will most effectually retain the affections of the poor, while her plain protests against evil will affront and irritate the powerful, . . . a religion of visible self-denial and holiness, that willingly took on itself the sorrows which to the multitude are inevitable, and lightened their sufferings by its own pain and privation"¹—regarding the poor as bearing "a quasi-sacramental character."

The revolutionary spirit was abroad. In Italy the eyes of young patriots were dazzled by a vision of a united country, and Christ's Vicar himself was soon to be acclaimed as their leader. In England Carlyle's violent denunciations, full of fire and fury, whilst they shocked refined susceptibilities, had undoubtedly awakened disquieting suspicions as to the insecure and possibly illegal tenure of vested interests and established rights. In 1829 the old poet Wordsworth, on reading Gladstone's "Church and State," was inclined to believe that it claimed too much for the authority of the Church. Since then higher claims had been put forward, and found a ready recognition amongst the advance guard of the Anglo-Catholic party. It would not have been strange if the force of the current had swept young Neale, with his religious impulses and somewhat incoherent creed, completely off his feet. But

¹ *British Critic*, No. lvi., p. 370.

such was not the case. He retained with faithful tenacity his hold upon evangelical truth, whilst slowly and surely gaining clearer views of the doctrines of the Catholic Church as taught in her creeds and formularies. And he fought his battle single-handed. He was not one of a party, fired by one enthusiasm, inspirited by numbers. All the prejudices of his family were ranged on the opposite side. He was forced in some sort to disown the influence of the tenderest family ties, and to take his stand upon the broad principles of right and wrong, and of truth and error. The history of the progress of his mind bears some resemblance to the progress of the Tractarian party itself, which from "beginnings so small, from elements of thought so fortuitous, had suddenly become a power in the National Church."¹ It was at first a growth rather than a revolution, and it is clear that in his college days, amongst all the excitements of a more or less public life and novel surroundings, Neale's preoccupations and opinions were changing their character.

His recreation consisted in long walks along the straight roads and over the level country about Cambridge, and with a congenial companion his reserve would be broken down. Once the stream of words was set loose, it knew no bounds. With extraordinary keenness and apprehension of the most abstruse subjects, with contagious enthusiasm about classical and historical or antiquarian questions, he would pour forth a flood of information; and though his conclusions might be hasty and unconvincing, his premises were rarely at fault. One subject alone was uncongenial, and to this he obstinately refused to apply himself.

"He was soon marked out as the cleverest man of his year," to quote the words of a friend and contemporary; "but neither his father's powers, nor his teacher's instructions ever influenced him so as to give him the slightest taste for mathematics. He had through life a rooted dislike to that study, and he was wont to say that the most dismal mode of existence conceivable to him was that of a mathematical coach at Cambridge. This dislike proved

¹ Newman's "Apologia."

disastrous to his hope of graduating with distinction, for the iron rule (since obsolete) which compelled all candidates for the Classical Tripos to take mathematical honours first, resulted in his being unable to secure the prize, which was universally adjudged to him by those who knew his powers."

His mind was working in another direction. He was exploring the libraries and treasure-houses of the Early Church, patiently investigating the rich mine of mediæval records and patristic literature, becoming gradually more and more absorbed in the laborious and fascinating study. Undeterred by the magnitude of the work, he had resolved to write an account of the Latin poets of the Middle Ages, and, as a preliminary step, he searched Trinity College library for every volume of the kind to be found there, his note-books bearing witness to the immense labour the task involved. With the exception of a translation from Sedulius, and some slight attempts in verse in 1833 and 1834, his first production was a translation from S. Bernard on Psalm xci., published in the "Voice of the Church" about 1839-40. This was followed by his earliest versions of hymns from the Roman and Parisian breviaries, afterwards revised and reprinted.

In these early years at Cambridge he read much modern English literature and most of the earlier English dramatists. Unlike his father, the artificial adjuncts of the theatre would have rather repelled than attracted him, as tending to destroy his own imaginative conceptions; but the dramatic instinct was strong, though upon his stage the players represented the ideals and customs of other generations. He was not a poet by nature, for poetry with him was rather an art than an inspiration. The spirit of poetry was said to have descended upon Shelley from the air, and that of Wordsworth to have sprung from the ground; with Neale it was one evoked from the past, revealing itself in a fanciful but cultured reproduction of the subtle beauty, both of imagination and form, which permeated the minds of monastic saints, and found its expression in the chants and hymns of

mediæval Christianity. And it must be remembered that in exploring these records he was impelled more by the animating pleasure of the quest than by a distinctive search for truth. To many at this time it was of supreme importance to affix the seal of antiquity to the doctrines which ill-instructed opponents were stigmatizing as "new." They might have been for a time lost sight of, hidden away, or forgotten even by some accredited teachers, but the whole Faith once delivered to the saints was the inalienable inheritance of the Anglican Communion as one branch of the Catholic Church. She had but to display her title-deeds to silence one argument at least of those who were as yet strangers to her true teaching and practice. Neale's position with regard to these matters was in many respects peculiar. He was not a controversialist, nor a logician. He was sanguine and credulous. Fascinated by the history of the Early Church, with its long rolls of saints and martyrs, some of them obscure and forgotten, and many whom he afterwards commemorated in his "Annals and Legends," they had become to him dear and familiar companions, who in intimate converse disclosed their thoughts and related the story of their lives and of their times with but a chance passing reference to disputed matters of dogma. He had a child's unquestioning love of the marvellous, united to the indomitable untiring zeal of the discoverer. He unearthed the jewel not so much to appraise its value as to rejoice in the amazing brilliance of its beauty. He had gone back to the perennial source and fountain-head of faith, and was not at this time greatly concerned about the various streams in which it had flowed forth to water and fertilize the earth. The language of the Saints was familiar to him, by reason of the love he had to them. He had studied the Scriptures with S. Jerome and the Psalms with S. Bernard. He had attended the great Council of Constantinople with S. Gregory of Nazianzus and S. Meletius, Bishop of Antioch, and rejoiced when they confounded the Pagan philosopher; he had hidden himself in the cell of the holy hermit Meinrad, in the solemn green depths of the Harz Forest; he had gone

forth along the Appian Way with S. Peter, and witnessed his meeting with his Lord. These were not simply stories to kindle the imagination, still less mere historical facts lending their aid to refute heresies and confound unbelievers: they were to him the unfolding of the pedigree of the great family of which he was a member; in whose triumphs and losses, in whose joys and sorrows he was most intimately concerned. This explains what might otherwise have been a source of perplexity, the curious fact that, whilst fully conscious of original powers, so many of his first literary attempts should have been adaptations or translations of the works of others. He undoubtedly had much self-confidence, but more than most men he had a spirit of admiration for heroic sanctity, and a reverence for divine truth which, in company with its exponents and confessors, made him well content to take the place of a humble and faithful interpreter.

In spite of the pursuit of knowledge outside the usual University course, he did not fail to attain some distinction. He won the Members' Prize in 1838, and, soon after taking his degree, was appointed Fellow and tutor of Downing.

Though, as we have said, slow in making friends, and without those special qualities which ensure popularity, in these years there were laid the foundations of some friendships destined to stand him in good stead. Amongst these, one was especially distinguished; common interests, congenial tastes, and sincerity of purpose uniting in the most affectionate and closest intercourse two men of very opposite character.

Benjamin Webb was a freshman at Trinity when Neale was in his third year: a man of great critical ability, an iron will, and, together with a comprehensive grasp of great subjects, surprising patience in working out details. In many ways the friends were fitted to supplement each other. Neale's impetuosity was restrained by Webb's calmer judgment, and his rash conclusions corrected by the relentless force of logic. There was, even in this time of their youth, a foreshadowing of their careers. Neale, the mediæval historian, the disciple of mystics, the patristic

scholar, to whom echoes of the past were blown by airs from the very gate of heaven ; Webb, with his clear perceptions of the sharp lines dividing truth from error, and imaginative beauty from the disenchanting realities of life, were each, no doubt, in some measure shaping their future destinies : Neale's work, as the Warden of Sackville College, was to lie for the most part within the walls of his chapel or his study, remote from the strife of controversy and the stress and strain of public and parochial life ; Webb, as the vicar of an important London parish, was to bring his varied gifts and qualifications to bear, not only upon those to whom he ministered in spiritual things, but upon the great political, social, and religious problems forcibly presented to the practical consideration of a priest labouring in one of the great centres of population.

We can scarcely understand Neale's tastes and dispositions at this time without a careful characterization of the man whom he chose for his constant companion, and who became, before long, his chief, though not his only, intimate friend. At the commencement of their intimacy Neale took the lead. He was never suited to be the head of a party, his fancy was too redundant and his ideas too diffuse to be presented in a concrete shape to the ready understanding of a multitude ; yet his enthusiasm was infectious, and upon special individuals the quality of his personal influence, sympathetic, kindling, inspiriting, and disinterested, was such as to ensure a certain reciprocity of conviction. To Webb, three years his junior, Neale's schemes occasionally took the form of castles in the air, and his conclusions appeared rashly improbable, but he shared to the full his student love for ancient manuscripts and hymnology, for architectural symbols and early Christian art. Thoughtful and prudent, his powerful intellect and brilliant gifts were controlled by an unusual sense of proportion and a wise deliberate judgment rarely exercised at the outset of life ; he acted, even then, under the sobering sense of its tremendous issues and grave responsibilities. As a writer in the *Church Quarterly* remarked, " The early maturity and completeness with which Mr. Webb's views

were reached by the process of clear logic, and systematically ranged in their relations to each other, was a conspicuous element in his moral and intellectual career.”¹

Brought up in S. Paul's School, he had early learnt to play his part in the world, and was already qualifying himself to deal with other men. He had highly cultivated powers of observation and acute insight into motives and character, and in 1838-39, when he went up to Trinity, there were clear indications of future distinction. Just and statesmanlike, equable and unbiassed, he was absolutely free from the frailties of the revolutionist or the demagogue; and, to use adjectives which might at first sight seem to have no connection with their subject, he had already in him the seeds of what he was to become—the kindest of autocrats and the most tender-hearted of inquisitors.

The Tractarian movement had been to Neale somewhat in the nature of an inspired revelation. Faith took to herself forms and symbols; Truth was newly arrayed in rich and appropriate garments; and his imagination wandered unfettered in the realms of transcendental thought. Webb was more concerned with practical conclusions. Neale's inclination was to distil and expand, Webb's to condense and eliminate. Nevertheless, they were united in a common interest, engaged in a common search, and together were perfecting one very important branch of knowledge; which was to spring, not only from ancient learning and traditions, but from a personal acquaintance with the evidences in architecture of the faith and worship of our forefathers.

In 1837-38 Neale had spent two long vacations in archæological studies. From S. Leonards he had visited all the old churches in the neighbourhood, in company with a friend, the Rev. E. J. Boyce, afterwards Rector of Houghton. Neale registered and tabulated results, whilst Boyce made drawings and took copies of brasses. In the same way they went through Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Durham, on to Newcastle, Carlisle, and Glasgow,

¹ *Church Quarterly Review*, Jan., 1886.

taking notes of cathedrals and visiting hundreds of churches, both in these neighbourhoods and also, during shorter holiday tours in Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Sussex, etc.

The most unimportant buildings and the most trivial details were submitted to an exact scrutiny, bearing witness to Neale's growing and absorbing love for ecclesiology. The endless technical lists are uninteresting or unintelligible to any but an expert; but beneath the form and structure he found the lesson and the spirit—"sermons in stones," less easily forgotten than those of living preachers. In the "Stones of Venice" Ruskin instructs us—

"that all our interest in the carved work, our sense of its richness, though it is tenfold less rich than the knots of grass beside it, of its delicacy, though it is a thousand-fold less delicate, of its admirableness, though a thousand times less admirable, results from our consciousness of its being the work of poor clumsy toilsome man. Its true delightfulness depends on our discovering in it the record of thoughts and intents, and trials and heart-breakings—of recoveries and joyfulnesses of success; all this can be traced by a practised eye."

And for Neale also, though his insight might not be so capable of expression, the history of past ages of faith and endeavour and aspiration was legibly written in corbel and pediment, façade and tracery, pillar and chancel. They were all instinct with the life of bygone generations. The great cathedrals, amidst their green and sheltered precincts; the small village churches, placed, as country churches so often are, at a distance from the hamlet to which they belong; the flagged footpath with its overshadowing yew trees, leading to the low porch; the curious epitaphs on the old head-stones, bright with moss and lichen, and half hidden in tall flowering grasses; the font of simple antiquity; some remnant of old glass in a chancel window; the grace of an arch or pinnacle,—sent his thoughts back at once to the date of their conception, and from the outward sign to the spiritual grace, from type to antitype.

In monumental brasses he was particularly learned. Sometimes he speaks in his letters of late visits to these

solitary churches, when, accompanied by the sexton bringing the church keys and a lantern, they would examine and take rubbings of some brass amongst the worn stones of nave or chancel; and describes the "flashing and quivering of the light on pier, arch, and roof, the misty exhalation which floats about, the dull cold fixed gaze of the effigy, the shifting of light and shade, and melancholy howling of the wind round the casements." One of his many descriptions, sometimes afterwards employed in lectures or articles, may be given as a sample of the painstaking care exercised in gathering information; it refers to the Church at Hatley Cockayne.

"You enter by folding doors adorned with the most exquisite carving; they came from some Dutch church, all the additions were procured at or near Antwerp. . . . The pulpit is a most elaborate piece of carving of the date of 1559, it has the four Evangelists exquisitely sculptured with their symbols. . . . The east window of the north aisle has nine Saxon saints, the lowest are S. Edward the Confessor, S. Sebert, and S. Oswald. All this glass is ancient. The font was a plain octagon; it is now panelled into most beautiful Perpendicular. The font is an ancient piece of china, containing the history of Joseph and his brethren, though this is incorrect. In the nave are three sets of brasses containing two, three, and two figures respectively. These all commemorate the Cockaynes, but being, unfortunately, enamelled, I could not take them. In the south aisle is a monument to Sir Patrick Hume."

Neale wrote an introduction to the volume upon "Monumental Brasses," published by the Cambridge Camden Society, as being upon a subject which he had made peculiarly his own; and also a Latin epilogue of eleven stanzas; four lines in mediæval verse, every line of the quatrain ending with one and the same double rhyme, from which we extract a few verses.

"Sit labori terminus ! Facientes Dei
Jussa et Ecclesiæ, quod debemus Ei,
Tumulum monstravimus esse domum spei,
Verum cœmeterium, portam requiei.

"Longe late Angliam, novimus Sanctorum,
Multa tempe visimus, operas majorum
Ubi dulce dormiunt animæ justorum;
Et hunc librum pretium tulimas laborum.

"Mortis habitaculo adstet Vitæ Lignum,
Illud sit solatium flentibus benignum,
Nihil est Catholico monumentum dignum,
Nisi sit Ecclesiæ Triumphantis signum."

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We may believe that he no longer looked for his memorial tablet upon the walls: boyish self-absorption had given place to the humility of the student. Moreover, he was being brought into closer relations with intellectual and scholarly men. Devoid of personal vanity, his conceit with respect to opinions and judgments was yielding to a wider knowledge, and an admiring acquaintance with superior minds. He might think highly of his own abilities, but gave to others unstinted praise and the readiest recognition. When, in the next chapter, we enter upon the history of the Cambridge Camden Society, we shall see that, engaged in an important work, undertaken for the common good, though he undoubtedly took the initiative, he was yet always ready to consult and co-operate. His mind flew with the directness of an arrow to its goal. The great truths which were being carefully elaborated, the arguments so slowly weighed, the problems so painfully wrought out by the overburdened anxious minds of the great Oxford leaders, were to him matters of easy acceptance and triumphant certitude. He had a curious, inveterate distaste for laboured controversy. At a time when theological topics could hardly be introduced amongst friends without arousing personal bitterness and party feeling, his buoyant spirit rose above the troubled waves of religious strife to find a refuge in the higher regions of fundamental belief and spiritual perception. "The religious revival had stirred Cambridge, but it touched different points from Oxford, and worked in a different way. . . . The questions

which sent Oxford men to Rome, certainly did not disturb University life at Cambridge."¹

This assertion may require some qualification, but there was certainly less feverish activity, fewer melancholy forebodings and morbid searchings of conscience, together with a less bitter sense of alienation from old convictions, and a less painful severing of old ties, than was taking place during these years at Oxford. To his surrounding atmosphere Neale may have owed the lighter touch and the more disengaged spirit with which at this period he entered upon the vindication and defence of Catholic faith and practice.

¹ *The Guardian*, Oct., 1897.

CHAPTER IV

The Cambridge Camden Society—College friends and associates—
Architectural studies—Restoration of S. Sepulchre's Church—
Neale's appointment to the chaplaincy and tutorship of Downing
—Publication of the *Ecclesiologist*—Neale's exposition of its
aims—Descriptive powers exemplified.

ONE day, in the course of Dr. Neale's last illness, in recalling former times, he observed that it had been an audacious proceeding for a few young men at Cambridge to undertake the reform of Church architecture, and to assume for their motto, "*Donec templa refeceris* ;" but, after a pause, he added, "The temples had been rebuilt."

Neale and Webb were in the front rank of those "who discovered that they had a mission to help the Church revival on the side where Oxford left it weakest, that of religious art, notably architecture, and of worship treated in reciprocal dependence."¹

It is a noticeable and significant fact that the early Tractarians were more concerned about doctrine than about modes of expression, more intent upon formulating ecclesiastical systems than upon regulating worship ; fearless and uncompromising in principle, cautious and restrained in act. Neale, though less deeply versed in theological learning, and rash and unskilled in controversy upon the burning questions of the day, was possessed by a desire to bring home to the Church at large, by type and allegory and illustration, the same truths impressed by historical research and serious investigations of her records, in creed, and formulary, and definition, upon the understanding of the wise and scholarly.

¹ *The Guardian*, 1885.

Hurrell Froude, with his impetuous haste to arrive at concrete results, was an associate of the Oxford group of contemporaries who took the same view of architecture, as one of the necessary and legitimate evidences to be brought forward to defend and corroborate the teaching of his party. Indeed Froude, brilliant, aggressive, and buoyant, "radiantly sure of his position,"¹ the "wing and talon" to his friends, bears in some respects a resemblance to Neale. "Froude," writes his biographer, "applied his thoughts to architecture with a power and originality which at the time were not common." Neale's taste was guided and informed by more laborious study and greater technical knowledge, but with him also it was united to joyful revelling in all beauty of design, and form, and colour.

Soon after his matriculation he had had some half-formed intention of gathering together a like-minded band of students to make theoretical and practical acquaintance with an art too long forgotten or obscured by ill-instructed teachers; but the project only took a definite shape in 1839, when its two chief promoters, Webb and Neale, with some few other young men, joined themselves together, under the somewhat "haphazard title" of the "Cambridge Camden Society."

"We have no hesitation in saying that to this organization is primarily due that thorough revolution in the fabrics and worship of our churches which is a marvel of the last half-century, and which has so profoundly affected the habits and the phraseology, not merely of the more devout, but of general society."²

This may be too comprehensive a claim, at the same time there is no doubt that the society soon became a noteworthy element in Cambridge life. Its history during the years with which we are now concerned is one of some reverses, but of much unprecedented success. The aim of its members was to restore and reconstruct the outward signs and symbols of the Church; to manifest her unity and strength, her grace and purity in an art entirely

¹ Canon Scott Holland.

² *The Guardian*, 1885.

consecrated to her service; once more to discover the angel in the stone, and so to fashion the tabernacle of God upon earth as to present a true, though faint and imperfect image of the temple of God in a city that lieth foursquare, of which the Lamb Himself is the Light. Each member of the society was bound to further its purposes by visiting churches and making what they termed "schemes" of their construction and salient architectural points. Neale was confident and ardent, with a boyish impetuosity disarming criticism, and a hopeful spirit making light of opposition. He found undergraduates and others who gladly followed in his wake. Young, afterwards Vicar of Hursley, Edward Boyce, Edmund Venables of Pembroke, Griffin of S. John's, Harvey Goodwin, and F. A. Paley were early members of the small company. But no doubt the attitude of some, at least, of the band was not so much defensive as aggressive. They made little account of constituted authorities and academic order. No revolution could be carried on without some destructive elements, nor brought to a successful issue without an appointed recognized leader; and at first their designs had no coherence, and the difficulties of co-operation were increased by the remarkable popularity of the project which attracted nominal and unsuitable adherents.

"It was under the excitement caused by the opposition of some who, because they could not rule, wished to destroy the little coterie of lovers of Church architecture," writes Edward Boyce, "that we determined to try and secure a head and an influential leader to the movement on behalf of founding a society which should embrace the same objects as the smaller one, but open its arms wider and extend its operations beyond the narrow sphere to which the smaller society had limited itself."

Archdeacon Thorp, their college tutor, was on the most friendly terms with his pupils. Surprised, amused, and tolerant, he was taken by storm: at ten o'clock one night an embassy was sent to his rooms, and did not quit them until the representative of law and authority had been induced to sanction their cause. A public meeting was

held under his auspices in the lecture-room of Trinity College, and beyond all expectation largely attended, not only by undergraduates and members of Trinity, but by graduates and tutors from other colleges. At this meeting, in May, 1839, the Cambridge Camden Society was formally instituted, and the Ven. Archdeacon Thorp, Fellow and tutor of Trinity College, Archdeacon and Chancellor of Bristol, became its president. So rapid and widespread was its influence, that by the fourth year of its existence (1843) it had secured, as patrons or members, two archbishops, sixteen bishops, thirty-one peers and members of parliament, twenty-one archdeacons and rural deans, sixteen architects, and no less than seven hundred ordinary members.

We may reasonably suppose that, in spite of his failure in his degree (which seems to have been a greater disappointment to his friends than to himself), Neale was at this time full of sanguine happiness. "I made quite sure," writes Webb, in January, 1840, "that you would be *senr. opt.* . . . One cheering thing is that it will not, as far as I can see, affect your Fellowship." And that once gained, he hopes he "will show these thick-headed mathematicians what the chairman of C.C.S. is made of."

This arrogant tone, not unnatural perhaps in the first rush of friendly indignant disappointment, is not reciprocated by his correspondent, who may have learned some salutary lessons from his failure; and yet he is evidently not unduly depressed, but full of new hopes and projects. In his next two letters (happily dated January 11th and January 21st, not, as sometimes happens, the Eve of S. Hilary or Martyrdom of S. Charles, or the octave of some obscure Saint for whose feast we have to search the calendar), he is proposing more literary work for the society: "The Ecclesiastical Brasses of England, selected and edited by the C.C.S., to appear in parts," and what he calls the "accompanying list of revolutions;" "for it is evident that if we want to keep up our character we must do something."

What was attempted and accomplished must be

mentioned in order ; but, before entering upon the record of external work, it is well to glance once more at his own motives and aims. They are casually exemplified in a few sentences in a letter of this year. He wishes his schemes to be "carried into operation to preoccupy ground from the Oxford-Gothic." Another reason (an esoteric one, mind) "is that who knows what impulse we may give to the re-introduction of the Catholic vestments into the Anglican Church ! When persons come to see the reformed Bishops, Heaton and Persglove and Archbishop Harsnett vested in copes, etc., they will think there must be something more than talk in this. Depend upon it, one example is worth twenty precepts." And again : "I am sure, in spite of the becalvinization of England, there is yet a chord in most people's hearts which vibrates to Catholic truth."

During this year (1840) he was continually gathering material for papers and lectures on archæology ; and his letters, from which space only allows of extracts, all bear upon the same subject.

"Do you remember in Stedman an account of a house in Worcestershire, Mire-hall, with the date in Arabic numerals 1337 ? I have lately been introduced to the possessors, good antiquaries, first-rate heralds and high Tories (alas for Catholicity !). They spent yesterday evening here, and went through all my brasses, making such remarks on each as showed them to be well versed in the subject. . . . Thorp is much debating whether to allow the proposed rood screen to be erected in S. Mary Redcliffe, instead of the present barbarous thing. So far as I hear I hope he will. . . . I have seen so much since I left you, or, to quote Ecclesiasticus, 'And behold when I travelled, I saw many things, and beheld more than I can understand,' that is perfectly bewildering, that I quite long to see you that I may hear your opinion on many of the Worcestershire churches." And then, a little later, after giving architectural details, "What a dull catalogue this would be to any one but a thorough Camdenian !"

This preliminary work was, however, not only of interest to those engaged in it, but fruitful in results far exceeding

their expectations; and more knowledge, as was natural, softened asperities and sobered youthful ambitions. "We must indeed," writes Neale in a letter to Webb—"we must indeed, as you observe, learn humility."

Doubtless the life he was leading at this time very sensibly nourished this and other graces. His visit to each church was a pilgrimage; however neglected and despoiled, it was a sacred place, where he learned many lessons upon his knees.

"But wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness?"—so Charles Lamb writes—"go alone on some weekday, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church: think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations old and young that have found consolation there—the meek pastor, the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee."

And Neale's imagination went still further back to the long roll of the aureoled Saints who, once despised and travel-worn, had wandered upon earth and toiled and suffered, until the very marks of humiliation and pain had become emblems of sanctity and pledges of glory, and now, arrayed in rich garments of purple and crimson, looked calmly down from painted windows; back to the days of the squires, barons, and crusaders, whose effigies, mutilated and worn, were the only memorials of long-forgotten lives. There are some—and Neale was emphatically one amongst them—who, "when they pursue truth, desire as much as possible of what we may call human scenery along the road they follow."¹ To him, more than to most men, history was not so much a record of facts as a series of biographies. These pictured saints were not detached figures, and the solitary crusader stretched upon his tomb was the representative of a religious enthusiasm awaking an echo in his own heart.

It is difficult on looking back from the vantage ground

¹ R. L. Stevenson.

of 1906 to form a just conception of all that was accomplished in the forty or fifty years subsequent to 1839, the year when the Camden Society was formed and the new spirit conspicuously manifested, almost simultaneously, in the erection of the chapel at Littlemore, and the building of Leeds parish church, as a most striking embodiment of the continuity of Catholic worship.

"The C.C.S.," writes Mr. Beresford Hope, "with an energy which sometimes showed more determination than tact, but which was always impelled by a convinced will, devoted itself to the cultivation of church architecture in connection with worship, and of worship in reference to that architecture under the name of Ecclesiology. The spirit of church restoration and church building leapt from county to county, and from parish to parish; . . . one cathedral after another has shaken off sleep, and has arrayed itself in the glorious apparel of the king's daughter, and the spiritual works of a Church in vigorous life have followed the outward adorning of the sanctuary."¹

In merely practical matters an amazing amount was accomplished in these years 1839-1845. To give an idea of the number of churches improved or restored, we are told, would "be almost as difficult as to count the stars on a frosty night." In 1843 alone no less than ninety-eight applications were made to the committee for designs or advice. "Not only from every part of the British Isles, but from every colony of the British Empire," there came applications for advice or plans.

Much opposition had to be encountered, and a certain amount of ridicule evoked, yet more repugnant to youthful optimism, and even Neale must have had his bad moments. "One thing I see plainly, that we are making out for ourselves lives of anything but happiness in the ordinary sense of the word," so he writes. "I do not say this despairingly: so be it, if we can only gain our ends." And he is cheered by Dr. Hook's saying, in respect to the propagation of the truth, that "the great law annexed to it is that the preachers suffer and the cause prevails."

¹ Beresford Hope, "Worship of the Church of England."

After all, he was only twenty-two. Naturally many of his crude ideas could not be carried into effect, and hastily conceived plans proved abortive. Here is a wild, impossible scheme, set forth in a letter of September, 1841:—

“It is proposed to erect in Cambridge a large Cross Church called S. Alban the Protomartyr. The style to be Decorated, with lofty cathedral spire. The arrangement to be perfect—open and magnificent wood seats, exquisite font with splendid canopy, painted tiles, magnificent Altar raised on nine steps; in short, in everything except size, to rival Lincoln. The collection to be a national one. For this purpose the plan is now lying before the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, I believe, is not opposed to it. . . . We reckon not to build with less than £150,000, or some trifle like that.”

It is evident that he is impelled to laugh in his sleeve at his own exuberant fancies; and this plan, we may be sure, was never executed: but nevertheless a church upon paper had its charms. He had another idea of carrying the war into the enemy's country by writing short paragraphs in condemnation of what he termed “barbarized churches” in the *Times*—where, again, we may be certain they never found a place. And, in curious contrast to these fantastic projects, we have the prosaic titles of his first publications in connection with the society: “A Tract upon Puses,” and “A Few Words to Churchwardens.”

In 1841 a rare opportunity was afforded to the members of the Camden Society of showing “how the outward aspects of English public worship might be made more reasonably and intelligently to correspond with the ideals and best traditions of the historic Church.”¹ The old Norman Church of S. Sepulchre had partly fallen down, and the restoration was given into their hands. The work was far beyond what they had before undertaken, both in magnitude and importance, but it was satisfactorily accomplished; a good deal of attention was drawn to it by the lawsuit concerning the stone altar which supervened,

¹ *The Guardian*, 1887.

and it very sensibly helped to spread an intelligent understanding of their aims and powers.

It is no exaggeration to assert that at this time Neale's whole mind was fixed upon these and kindred subjects. Academic interests were thrust into the background. Already, in 1840, he wrote, on his appointment to Downing—"I have been offered the assistant-tutorship and chaplaincy of Downing (which, of course, gives a little), the former immediately, the latter as soon as I can take it. I shall be very glad of this, as far as it enables me to be with you all at Cambridge, and to continue with the C.C.S. For the thing itself I don't much care; the Protestant and Reformed foundation of Downing will never usurp a large share of my affection from my old college."

All through the letters of these years, not always directly concerned with the subject, we find constant references to books and facts bearing upon the symbolic teaching of buildings and brasses, of early English chapels and Norman arches. The idea so pervades his mind as to exclude for the time other questions. He delights in the society of like-minded persons. In one of the 1841 letters, he writes that he has been so fortunate as to fall in love with a lady, "who is an enthusiastic ecclesiologist and a symbolist to the last degree. She has, I believe, hit on the true reason why gargoyles are so frequently fashioned like demons. She thinks that they are intended to represent the evil spirits rushing away from the church, just as Freeman's idea about the roof-angels represents good spirits as anxious to inquire into its mysteries." This idea is certainly corroborated by the fact that to the mediæval mind evil was always grotesque or repulsive. Lucifer, in art at least, had no resemblance to an angel of light. Again, he speaks of long evenings at country parsonages, where he is asked to expound his views, and many schemes are propounded; when his hosts, like the ecclesiological lady, are not permitted to talk of anything else. Indeed, we may believe they were not inclined to change the conversation, as with unrelenting fervour he pressed home his points, and enlarged upon the theme

so dear to his heart. And up to the end of 1841, the members of the C.C.S. had no means of spreading information except by lectures and communications amongst themselves. Those who had left the University were out of touch with its proceedings, and it became necessary to start a periodical to retain interest and circulate information. *The Ecclesiologist*, a monthly publication, was first issued in November, 1841, and had so large a sale that it soon became, not merely a report of the doings of the C.C.S., but a general organ of ecclesiology.

Webb and Neale were its chief contributors, sharing between them the responsibility of editorship. The filling up of "Church schemes," as they were called, or forms for the classified description of churches, had already defined knowledge and ensured accuracy of expression. They had now an opportunity to unfold the allegory, and press home the lessons of the symbol. "A Few Words to Church Builders," "Illustrations of Monumental Brasses," "Hints on the Practical Study of Ecclesiastical Antiquities,"—such were some of the earliest publications of the society. The aim of the promoters of this literary organ of the C.C.S. may be best expressed in Neale's own words, extracted from one of his earliest books, "Hierologus," cast in the form of a conversation, in which he expounds and defends the vocation of the true ecclesiologist; who was "not a mere student of Church architecture, but of all its collateral branches of information as to Church history and antiquities. . . . All that is beautiful in nature and art, the past, the present, the future—all, to my mind, are remembrances of the pursuit I love."

A building or monument, however striking, was never to him a single detached impression—it had a history and a background. Take but one paragraph from his account of the Sussex village churches as an example of the natural features of the pictures which come back upon him "like lovely visions in the quiet night:"—

"Poynings, in its belt of trees, crouching down below the soft yet vast range of the Dyke; Clapham, hidden in its wooded hills; Bosham, conspicuous among the watery

environs of Chichester Harbour; Buxted, gleaming through the gnarled oaks and chestnuts of its park; Bramber, with its thick, short tower, perched on the side of a shady hill, under the solitary pile, the only remains of its castle; Graffham, nestling in a crescent of wooded downs; Haughton, on its bleak waste of barren hills; Westmeston, seen like a fairy church from Ditchelling Boss; Sapton, with its tower of shapeless massiness hidden in a glossy grove of ivy; Horsted Keynes, Leighton's burying-place, with its shapely spire pointing from its forest tract; Ardingley, and its wild scenery of ravines, redcrags, and quarries, where birches hang down and underwood clothes the rocks; Newhaven on its sea-beaten hill."

These form, as he writes, "a whole gallery of pictures." Yet his sense of external beauty was hardly that of a poet, still less that of the artist or landscape painter: it was the unconscious delight of a child in sunlight and colour, in fairy, cloud-built palaces and the magical transformations of sunrise and sunset; and in the minute, though unscientific, observation of natural phenomena. The world was to him a garden of delight, in which he was well content to wander; but he gathered neither flowers nor fruit with the express purpose of putting them upon the market. It is for this reason that his descriptions of scenery are at once so simple and so lifelike. To take only one example from many, here is a paragraph from a letter in April, 1841.

"It was a fine sunset; parallel with the horizon were some long mare's-tails of a rich brown hue—these were crossed by others of a redder brown, and to the north were some stationary clouds of a tint between gold and brown ochre. To my left, as I turned, was Cisbury; to my right a rising ground, but less bold in its outlines, formed, as it were, the framework of the picture. Gradually the clouds to the north assumed the look of dark foliage blossoming in gold, the brightness of the sky contracted into a smaller space by degrees, and then deadened into plain night clouds. What sublime ideas did those same shapeless night clouds suggest to me when I was some seven years old, and how often did I stand at the window of my room at Shepperton to watch them! As I got on,

distant peeps toward Cuckfield broke through the Downs—in that grey mist to me so sublime and yet so beautiful, so thoroughly like Handel! What can give a better idea of eternity than that particular shade? To my right the Downs were covered with hoary grass; the valley to the left, in which lay Bramber Castle, was filled with a river of mist.”

Here we have the symbolism of nature somewhat strained. At the same time, how true and definite is the picture painted in the colours a child might have handled!—the very same scene spread before his eyes, when he stood a solitary little figure, looking forth from the nursery window at Shepperton.

But, however freely and happily his imagination might play upon other subjects, his writings and most strenuous endeavours were chiefly devoted to the vindication of Catholic belief and the revival of art and ritual and architecture as its expression. Indeed, it would not be unjust to say that, though Oxford had for the most part provided the letterpress of the movement, Cambridge was furnishing the illustrations. Many experts and specialists were enrolled as members of the Camden Society. William Scott, Rickman, Pugin, were all invited to become honorary members between the year 1839, when it was started, and 1846, when it changed its name to the wider one of the Ecclesiological Society, and its headquarters were removed to London; whilst there were others who afterwards became distinguished in different walks of life—Paley, Salvin, Paget,—all alike awake to the importance of making known their principles without reserve in decided and corporate action. In fact, as Neale asserts, Oxford men were amazed at their boldness.

In a later letter, dated Candlemas, 1844, Neale gives his views upon this point very plainly:—

“It is clear to me that the Tract writers missed one great principle, namely, the influence of æsthetics—and it is unworthy of them to blind themselves to it. . . . Pusey’s letter confounds two things. ‘Have we,’ he says, ‘that purity of heart and life which can fit us to be great church

builders in a Catholic sense? Don't you see that you, or I, or Paley, never set up to be able to be Catholic architects? Nay, rather, have not all our creative attempts—S. Albans, the New Zealand Cathedral, etc., been failures?' So far I agree with him. But that it does not often please God to raise up as defenders of His Truth, men, even of immoral lives, it is absurd to say—witness many of the Popes. If of His Truth, why not of His Beauty? Thus it is necessary that a S. Athanasius or S. Cyril should be men of eminent personal holiness: they were for the first time developing truth. But it is not necessary that its mere defenders should be so."

Nevertheless, at Cambridge, as at Oxford, the men thus associated together for a common object were not only of exceptional ability, but of high character and unusually blameless lives. In spite of the pressure of work of various kinds to be accomplished, and of absorbing if not conflicting interests, Neale's residence at Cambridge was marked by a manifest deepening of spiritual life, an increased desire for greater knowledge of Divine truth, and an abiding, animating sense of sanctifying grace, enduing the elect of God with supernatural powers, bringing order out of confusion, and strength out of weakness, and, notwithstanding his many shortcomings and distractions, most graciously preparing him to fulfil the vocation to which he had been called.

CHAPTER V

Ordained deacon—Begins clerical work at S. Nicholas, Guildford—
Visit to Wells—His licence refused by the Bishop of Winchester—
“Herbert Tresham,” his first story for children—Ordained priest
—Theological views.

IT has been well said that “high hopes in youth are the stock-in-trade with which we are meant to open the business of life,” and with these Neale was amply provided. But now there comes a pause, as it were, upon the threshold of a new life. Exuberant fancies fade, extravagant schemes are laid aside, a graver tone pervades the letters, and, in a soberer and clearer light, matters of supreme moment assume their true proportions.

From boyhood he had been destined for the priesthood, and he never appears to have had an idea of any other possible profession. Not only the course of his reading, but his whole habits of mind were in accordance with the urgent solemnity of a call to which he could not but be faithful. He seems to have had little guidance in his theological studies except from his old tutor, Archdeacon Thorp, but he was fitted to pass far more searching tests than those to which Ordination candidates were subjected, and there could be no doubt in the minds of the examiners of his spiritual fitness.

He was ordained deacon at S. Margaret’s, Westminster, by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, on Trinity Sunday, June 6, 1841; and he preached his first sermon, at Shepperton, in the following week.

The thread of life had never been twisted or broken, and so, not unfittingly, he went back to the familiar place—to the old church where, in spite of the restlessness natural

to his years, he had scrupulously striven to fix his wandering mind upon the discourse of other preachers; and here, for the first time, he exercises his new office, preaching to many who must have known him as a boy, and possibly to the joy and pride of his mother and sisters. Mrs. Neale had however made her home in Brighton, and a little later he was with her there, officiating in the church at Hove.

A three weeks' tour in France with Webb brought increased architectural knowledge and a deeper appreciation of legendary and mediæval art. During this and other excursions he became acquainted, not only with the French cathedrals, but with the other great churches of vast and beautiful proportions which stand in the plains of Normandy and Anjou, with small towns or villages clustered about them, and he formed an intimate acquaintance with the general features of the country—the long straight roads bordered with poplars; the forests of low trees and brushwood; the sluggish streams, and small roadside inns with trellised arbours. Of a similar familiarity with the manners and customs of the peasantry, we see evidences in his story of the days of the French Revolution, entitled "*Duchenier; or, the Revolt of La Vendée*," and published in 1848.

His walking powers stood him in good stead, and he could wander at his will, leaving the beaten track to seek some sculptured figure or decorated work, some fragment of old glass or iron-wrought gateway, that repaid his trouble. For with him learning and pleasure were inseparable companions.

After the Long Vacation he returned as Chaplain to Downing. There were many ties binding him very closely to Cambridge; much pleasant companionship and work in which he delighted, further development of schemes connected with the Camden Society, and access to libraries impossible elsewhere; but his position as tutor and Chaplain of Downing was never congenial to him, and he resigned it in the autumn of 1841. He was anxious to enter upon parochial work, and "had made up his mind," as he wrote, "to take the first suitable curacy

that offered, without exercising any choice in the matter." There had been a considerable amount of opposition to the changes he wished to introduce at Downing, and he saw no good to be gained by the sacrifice of his own inclinations towards another sphere of clerical work.

He went, therefore, to S. Nicholas, Guildford, and, brought face to face with some of the snares and difficulties of ministerial life, upon his first arrival, he wrote in a very unusual and despondent strain to Webb—

"Jan. 17, 1842.

"You are right in thinking that I feel this change. I do, beyond all description. It is not, as I feared would be the case, a feeling of loneliness—but a wonder how, in a parish like this, Catholic principles are to prevail. Then, again, the quantity of information I have to gain perfectly amazes me. . . . I fear for myself. I see the temptations one will have to look at our views as a theory. I know well that it is a want of faith, a want which, if it cannot be overcome, must either make one utterly careless in the whole subject or else active in a peculiar line. Pray for me. . . . I never felt so much distrust of myself yet."

Just before entering upon this curacy, during a short tour to inspect churches, he had visited Wells, and been hospitably received at the Palace. He slept in the oldest part of the building, one of the angular turrets, called the Virgin's Tower. "The room where Laud and Ken have slept, how can one but feel inspired!" He also discovered that his bedroom window was a fine Perpendicular one, which added immensely to his happiness, and the next morning he went to Glastonbury, saw "S. Joseph's Well, and the thorn in blossom."

The friendly welcome he had received at Wells hardly prepared him for condemnation from another episcopal quarter, coming in the shape of a letter from Bishop Sumner, of Winchester, received very shortly after his arrival at Guildford, refusing to license him.

The Camden Society had achieved enough notoriety to render a Bishop of opposite views doubtful as to the expediency of admitting one of its chief originators into

his diocese ; but to Neale, who had been already framing multitudinous plans for the evangelization of the parish, the refusal was a disheartening and unexpected blow.

Arrested on one path, he turned to another: immediately went back to Cambridge, and threw himself into some of his old pursuits whilst waiting for another curacy. Official duties were necessarily laid aside. Domestic interests and lighter attractions might be allowed free play.

He had for some time been engaged—so far as his own wishes were concerned—to his future wife, Sarah Norman, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Webster, Rector of S. Botolph's, Cambridge, and Vicar of Oakington, whose sister had recently married his friend, E. B. Boyce ; but her family, possibly mindful of a former evanescent attachment, had insisted upon a period of probation. Now formal consent was given, although the marriage did not take place until July, 1842, he being then twenty-four and his wife four years his senior. He must, therefore, have had personal preoccupations of a very engrossing nature, and yet he was never content to do one thing at a time. To dam up the stream was to send the water abroad in other channels.

When first ordained, with the work of the ministry before him, extraneous pursuits had been, it is true, for the time thrust into the background. Even the claims of the Camden Society, his search for ancient brasses, his Anglo-Saxon and liturgical studies, had been willingly relinquished for parochial duties. His brain was teeming with projects of social and ecclesiastical reform. Now his designs were frustrated by the unforeseen action of the Bishop of Winchester. Moreover, with the stigma of rejection from one Bishop upon him, he found it difficult to obtain another curacy. Yet he soon recovered hope, and consoled himself with a confidence based upon Calonne's saying to Marie Antoinette, to which throughout his life he was wont to recur, "*Si la chose est possible, elle est faite ; si elle est impossible, elle se fera.*" And this time of suspense was by no means one of idleness. In

this year he wrote "Herbert Tresham, a Story of the Great Rebellion," the first of his delightful stories for children. By these he is known to many to whom his historical and liturgical works are sealed books.

During the first half of the nineteenth century many eminent writers had attained to a curious celebrity through their contributions to literature professedly intended for children, but frequently more fitted for the enlightenment of their parents and teachers. In "Sandford and Merton," Mr. Barlow's instructions to his pupils are expressly designed to display approved methods of imparting knowledge and inculcating moral principles. Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton are merely living illustrations of the working of the system. Miss Edgeworth's tales are rightly collected in a volume under the title of the "Parents' Assistant." They have many of the merits and defects of an educational treatise, though in this case the wholesome medicine is so well concealed beneath the accidents of the stories that an unconscientious child may find no great difficulty in skipping the moral. Nor are children so impatient of a moral as their elders, provided that it is promptly and practically exemplified in severe retributive punishment bestowed on the offender. Mrs. Crabtree's tawse in "Holiday House" gives zest and flavour to Harry's misdeeds; and these books, in which good and naughty children present strong contrasts, lead to no morbid self-introspection, and are popular and wholesome reading. There was, however, a class of evangelical publications issued at about the same time eminently calculated to reverse the natural order of things, and to awaken in the minds of childish readers an undue sense of their importance, and a dangerous notion of their responsibilities. In these tales the unregenerate parent and the converted child play their several parts, and reverence for elders and humility in youth are evidently not the graces that accompany conversion. Here, again, it may be hoped the moral may be incomprehensible to children brought up in other traditions, but these books, both of English and American origin, attained a wide

circulation, none the less that their influence was, from a domestic point of view, of a revolutionary character.

Besides the school of everyday and matter-of-fact morality, and that of religious experiences and emotions, there arose another, dealing with sacred truths in a wider and freer spirit,—the school of allegory, in which Adams and Monro and Bishop Wilberforce were masters. Spiritual truths were there symbolized rather than defined, in a region of beautiful images and mystical meanings wherein a child might happily wander as in a dream without seeking the interpretation thereof. Monro, indeed, often leads us into a land of horror and gloom; the lurid light of his imagination plays upon the terrors of death and judgment, and with him the Lord is in the whirlwind and the fire rather than in the still small voice; but these books again achieved well-deserved fame and much popularity in the schoolroom.

Now, Neale's notion of stories to be told to children differed in many respects from those of any of these writers. He had been an unduly sensitive child, and he had no desire to stimulate, still less to terrorize, a child's emotions. His method of inculcating truth was not by means of moral precepts; nor did he set forth to weave a magic web of mystical enchantment. His object was rather to tell a direct and plain story of the past, in language that a child could understand, and in such a manner as to bring historical scenes before his eyes and make historical events known to him as realities, whilst at the same time the author drew clear and edifying lessons from the facts related and the characters portrayed. In this line of literature he secured unmistakable success. "*Herbert Tresham, a Story of the Great Rebellion*," was the first of the series; and whilst it bears evident marks of a prentice hand, it amply fulfils its intention. The story told by the partial pen of a Royalist touches upon disputed points of doctrine, which are hardly enough subordinated to the action of the story. The Church and the Puritan party, set in battle array, exchange fierce arguments, leaving us in no doubt as to their polemical aims; in fact, the last

paragraph expressly declares the purpose of the book. The author thus escapes any possible imputation of Jesuistry ; at the same time, the method employed seems somewhat clumsy, and Neale's later tales, though occasionally breathing the same spirit, are less markedly religious discussions. But, in 1842, controversy upon Church questions was so much a matter of course that each side sought eagerly for historical facts and documentary evidence to strengthen their position ; and fiction, like an agile free lance, was quick to seize an advantage. Though Neale was a very rapid writer, "*Herbert Tresham*," a slight volume, was begun on March 5, 1842, and finished only on June 2nd, but it had been no doubt put aside whilst he was preparing for the most momentous event of his life—his ordination as priest on Trinity Sunday, May 22nd, at S. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. The very next day, he accepted the small living of Crawley in Sussex.

Before entering upon the history of what was to be his first and last parochial charge, it may be advisable to review once more his position with regard to theological controversies, and his religious views as noted in his journal or revealed in correspondence with intimate friends. Of his inner life we hear very little ; indeed, for one brought up in an evangelical circle, he is singularly reticent. Old landmarks could hardly have been swept away without some disquieting mental shocks, nor old beliefs relinquished or remodelled without some regret and strain ; but as to these changes and conflicts he is silent. There were strange new lights, but they were flashed upon truths as steadfast as the heavens themselves, and he could walk secure in paths which Saints and Doctors of the Church with whose lives and writings he was so well acquainted had trodden before him, in the strength of the faith of which he was an accredited teacher. Stimulated by a happy certainty of conviction (somewhat surprising when the distracted state of religious feeling is considered), he had no illusions as to the difficulties to be encountered, and few misgivings as to the possibility of overcoming them.

In writing to a friend, he presumes that he would not have him "avoid the inseparable companion of every good work—opposition. Opposition! Why, our lives will be one series of it!" He had always a sort of unreasoning courage which sent him to the front in any dangerous emergency, and a happy incapacity for protracted depression. When at Guildford, he notes in his journal—

"Read some bitter attacks on the good cause, and could not help thinking—with reference to them—as I walked down the hill, the white tower of my church glittering in the hazy sunshine, the bell ringing pleasantly for Vespers, and the congregation going in by twos and threes, how applicable, in spite of all they say of us, are Abijah's words: 'But as for us, the Lord is our God, and we have not forsaken Him; and the priests, which minister unto the Lord, are the sons of Aaron, and the Levites wait upon their business: . . . for we keep the charge of the Lord our God; but ye have forsaken Him. . . . O children of Israel, fight not against the Lord God of your fathers; for ye shall not prosper.'"

At the same time, though strong in his beliefs, he was (possibly because of secret leanings towards intolerance) anxious to preserve Christian charity in judgment and word:—

"I would not speak of any one, even the most abandoned Dissenters, as you do of Pugin," he writes. "I could not call them apostates, and so on; and, above all, I could not impute motives to them, merely because I did not happen to like them. All this I should consider in myself a sad want of Christian charity: mind, I am not saying what it is in others; I am only telling you what I should feel it myself. . . . No, as Bishop Montague said to Archbishop Laud, 'We are all driving to the same end, though not by the same means.' And it will be a most grievous thing if, because we do not use the same means, we are all to view each other with suspicion; if N. is to think me verging towards Romanism, and I am to look upon him as little better than a Dissenter. At all events, though we may not be able to understand each other,

remember that 'charity hopeth all things.' Give me credit for the best motives, and do not think that leaving Cambridge will make any difference in me—that I shall be a whit more Protestant, nor show one whit more toleration to the name than now."

Here precept and example seem to be somewhat at variance; nevertheless, it is not untrue to say that he was, as a rule, fair to his opponents and not harsh in his judgments. In fact, he was too widely versed in old heresies to exaggerate modern divisions, and was less fretted and perturbed than most theological students of his day by the spiritual upheavals taking place around him.

The Eastern Church, with its ancient rites and unchangeable laws and doctrines, whereof he was to be the historian, was exercising a tranquillizing influence upon his mind. At any crisis he instinctively turned to it as the authority to be consulted or an important element in the situation. When the question of the Anglican bishopric at Jerusalem was a subject of embittered argument and well-founded misgivings, his one desire was to know how it was regarded by the Patriarch; and, on March 5th, 1842, he writes of some letter of Pusey's—

"Pusey's letter, which I have to-day been reading, is indeed admirable. I think that part where he speaks of our not being yet anathematized by the Eastern Church, one of the most touching passages I have ever read. I am glad that it sells. It must do good."

It sometimes seems as if the Church of the century in which he lived was to his mind but a link connecting the Church of the past with that of the future. "We hear much, whether rightly or wrongly, of the Church Militant," he writes, "but of the Church Triumphant, as a Church, we talk, hear, and think little."

A sentence from one of his contributions to the *Ecclesiologist*, though it belongs to a later date, so well defines the objects of that periodical that it may properly be read before entering upon the account of his pastorate at Crawley:—

"We have always refused to enter into religious controversy. We set out with the principle of believing what the Church believes, and that creed we are not called upon to defend. But its symbolical and material expression is our peculiar province, and we are always ready to explain and maintain the position which we have taken with regard to this subject."

This does not merely affect the subject of ecclesiology, but it gives indications of his own temper of mind. In modern theological discussions he might be worsted by cautious disputants, and by more accurate and logical arguments than any with which he was provided ; but he was not easily to be surpassed in acquaintance with the authorities of the early Christian centuries, and he was richly furnished with illustrations from ancient liturgies and symbolic art. Taking his stand upon the broad basis of antiquity, he was comparatively little disturbed by the controversies of the day.

At Crawley he was now for a short time to take refuge from speculative theology, in assiduous attention to the details of pastoral work.

CHAPTER VI

Crawley — Breakdown in health—"Hierologus"—"Symbolism of Churches : translated from Durandus"—Visit to Aitkin.

CRAWLEY, as Neale describes it, lies beneath the ridge of a hill, from the top of which you look upon the South Downs. Part of it is in the forest, and a wild and beautiful country it is. The soft sweep of hills, above green woods and fertile valleys, shelters the town, which in those days was but a village, where old hereditary instincts and traditions might easily be preserved.

No doubt, since 1842, education and progress have altered the aspect of the country, and made destructive inroads upon plainness of living and upon the simplicity of rustic minds. But when Neale first took possession of the vicarage, the arrival of a new parish priest was an epoch in the lives of the villagers. They knew very little of the world beyond the weekly news brought from the nearest market town ; from larger centres of population it travelled slowly. Respect for the squire and the parson largely dominated the belief and customs of the peasantry. They had an instinctive distrust of new creeds and new fashions. The picturesque implements of labour, reaping-hooks and scythes, had not yet been superseded by the ungainly machinery now banishing the pleasant leisurely adjuncts of seedtime and harvest ; the little girls sewed their seams without troubling their heads about latitudes and longitudes, the date of the Norman Conquest or Magna Charta ; the boys followed the plough in corduroys, and learnt many things not to be found in school-books and dictionaries. The sanitary reformer had not yet laid his

rude hand upon the village well and the small lattice-windowed cottages ; and rural conservatism was strong enough to withstand the occasional shocks of new opinions and strange tales brought by younger men who had left the land for town employment or foreign service.

Now, instead of a sober-minded elderly rector with a laudable desire to do his duty by his flock without affronting them by improved doctrines or startling them with novel lights, there comes into this green seclusion and into the very centre of tranquil village existence, a young man fresh from the intellectual activities of a University, uncompromising in his sacerdotalism, and anxious to carry out high ideals. He is a liberal in politics, with no respect for conventional habits and class distinctions, and, in matters of religion, not much reverence for anything of later date than the twelfth century. One can imagine that curiosity was not unmixed with consternation and disapproval in the unsophisticated minds of the Sussex labourers when Neale first took up his abode among them.

During his short residence at Crawley his power of adapting himself to new scenes and untried work was strikingly exemplified. The life of the student and the antiquary was left behind ; he had no time to gratify his taste for books and manuscripts, and rare chances of intellectual companionship : but to build up the spiritual fabric of the Church in the eyes of his people, to dispense its treasures and make known its power, was a work for which everything else might be gladly and thankfully relinquished.

His letters from Crawley are diaries of personal service, and of detailed experience of his parishioners. No doubt they found his doctrines mysterious and his habits incomprehensible. Neglect had engendered indifference. Sunday observance they regarded as estimable though not binding, but fasts and lesser festivals had fallen into abeyance. There was not much outward reverence in the congregation, and though the church was fairly filled, the communicants and Communion made were lamentably few.

Sanguine, persistent, energetic, Neale at once threw himself into the work. No cottage door could be closed against him : he was as ready to pray by the bedsides of the sick, and to comfort the aged and sorrowful, as to start his daily service and break down old bad customs of irreverence and laxity. The revolutionary vigour of the young man's onslaughts seem to have been forgiven for the sake of his eager sincerity and genuine love for souls. His duties were varied enough, for there were few to share what is sometimes stigmatized as parochial drudgery. Lists and parish accounts were carefully kept, lessons for school revised, small improvements of different kinds carried out, and irregular attendants at church sought out in their own homes. He notes that he has met with "nothing but civility," even from his "Baptist friend at Shelley," with whom he exchanges tracts, each apparently hopeful of the other's conversion. He lectures his churchwarden, and evidently makes his way with his richer neighbours. "I perceive, if we settle here," he writes with youthful assurance, "that we shall be able to do anything with this neighbourhood." He reconciles two sisters who had been at enmity ; and preaches such sermons that, in spite of his being a setter forth of new things, the church is thronged. And finally, to the excited amazement of sober-minded persons, armed with a hatchet and the churchwarden's consent, he sets himself to hack down pews, as representing worldly distinctions out of place in the house of God.

Then, in the midst of this cheerful round of missionary labour, there fell a bolt from the blue. Some warnings had, it is true, been given, but there was no time to gauge their significance. Already, on his first Sunday, he is thankful to get through the services with tolerable ease and comfort. On S. John the Baptist's Day he is glad that he has felt no inconvenience at all from reading, and has had no pain in his chest. But night brought so much pain and fever that he more than fears he must give up the living. Yet on the very next day he is teaching in the school, and preaching. Indeed, the letters which follow are full of what he is attempting. Not content with necessary clerical

duties, he reorganizes classes in school, explores remote hamlets, and is horrified at the condition of the cottages. One consisted of a long room, with a mud floor.

"The boards are half or at most three-quarter inch—huge cracks between ; the door will not shut, only fasten to ; the thatch lets in the rain ; and, in that tremendous rain last night, the wet poured in upon the bed, and the woman's ingenuity was almost exhausted in keeping it off her husband, who still slept on. How like a woman !" And we might well add : "How like a man !"

Of course he could not inactively contemplate this state of things. The landlord, himself a poor man, had to be interviewed, and coaxed and threatened till he promised to repair the damage. Two days after, Neale was at work again ; he had a very pleasant day cutting down three more pews. And all this time he had refused any respite to the weakness of the flesh, in spite of the admonitions of the London doctor whom he had consulted. On June 27th he writes—

"I went with Webb to Dr. Blundell. I was determined to hear the worst of the matter, so, after I had seen him, I sent Webb up to receive his verdict. Well ! he says there is no danger, but that it is necessary to take a good deal of care, etc. He says that I ought not to be left alone—both because this might become worse suddenly, and also on other general accounts."

A week later he was obliged to revisit the doctor ; and on the 6th of July there comes a melancholy little sentence in the last of the letters from Crawley : "I do not think that, if I really am to have rest, it will be well for me to stay at Crawley, for the excitement of the parish is far more than that of the church." Much as he loved his church, cherishing visions of a restored chancel and a sanctuary where the beauty of holiness should both be preached and visibly manifested, greatly as he valued public ministrations, and those highest mysteries of grace of which he was the steward,—they were not the things that fevered his imagination and disturbed his rest.

These included elements of peace, tranquillizing from their very sanctity. But to work for the salvation and sanctification of the individual soul was a responsibility weighing even upon his confident spirit. One false step might be so easily fatal in that venture ; moreover, he could not but remember that he must tread with fear and trembling upon consecrated ground ; and each soul, however ruined or defaced, was a temple in which God dwelt.

So it came to pass that the needs of the ignorant and sinful, with their especial claims upon his compassion, lay heavy upon his heart ; though, when he went to Crawley, he had written : " I think, the more I see of it, that we may well say of it, ' The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places.' "

Long afterwards he recurred to this time, when preaching on the text, " For the day of the Lord of hosts shall be . . . on all pleasant pictures," and he spoke of his dreams when first ordained, of a " model parish where there were to be such services, such frequent Communions, such village schools, such cottage gardens, such joyous festivals and holy Lents as nowhere else ! and how the day of the Lord—His near and threatened approach by death—came upon my poor picture, and it was utterly destroyed. . . . No one excepting God Himself knows the bitter tears it cost me to give up that picture, made all so ready to my hand and looking so bright."

Now in retrospect, he could feel thankful that he had been kept from realizing his wish.

Although this might be the result of maturer and more chastened experience, even in the first shock of disappointment there was a remarkable absence of repining. He could at least suffer in silence ; and he had the immense alleviation of engrossing pursuits which could have no detrimental effect upon his health. The purifying, invigorating whirlwind of his presence had for a few weeks only swept through the Sussex village ; yet we can well believe that it was not without sincere regret that the villagers, barely recovered from the amazement of his first coming, witnessed his departure.

It seems strange that, in this precarious state of health, and with his uncertain prospects, there should have been no question of deferring his marriage. Miss Webster, however, was not quite in her first youth; Neale, four years younger, had no disposition to be swayed by prudential considerations; and their respective families being apparently untroubled by misgivings, they were married at Christ Church, Barnwell, less than a month after the relinquishment of his living.

In enforced retirement from parochial work, literary undertakings again filled his time, for as to leisure he hardly knew the meaning of the word. He was making incursions into various fields of literature. "Songs and Ballads for the People;" "Hymns for the Sick;" "Agnes de Tracy," a tale of the times of S. Thomas of Canterbury; "Ayton Priory, or the Restored Monastery;" "Hierologus;" and "The Symbolism of Churches, translated from the first book of Durandus," by J. M. Neale and B. Webb, were the best known of his publications in 1843; and some of these had been written or projected in 1841 and 1842. The preface to "Hierologus," an imaginary dialogue, fully explains its object.

"The readers of the 'Compleat Angler' (whence the idea of these conversations was taken) will allow that the least attractive part of that delightful book is the technical description, wherein doubtless its author considered its chief value to consist. We read it for its incidents, landscapes, and reflections. And in like manner conversation, however well adapted for discussion or description or anecdote, seems out of place when made the vehicle of didactic information. . . . The following work, therefore, makes not the least pretension to be considered a treatise on ecclesiology. Its aim is to set forth those collateral sources whence so much beauty accrues to our ancient churches; such as situation, association, and legend, and this more particularly with regard to English buildings. At a time when a taste of syncretism or eclecticism prevails among so many who ought to know better, next to Catholicity of design it seems important to recommend nationality of style. . . . And he trusts that these pages may in some

small degree, by aiding in the revival of a love for the outward beauties of a church, lead the mind to dwell on the beauties of that spiritual Church which is builded as a city that is at unity in itself."

In this curious little book many different matters are discussed in a light and pleasant vein: the influence of local scenery upon architecture; the relics of curious customs as exemplified in buildings; legendary beliefs still lingering in remote districts; quaint epitaphs; poetical symbols in their relation to art, in such works as Quarles' "Emblems" and Heywood's "Hierarchie;"—these all interspersed with fragments of original verse, cultured and graceful, though of no great merit.

Frequently his fancy, like a wandering light, played around whatever might be the ostensible subject of his conversations or writings. He was impelled to regard it from every possible point of view. This, of course, is no uncommon characteristic, but it is not often combined with the accurate information and the unwearied habits of research that led him to count no time wasted in verifying a quotation or arriving at the correct interpretation of a disputed passage. Webb, who was his constant and sometimes almost daily correspondent, sharing with the intimacy of true friendship and congenial tastes his interests and successes, writes of "Hierologus," "The dialogue entertained me much. What learned fellows they are, and how much they talk like a book!" (an adverse criticism, though he does not seem to be aware of it). "Paleologus is, of course, Paley."¹ The intercourse with Paley at this time seems to have been very constant, though there were great and possibly increasing differences of opinion.

In the same letter, Webb hopes for another instalment of "Durandus" upon the translation of which they were both engaged. Neale had thrown himself with more than his accustomed vigour into the enterprise. He had that surest incentive to perseverance, a clear and sometimes

¹ This was a mistake.

an exaggerated sense of the importance of any work he undertook. He was quite certain that "Durandus" would meet with appreciative readers and secure a well-deserved popularity. If a publisher could not be found, he was determined to publish it himself. "Whatever we like to say on the subject of symbolism," he writes, "we may say without fear of contradiction." This is no doubt a satisfactory reflection for an author who writes upon an abstruse subject, yet it may well fail in securing a large circle of readers. To Neale it seemed incredible that matters of such vital importance should be unattractive to differently constituted minds. "The scheme," he writes again, "seems very desirable. . . . I hope you will join with me in so good a work, . . . and I hope we shall strike one good blow for symbolism." In this instance, his confidence was not misplaced; the book attracted much attention, and was republished as late as 1893.

Meanwhile his physical condition was still unsatisfactory. He very rarely touched upon the state of his health; it was in his own mind entirely subordinated to other more engrossing subjects. Nevertheless, there was clearly no possibility of taking up active work. After his marriage he went for a short tour in the north, which resolved itself into a pilgrimage to churches, to be numbered amongst the thousands he visited in England or abroad. Fresh "schemes" were taken, technical details noticed, and much information collected for the *Ecclesiologist*.

Later he was again at Brighton, translating mediæval Latin poets, and making a kind of synopsis of Beaumont's "Psyche;" and then reverting to his first series of "Hymns for Children." Nothing came amiss to his fertile pen and wandering fancy. And he had certainly realized one fact: that it is far more difficult to instruct the ignorant than to inform the educated—easier to write for the philosopher than for the child. His collection of hymns for children, "though small in size, has cost me a great deal of trouble," he writes, "and therein given me a great deal of pleasure." It was true of this volume, one of his first attempts at hymnology, also of those later labours in the same

department which occupied so large a share of his time to the very end of his life.

So painstaking was his love of detail and symbol that without any great stretch of imagination one may fancy that if his lot had been cast in mediæval times he would have been well content in some monastery library to pore over ancient manuscripts, or spend days all too short in illuminating the vellum with delicate brilliancy of fruit and flower, or grotesque allegorical devices in rich and marvellous intricacy of design. His outlook was, nevertheless, comprehensive, and broad principles governed and guided both conduct and opinions.

Upon the subject of architecture he is in curious agreement with Ruskin.

"Very few faults of architecture are mistakes of honest choice," so Ruskin tells us in the "Stones of Venice;" "they are almost always hypocrisies. So, then, the first thing we have to ask of the decoration is that it should indicate strong likings, and that honestly."

And Neale, writing upon the principles of building, in other language brings out the same idea:—

"The first great principle to be remembered is *reality*—taught and acted upon in church building. Let everything be real. Never attempt to make beech or deal, if they are used, look like oak. To do so is either a silent confession that such ought to be the materials of which a church is built, or a piece of hypocrisy. . . . This false ornament can arise from only one of two causes: either it has its origin in our own ideas of luxury—ideas which ought to be banished from a church—or from the idea of making our offerings to God appear as great as possible, while the cost to ourselves is as little as may be. This principle of reality is the great lesson which must be learnt by the church builder."

The principle was scrupulously carried out wherever the wishes of the members of the Camden Society were allowed to prevail. Neale never ceased to inveigh against cheap churches; and when asked if it were not better

to build five for £4000 than one for £20,000, would answer, "Why not five for £20,000?"

"England," he writes, "is now confessedly wealthy beyond all comparison with former periods, and in the last century we have built a certain number of meagre, tasteless edifices for the worship of God. In a like period of a hundred years, when the country was impoverished by continual war, ten times the number of churches were erected, many of them of the most magnificent character, and among them Bristol, Wells, and Salisbury Cathedrals, the choir of Ely, and Beverley Minster; and of these many of the most expensive decorations, such as stained glass, have perished. How is this?"

No doubt he pondered this and various other questions which he would not ask aloud, in his solitary hours. At times he took long walks, occasionally with a companion, more often alone, walking as much as twenty or thirty miles a day, with the measure of his unwritten hymns, scraps of "Durandus," or fragments of Latin verse beating insistently upon his brain, whilst he took his way towards some deserted shrine or forgotten ruin. But though muscularly strong, his chest continued so delicate that it was advisable in the autumn to seek a milder climate. He and his wife reluctantly started for Penzance, and spent the last months of this year in Cornwall.

Here, though separated from his old friends, he made one interesting acquaintance, who attracted and amazed him by his charming personality, and by what he had been able to accomplish. Aitkin, he discovers, in his remote Cornish parish, near Marazion—"has the Holy Eucharist every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday; service twice every day—three times Wednesday and Friday, and has converted between thirty and forty Wesleyans in a comparatively short time. . . . He is the most astonishing man I ever talked with—there is a sort of fascination in him. He is a man of property (and at the time I rode up was drawing out the plan of a chapel he is going to build in the Isle of Man), but seems to give

away everything and live poorly. His conversation is surprising; he seems to talk as you may imagine S. Gregory to have done." (It is like Neale not to be able to compare him with a more modern conversationalist.) "It struck me before I had spoken long to him that he must be the author of 'The Church not a Place for the Conversion of Sinners.' And he is. I had been writing last night, and talking, on the necessity of re-establishing monasticism. He was writing on the same subject. When I told him of S. Michael's Mount being for sale, he said he believed *it would be bought in for the purpose*—that the bishop would make no objection; that it was conveniently situated as extra-parochial, and that he knew a man waiting to be at the head of the first."

These visionary projects naturally commended themselves to Neale, and even Webb's less sanguine imagination was fired. In his letter in answer, he demands to hear more about Aitkin. "I pine for further news." And, in reply, Neale writes—

"Now about Aitkin. I told you he had been a schismatic. This is his history. He was a Manxman, and after his Ordination settled at Liverpool. Being disgusted with what he saw in the church, he left it, and set up a schism place. Being full of energy, he built thirty in different places, and at last settled in London and became very popular. He read the Church prayers, and had very high abstract ideas of the Church. One day a member of his congregation of rank called, and said, 'Sir, I am sorry to be forced to leave your communion, but I am sure, from what you have taught me, that you are in schism.' Aitkin said frankly, 'To tell you the truth, I believe I am.' Next Sunday he preached (and the sermon was published in *The Pulpit*) on the subject, and said that he knew not if there were any Church of *Christ*, or, if there were, where it was! Sixty of his congregation came afterwards and asked him what they were to do. He said, 'Let us all go into the chapel, and remain in silent prayer all night that *God* would direct us.' They did, and three times a week for three months they spent twelve successive hours thus. The end was that all but one joined the Anglican Communion, and he turned Romanist. Aitkin then called on

the Bishop of London, asking him to license his chapel that it might be immediately filled up, and he, after a three years' silence, licensed. The bishop hesitated, so A., that same day, takes his place in the Liverpool railway, and goes down to the Bishop of Chester, who knew him. 'Sir,' says he, 'I always expected you would come back, and, though I look on your peculiar views as the device of Satan, I shall license you immediately.' Aitkin then set up daily services immediately, and has now turned all his thirty chapels into Episcopal churches. Is not this wonderful? I had it from S. who had it from A., but I mean to ask A. himself."

Evidently this modern apostle suddenly crossing his path is a bewildering sight to Neale's mental vision. A saint—but a saint who has been in schism by reason of some of these nineteenth-century controversies which do not appear to Neale to justify divisions. He could better have understood the repentant apostates of early times, who gladly submitted themselves to canonical penances as the condition of their readmission to communion. With a youthful enthusiasm he, however, recognizes the notes of true sanctity, and the few months spent in Cornwall were memorable, not merely for new impressions of scenery, and fresh schemes projected, but for generous impulses for good strengthened by intercourse with a man in whom the love of God was the very source of life and the spring of action.

CHAPTER VII

Delicacy of health—Winter in Madeira—Intercourse with Montalembert—Attitude with regard to modern controversies—Literary work—History of the Holy Eastern Church projected—Adventure in Spain—Return to England.

THE New Year, 1843, was hardly begun when it was apparent that the mild airs of Penzance could not disperse the threatening symptoms of delicacy of the lungs. The doctors took so grave a view as to declare that in residence abroad lay the best hope of preserving life. To a young man of Neale's temperament it is likely that sentence of death might have been almost more easily accepted than condemnation to a protracted existence of idle invalidism.

He was indifferent to comfort, impatient of control, wearied and fretted by necessary considerations in respect of either money or health. He wanted to be free to walk and ride across the country regardless of time or weather. He was still young, barely twenty-five. It was life and fuller life that he wanted, not a gradual relinquishment of his hold upon one thing after another. He had not learnt how to conjugate the passive verbs. A sentence of banishment from work and objects of interest and study, from friends and libraries, might indeed to him have been the death of hope. Yet his spirit rose up to meet this supreme discouragement.

"As you may well imagine, to leave England is a great trial, and especially to Sarah, but then we are not left without comfort. Truly, as you say, it is a lesson to every one to work while it is day."

His correspondent did not need to press home the lesson. His years had been truly years of labour though not of sorrow, and if he faltered upon the way it was not that he might find excuse to rest. On the contrary, he was busied in putting all in order.

"I have now nearly rid myself of the things I was most anxious about, having sent off 'Agnes de Tracy' to Stevenson, and nearly finished the other book. 'Durandus' will, I hope, be fully arranged when Webb comes here. All this is in case it is God's will that my work should be done. Preparing for the dark does not exclude hoping for the bright side—nor ought it." So he writes, and adds that he will set about getting ready a new series of hymns; for he will "try at all events not to rust out, and I may be good for something a good while yet. Who can tell?"

The last days in England, though overshadowed by the prospect of departure and all it involved, were full of unwise exertions. On one day he mentions that he rode twenty miles and walked two. He was making architectural discoveries, afterwards embodied in writings and letters. He was translating "much from S. Thomas a Martyr's glorious epistle, 'ad Episcopos Anglicanos.'" But on the 10th of January he writes—

"To please my wife I saw to-day Dr. Montgomery, the first physican here, and his opinion is that, if I wish to prolong my life, I must go to Madeira; but that, going there, I shall *only* prolong it."

And then he goes on to speak of the voyage, and of "Agnes de Tracy." The doctor's sentence, which to most men would have been of such vital importance, occupies but a few lines of the letter. It is not stoicism or indifference, but simply an inability to dwell upon physical symptoms when there were other matters of greater moment to be discussed.

They sailed on the 2nd of February, and he wrote in his journal: "Si non Tu Ipse præcedas, non educas nos de loco isto."

At this time he made great use of Bishop Andrewes' "Devotions," and, after the same manner, wrote a long Latin prayer for his own use in sickness.

Thus he set forth in hope and trust, yet as an exile to a strange and undesired country, and, landing, found himself in an enchanted isle. Madeira, with its mountains swelling up into the clouds, and its two high snow-clad peaks, lay before the travellers' eyes like a lovely vision, bathed in the early morning sunshine, and its new-born beauty solaced the lonely hearts of the wanderers. Here was a place, one might have imagined, to seek repose. Balmy airs and orange-groves were surely not the fitting accompaniments of intellectual restlessness and bodily energy. For the exercise of the last there was, indeed, at first, little opportunity. The rainy season had set in, and enforced some measure of inactivity. But as soon as Neale arrived he was at work. He has been "promised an introduction to the best parish priest on the island, a most excellent man," and he is getting on with Portuguese as fast as he can, for none can talk with ease in Latin." Some of the canons of the cathedral are in poverty, carrying on business as wine merchants. He finds it quite impossible to make any progress with them till he can get up some Portuguese. This, it would seem, he readily accomplished, in the mean time meditating fresh literary labours, another story and a book of ballads on some events in English history—"The Last Hunt of William Rufus," "Martyrdom of S. Thomas of Canterbury," "Lord Brook's Death," "Setting up the Standard," etc.

His journal gives us a glimpse into the inner sanctuary where, undisturbed by earthly aims and conflicts, his soul might dwell secure—

"Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui me tam leniter corrigere dignatus es,
Alios amovens terrores,
Salutarem suspendens timorem ;
priusquam humiliarer ego deliqui ;
jam autem mandata Tua servem."

So he prays, and then in conclusion :—

“Unum petii a Domino, hoc requiram ;
 ut, si longiorem vitam negas,
 saltem in brevi spatio opus magnum
 opereris,
 cor contritum,
 veram penitentiam,
 veram fidem ;
 tandemque, miserrimo peccatori
 finem, si ita videtur dolens
 saltem peccati, expertem,
 per J. C. D. N. Amen.”

The doctor at Madeira was hopeful. He did not believe in any permanent injury to the lungs, and Neale found that exile had alleviations. Long rides were taken, sometimes of a dangerous character, in the beautiful mountainous districts, Neale being throughout his life a rash and impetuous rider.

“We have been to the Curral,” he writes on the 28th of March. “The ride there is sublime beyond description, winding in and out among the mountains with a precipice above and below, and in some places the road is far worse than it would be to go downstairs, if not very steep. If your horse made one false step, you would presently find yourself some half mile below in the ravine. The height we went is about 4000 feet.”

“*March 31st.* To-day we got into our new house. It stands on the side of a steep hill, some 300 feet above the city, of which it commands a fine view, and has two small gardens and a fine corridor. Count Montalembert called to-day: unfortunately we were at dinner. He knows all about the C.C.S.’s election of him through a mutual friend—as it would have been an awkward matter to explain. So he evidently takes it well.”

It would seem that, in their enthusiasm, the associates of the Camden Society had elected Montalembert to be an honorary member, and Neale is doubtful whether he might regard it as an honour or an impertinence. Doubts were laid aside when acquaintance ripened into intimacy. Montalembert was friendly and cordial. Neale’s

admiration for monasticism, his historical and architectural knowledge, furnished subjects of mutual interest ; whilst Montalembert's liberalism, though of a finer and more enlightened quality than his own, appealed to Neale's instinct of revolt against any form of State tyranny. They were mutually pleased with each other. Montalembert invited Neale to visit him in Paris, and spoke of coming to Cambridge for the purpose of seeing Ely. He supplied information for the *Ecclesiologist*, and lent Neale a book of his, "Vandalism and Catholicism," and a "history with plates, of Cluny ; certainly the most wonderful church in the world, with nine towers." In reference to this time Montalembert writes, in the July of that same year—

"During last spring I was in frequent and interesting communication with the Rev. Mason Neale, one of the founders of the Camden Society at Cambridge. You see, therefore, that, under your excellent guidance, I have been making rather a deepened study of Puseyism, and I think I may safely say I have never studied anything with more interest and more conscientious attention. But although I quite agree with you in the intense sympathy you feel for this Anglican revival, although I do not hesitate to look upon this crisis in the ecclesiastical affairs of England, and its consequences, as the most important event of our epoch, yet I cannot feel so sanguine as you do in your hopes of the ultimate return of the *Church* of England to the eternal truth through Puseyism. I do not really know whether, on the contrary, Puseyism *quant au tout ensemble* will not give the Anglican schism a new life and a new energy."

When we take into calm retrospective consideration this period of fierce struggles, bitter renunciations, and agonizing spiritual experiences, we may be sometimes tempted to wonder whether the prize were worth the winning, or if, in the attainment of some contested point, the greater issues were not apt to be, for the moment, forgotten or obscured. Montalembert's view—the view of an unprejudiced spectator—is specially noteworthy in the light of the future. He is both an observer and

a prophet. More clear-sighted than some who were quitting the storm-tossed vessel of the Anglican Communion as likely to make shipwreck of its faith, Montalembert foresees an awakening to new life and new energy. Nor is he disposed to minimize the importance of the crisis; it is, he affirms, with somewhat surprising dogmatism, "the most important event of our epoch."

During this winter at Madeira the questions upon which they were happily in agreement appear to have preserved the intercourse between Montalembert and Neale from any disturbing incursions of prejudice or party spirit. Montalembert was eagerly anxious to encourage this young student of ecclesiastical history; and to extend the sympathy of a distinguished literary man to one desiring to tread in his footsteps. But in 1844, when they were again together in Madeira for part of the winter season, complications arose. Neale declined to recognize what Montalembert termed the weakness of his position, having, upon that point, no fears to be silenced, no doubts to be allayed. Montalembert declared, possibly with truth, that he was obstinate and lacking in humility; and when, in a letter of that date, we find him in forcible language referring to Neale and the Anglo-Catholics generally as men who "I am convinced will always prove the worst enemies of the Church, more so than infidels themselves," we can hardly wonder if even a more longsuffering man than Neale should have found his sentiments hardly in accord with former professions of good will. Closer communication accentuated points of difference. Nevertheless, being very possibly the only two people in a small colony with subjects in common, they continued to see each other constantly.

"Montalembert," Neale writes, "has read 'Hierologus,' and is delighted with it—and more particularly with the parts relating to abbeys, which I take as a great compliment, seeing that he has studied the subject so deeply and visited Cistercian houses from Sweden to the Tagus, for his 'Life of S. Bernard.'"

Again, on the 26th of February, he writes—

"I will send you a letter I received a few days ago from Montalembert, written, you will see, in as kind a spirit as possible, in which he frankly says that he looks upon the English Church as one of the worst forms of heresy. And he is very well acquainted with it, and does not judge it from your tracts, etc. It is a curious thing, that letter; sixteen large quarto pages, closely written. It is fair to say that he dislikes Gallicanism as much, and will not hear of nationality in architecture, or in anything else."

It is an unconscious testimony to the strength of his own convictions that he was undisturbed by so fierce an onslaught, and could believe in the kind sincerity of his assailant. Montalembert had no doubt taken much pains in elaborating his argument. He sent a copy of the letter to the *Dublin Review* for publication, and it was afterwards reprinted under the title of "A Voice from the Dead." It drew forth an answer from Neale, which was not, however, published. Attack is easier than defence, and not having given equal attention to recent controversies and disputed points, Neale may have found his simple stone and sling hardly fitted to withstand his well-equipped antagonist. His beliefs were not matters of controversy. There was a childlike element in his faith preserving him from the agitating spiritual difficulties that persistently beset the minds of many other men, oppressing them with doubt and obscuring the horizon of the future. He and Montalembert had met some centuries too late to understand each other. Well versed in the ecclesiastical history of early and mediæval times, they would have found themselves at one in the condemnation of ancient heresies, but it is very possible that Neale's intimate knowledge of the differences which in primitive ages had arisen within the Church itself caused him to regard the modern divisions of Christendom as to a certain extent inevitable. They were to him matters of sorrowful regret, rather than of perplexed disquietude. Moreover, he was at a distance from all that was taking place in England.

Webb, it is true, kept him in touch with the extension of the Tractarian movement, and numbers of the *British Critic* found their way to Madeira ; still he was not in the heat of the battle. He heard enough to quicken interest, but in a non-combatant passions were less easily roused. He was more occupied with the differences between Nominalists and Realists ; with Origen's arguments against Sabellianism, or S. Bernard's condemnation of Abelard, than with the sentence on Dr. Pusey, or the last "Tract for the Times." Moreover, his eyes were turned to the East ; to the great Church which, in its immutable repose and rigid orthodoxy, knew nothing of modern innovations. The idea of his greatest book, the "History of the Holy Eastern Church," was already in his mind, though he had much other literary work on hand. "Hierologus" and "Durandus"—or, to give the volume its full title, "The Symbolism of Churches and Church Ornaments, a translation of the first book of the 'Rationale Divinorum Officiorum,' written by William Durandus, sometime Bishop of Mende ; with an introductory essay, notes, and illustrations, by the Rev. John Mason Neale, B.A., and the Rev. Benjamin Webb, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge"—were published in the same year, 1843. Durandus was a native of Provence, born about the year 1220. He became a pupil of Henry de Luza, and taught Canon law at Modena. He was subsequently chaplain to Pope Clement IV., auditor of the Sacred Palace, legate to Pope Gregory X. at the Council of Lyons, captain of the Papal forces, and finally in 1286 Bishop of Mende.

His translators, in the preface, declare that they "have endeavoured, too often unsuccessfully, to retain the beautiful simplicity of the original, . . . and have felt no small pleasure in thus enabling this excellent prelate, though at so far distant a land from his own, and after a silence of nearly six hundred years, being dead, yet to speak ; and if the following pages are at all useful in pointing out the sacramental character of Catholic art, we shall be abundantly rewarded."

It is curious to note that this translation of a French

bishop's Latin work was retranslated into the French language.

This, then, was one, but only one, of his many occupations. Here are notes of some of his published works during this year: "Ayton Priory," begun February 13, 1843; finished March 7th: 22 days. "Shepperton Manor," begun March 10th; finished May 4th: 56 days. "Hymns for the Sick," begun August 20th; finished September 25th. Translation of Bishop Andrewes into Portuguese, begun October 24, 1843; finished December 10th: 47 days. And then he began the "History of Alexandria, October 28, 1843; finished September 21, 1844: 328 days.

He hardly lays down his pen before it is taken up again. It was a life of retirement and regularity favourable to industry. Upon the other hand, inclination to exertion of any kind might have been easily foresworn in a delightful but enervating climate, by a man who was still more or less of an invalid. The Neales had a small quinta, or country house, five hundred feet above the sea. After an early breakfast, he wrote all the morning until dinner at 1.30. When the heat had subsided they rode, and after tea he wrote again at one thing or another until night prayers, followed by supper at nine and bed at eleven.

He had been fortunate in finding "an excellent library at Funchal; about two thousand volumes, very well chosen by Bishop Costa Torreo. It will be of the greatest help, and belongs to the Seminary in connection with the Cathedral, the Rector of which, Padre Fà, is abundantly civil to me."

Thus the three successive winters he spent in Madeira were by no means wasted. At the conclusion of one of his intimate letters to Webb, in 1843, he writes—

"I am reduced to talk about myself, and will begin by telling you that I am much the same, stronger in some points and not so strong in others; but I hope that the former preponderate. I am very well satisfied with what I do till a letter of yours comes: measuring myself with those around me, it is no vanity to say that I am doing

wonders in the way of work ; but to compare myself with you at Cambridge makes me feel as if I were no good at all. . . . But this I am certain of, if ever I am restored to work with you all, I shall have authorities for almost everything. You cannot think how well I am getting up ecclesiastical history. Writing and reading little else from morning till night. The Greek history grows in interest upon me. . . . I am in hopes, in the section of the introductory essay on the architectural differences between the Eastern and Western Churches, to strike out something new, and to prove to a dead certainty that our views on the subject of the final development of architecture are most certainly true. . . . Montalembert is writing the Life of S. Bernard. He must be thoroughly happy. . . . I am rather startled by thinking that, in the Greek history, I shall be the first Anglican of Catholic principles who has touched the iconoclast controversy."

With extraordinary mental activity, he was not simply concerned about the actual work in hand, but he was ever looking on to heights yet to be scaled, and to more arduous and responsible undertakings. It was not that his eyes, like those of the visionary, rested upon the glow and glory of the distance : to be transported to the summit would not have brought him true satisfaction ; the joy was in the perilous and difficult ascent.

When he returned to England it was to throw himself once more into the affairs of the Camden Society, and the predominant ideas and schemes of his former friends. On the way he passed through Spain, "the land of romance." His letters are, of course, full of descriptions of its cathedrals and churches. Out of forty-seven churches of Seville, he writes that he "has seen twenty—a fair number, as they are far apart, and the middle of the day is lost time from the intense heat."

In Seville he had an adventure, of which he gives the following account in a letter to Webb :—

"I was walking by myself; about seven o'clock, in Triana, the S. Sever of Seville. It was of course quite light, and the street was full of people. As I was going on I saw I was dogged by a Spaniard. After passing and

repassing me, he came up and struck me on the arm with a stick. As I had nothing in my hand, I contented myself with stepping out of his way. He followed, and tried to draw me into a side lane. I resisted . . . and in a moment his Spanish knife was out. I jumped sideways into a cottage door which was open—he after. I expected to feel his knife in my back. Then I ran through a yard into a wood-house, slammed the door in his face, and set my foot against it. . . . By this time there was a hue and cry. The man ran out of the house, seized a gun from a horseman going by, and dared the passengers to seize him.”

This determined person was eventually taken prisoner, but not until the *Alcalde del Manio* came upon the scene with a file of soldiers. Even then he fired at the *Alcalde*, and, strangely enough, fifteen militia armed with guns came to assist the soldiers before he could be secured.

His recklessly heroic defence seems to have awakened no admiration on the part of the bystanders. An outlaw's life was possibly of little account in his own eyes or theirs, and he was bartering it cheaply for the sake of the gold chain Neale wore, that had prompted his attack. Respect for the law and a high moral sense must have been unusually prevalent, since no one regarded the prospect of his being shot or sent to the galleys with anything but unmixed satisfaction.

This was the chief event upon the journey home, and Falmouth was reached the day after the Feast of S. Nicomede—June 1, 1843.

The solitary life in Madeira had not unnaturally fostered anxieties about health. To fly is to induce fear. In England he had been in a wholesome atmosphere ; enjoying the bracing companionship of other young men. Ordered South, he was one of a band of invalids to whom signs of disease gave unmistakable warning of the enemy's advance.

“Death comes to set thee free,
Then meet him cheerily,
As thy true friend.”

But it is difficult to do this when all the paraphernalia of sickness, physicians and nurses, potions and prescriptions, are set up in a defence, of which you instinctively apprehend the inherent weakness. The journals at this time reveal a nervous watch kept upon disquieting symptoms, and, though residence in Madeira re-established his health, there is no doubt that the summers in England were as important for their salutary effect upon his spirits. He does not, as he says, merely clear his head of Alexandrine and Constantinopolitan Patriarchs by writing to Webb, but he is drawn back into the healthy ebb and flow of varied active personal undertakings, and has no time to weigh the significance of physical weakness or dwell upon vicissitudes of prolonged delicacy.

CHAPTER VIII

The state of religious parties—Letters on the Oxford movement—Newman's threatened secession—Neale's religious opinions—"The Ideal Church"—"Catena Symbolica"—Personal characteristics.

NEALE returned to England at a turning-point of the Tractarian movement. In 1843, Newman had given up clerical duty, and withdrawn to Littlemore. One short year had brought a manifest sense of discouragement. Individual secessions and losses could not affect the ultimate issues of the cause, yet they gave rise to a feeling of insecurity, and alienated those who had once fought side by side. Enemies from without were renewing hostilities; there was no thought of sounding a retreat, for new adherents were gathered in and much advance had been made, but the responsibilities pressed heavily upon the leaders, anxious questions were being asked, waverers needed to be strengthened and converts instructed; and when troubles from within and without were crowding upon the party, the desertion of a single member was an irreparable calamity.

Webb had been in constant correspondence with Neale during his absence. He was so close a friend as to share with him his half-formed perplexities and doubts. Ecclesiastical symmetry and theological certainty had a natural attraction for a mind constitutionally averse to anything like disorder in thought or practice. He had been more in contact with the disaffected, and took a gloomier view of the prospects of success. For him it was hard to believe that—

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

The retreating wave had drawn some from the shore, and Webb, though he remained steadfast, was not without doubts as to the right course to be pursued. His position and Neale's are defined in letters of somewhat later date. Webb writes to him, on the Feast of the Purification, 1844, from Trinity College, Cambridge—

"I *do* fear your Orientalizing. For my own part, I cannot see any strong objections to what you call the High Papal theory. . . . Let me earnestly warn you against the Orientalism of books. I have lately heard not a little of *real* Orientation, and, believe me, it is nearly as bad as Anglicanism. . . . I trust you will write the Greek history on high Occidental developed ground. . . . People now seem to think that we shall have to *nonjure* if only some of the bishops will go with us. Everything, however, is distracted. . . . Do not fear my secession ; though I write strongly, many reasons keep me from it, *e.g.* consciousness that I have not acted up to our privileges, unwillingness to act on individual judgment and feeling, and, above all, a clearer insight than ever into the miserable state of the Anglo-Romanists. . . . I saw a good deal of Pugin. . . . I have succeeded in making Dr. Pusey get him to draw the cartoons for the Crucifixion window. I had a daily correspondence with the Doctor for about a fortnight. Then he came to us in town, and, after a long talk, went up with me to Pugin's. I was six hours with him, and never enjoyed anything more. He had so holy an air that by his side one felt wicked. He will surely be canonized. I cannot conceive any one more meek and lowly. . . . I think I explained our position to him better than he understood it before. . . . He gave me significantly to understand that he would probably place relics in his altar in Holy Cross."

In the same letter there are references to Newman, Oakeley, and Archdeacon Wilberforce, and evidently Webb, with an inclination to hero-worship, is a student and a worker ; one of a school with a loyal reverence for his teachers. This discipline Neale had missed by reason of his isolated circumstances during these critical years, when, in contact with men of more intellectual power, he might have depended less upon his judgment, and learned by experience the difficulty of putting preconceived theories into practice. In reply to this letter, he writes from Madeira, February 26, 1844—

“In the ‘History of Alexandria’ you need not be afraid of my anti-Romanism. That Church and Rome have been as it were allies ; and with the exception of the practices of the Jesuits in Ethiopia, and of one schismatical proposition to the Jacobite Patriarch in the sixteenth century, I am not aware that one has occasion to mention Rome but with praise—or merely historically.”

He also urges the election of Rio as an honorary member of the Camden Society.¹ Montalembert wishes him to be proposed, and certainly, in cordially falling in with the suggestion, Neale shows no party animus against the distinguished member of another Communion, almost as well known for his irreproachable ultramontane spirit of loyalty, as for the brilliancy of his genius. In the last sentences of the letter, Neale adds—

“I am delighted to hear of your intimacy with Pusey, and much like his idea of books of devotion of foreign Catholics ; but why not, first of all, from S. Francis de Sales and S. Thomas de Villanova ? ”

Neale is clearly at a distance, not only from England itself, but from sinking hearts and distracted minds ; and from that widening circle of religious men who were struggling against contrary waves and adverse currents. Their faith was strengthened by the fierce opposition to be

¹ A. F. Rio, author of “*L’Art Chrétien*.”

encountered, its flame burnt brightly in the wind. Neale, who knew little of actual difficulties, looked on from his retreat, and was interested and sympathetic, but felt himself more at home in the discussion of ancient heresies and the use of old liturgies, than in modern controversies or Anglican books of devotion. When Webb discusses some question of schism, he replies with a cheerful confidence—

“You cannot doubt S. Cyprian would be on my side. I cannot doubt S. Peter Damian would be on yours. And whatever I have learnt to believe on this matter I have learnt, not from Anglican writers,—you cannot abhor them more than I do, but from such men as Quson,—and Cardinal Bersenon, and Pereira, and, above all, from the Fathers of Constance and Basle. With the single exception of the denial of the Cup to the laity, I believe that I could sign all the decrees of these Councils. But do not do me the injustice to think that I do not hold the duty of prayers for the dead, and the *development* of the Communion of Saints as strongly as any one, though I should always be careful at present of printing anything on the latter subject, because I feel that the time may come when I may more practically embrace it. . . . I hope and believe that Newman will not leave us ; but I should not despair if he did. My sheet anchor of hope for the English Church is, that you cannot point out a single instance of an heretical or schismatical body which after apparent death awoke to such life. The Donatists *might* have done it, the Copts *might* have done it, the Nestorians *might* have done it, but they have not. Why should there be such a startling anomaly to all past experience first of all exhibited in the nineteenth century ? ”

Thus we see that it is not unfair to say that he was too much engrossed in his own concerns and too remote from the centres of life and thought to understand the temper of the times. He was spared the overwhelming sense of personal sorrow for a lost leader, the vain attempt to minimize divisions in the strength of an unalterable affection, the rending of the tenderest ties, and the sight of vacant places.

On Sunday, the 10th of November, 1844, Webb wrote from Cambridge—

“I fancy the last week has been one of unparalleled excitement and fear amongst us Anglo-Catholics here. Rumours from many different quarters, and these most authoritative quarters, had been about, to the effect that Newman had at last determined to secede. . . . Yesterday it was contradicted; but I for one am persuaded, on the best authority, that one need at no time be surprised at the event. I know that we do not feel quite alike about this. . . . It seems to me that one had need hope that there is a purgatory, for our own sakes. You will see that I take a very dismal view now; indeed, there seems to be no rainbow in the sky. Almost all I know seem to be equally gloomy.”

And, in answer to this, Neale writes: “The report about Newman had made us all very uneasy; there was quite a collection of us in Phelps’s counting-house when the letters were being opened;” and he goes cheerfully on to rejoice with his correspondent over the large bequest of £6000 to the Camden Society, from Maude of S. Catherine’s, to be spent in the restoration of churches.

A letter which follows refers to a paper of Oakeley’s on the notes of the Church:—

“I will tell you why I differ from it *toto cælo*, and as strongly as I can; loving the manner and admiring his spirit. 1. Because I know no schismatical sect in the world that could not use the same argument. If you overpower them with ecclesiastical proofs, they would say in the same manner, ‘We grant you have patristic authority, but then we have sanctity;’ if you reply that you don’t see it, their answer is easy, that ‘by its peculiar nature it is hidden from the view of mankind in general.’ 2. Because, according to Oakeley’s views, those members of our Church who are not able to point out this sanctity (which I imagine nine-tenths are not), would be justified in leaving it. 3. Because, and this is what strikes me as painfully Protestant in Oakeley’s letter, who gave him a right to judge whether we have it or not?” Then he instinctively,

after a few paragraphs, flies back to the great Schism and S. Catharine of Siena's efforts on behalf of Pope Urban, to show that the partisans of the true successor of S. Peter dared not rest their cause upon the question of sanctity, but appealed to ecclesiastical precedent; an appeal Oakeley rejects. These are facts, he writes advisedly, "*which we all know.*"

It is more and more evident that he fails to comprehend the position of religious parties in England, the fluctuating hopes, the painful bewilderment, the melancholy forebodings, agitating the minds and spirits of individual men. Webb, naturally calm and prudent, tenacious of principles, is whirled into the vortex; he pours out his heart in vain. Neale, happily writing his history of Alexandria among the orange trees of his quinta, declines to be over-excited; his friends at home find themselves in a sea of tribulations, and he is touched and compassionate, but he refuses to be miserable.

One reason for his comparative serenity has been touched upon, his intimate knowledge of the great divisions and differences within the Church from the earliest times, which caused him to undervalue the danger and significance of those affecting his generation. But this was not the sole ground of confidence. He was more undisturbed than others by ecclesiastical dissensions, since he had learnt sorrowfully to recognize the fact that such existed to a greater or less extent in every Communion.

Montalembert, with whom he had had intimate relations, was the distinguished exponent of religious ideas and doctrines out of favour with many of the accredited rulers of his Church. His furious denunciations of what he stigmatizes as the "usurpations" of Anglicans wound and shock his friend and co-religionist, Ambrose de Lisle, more than Neale himself, whose letters from Madeira touch with no unfriendly or captious spirit upon the religious quarrels rife in the Portuguese community. "The Portuguese Church," he writes, "has always been on its guard against Rome." And during his residence in Madeira

there were many internal difficulties, with which his mastery of the language and acquaintances amongst the clergy made him conversant. Nor is his view of the state of the Church unjust, for upon this subject Montalembert speaks still more strongly in a letter of the same year, in which he refers to the—

“sad downfall of Catholic ideas and Catholic institutions in Spain and Portugal, which I have recently visited on my way from Madeira to France. In these unfortunate countries, which were once the bulwarks of our holy Church, the spirit of faith and legitimate resistance to oppression has been completely broken down by three centuries of political despotism and diplomatic subserviency on the part of the Church.”

Neale, who could not but perceive that the want of unanimity and the Erastian spirit infecting the Anglican Communion also permeated other branches of the Church of Christ, was less troubled by its manifestations than men whose outlook was more limited. He regarded it rather as a symptom of the age, than as the note of a decadent Christianity. His attitude with regard to Papal claims was clear and defined, and certainly, at this period, absolutely free from bitterness.

“Without becoming a shade more Anglican, I do see more and more clearly that the High Papal theory is quite untenable. . . . I cannot make, as Montalembert does, or as the R. C. sometimes seemed to wish to do, the desire for visible union with the Chair of S. Peter, the Keystone as it were of the Church—at least not in the sense in which the Western Church has sometimes done. *We Orientals* take a more general view. The Rock on which the Church is built is S. Peter, but it is a triple Rock : Antioch where he sat, Alexandria which he superintended, Rome where he suffered. You would be astonished at the weight of evidence in Doctors of the Western Church.”

There was no strong personal influence to draw him to one side or another. His attitude was never that of a

partisan, nor was he inclined to painful self-questionings. When the course Newman and others were taking was to some the cause of incalculable suffering, and to others an imperative call to follow in their footsteps; whilst Newman could write of a constant "literal ache all about his heart;" and Pusey "looked like a Saint in tribulation;" Neale, partly from circumstances, and partly by reason of more robust sensibilities, was spared many of the trials which at this moment divided his party, and in some respects his judgment was in consequence the more reliable.

"I don't like Ward's book (except for beauty of diction)," he says in reference to "The Ideal Church." "A Saint like S. Bernard might indeed write so of the Church in which he was; in any one else I cannot but consider it in the highest degree presumptuous. I could not stay in it if I thought as he does. . . ."

Nevertheless he had no prejudice against the writer, as a later letter states: "I think all the parts treating of the present Roman system of devotion most edifying and beautiful. But I cannot take in his theory; at least not at present."

No single theory could have absorbed his mind. It was not in any sense distracted, but filled to overflowing with an endless procession of thoughts and projects—æsthetics, theology, symbolism, architecture, and literary work. He had been, for some time, collecting material and acquiring knowledge of historical facts and of Oriental languages, in preparation for his great task, the "History of the Holy Eastern Church." The first portion was written in October, 1843, and during that winter in Madeira he was able to make good progress, impossible without the help of the library at Funchal. It proved to be of inestimable value. He frequented it almost daily, spending the flying, happy hours amongst manuscripts and folios, until the Rector of the Seminary, as a gentle hint—so Neale suggests—that he did not require his presence so

often, proposed to send up any book he might require to his quinta. His retentive memory made him so completely master of the books once read, that he was able to quote in after-years from volumes he had studied there, with accuracy and readiness, as if from a work he had just laid down. For instance, he never possessed the works of S. Bernard, but he was so familiar with them as to surprise good scholars by the variety and verbal precision of his knowledge. At Funchal he set to work also upon a "Catena Symbolica," and sent home much curious information for the *Ecclesiologist*. His facility in acquiring languages was of course of immense service, and his trustworthy translations frequently threw a new light upon some disputed point or obscure passage. Though thoroughly well versed in a great number of languages, and more or less conversant with no less than twenty, he was not disposed to regard his talents as exceptional. Self-confident to the verge of arrogance in opinion, he had no temptation to over-rate his abilities. His aptitude was in this respect misleading. He could hardly understand that others might not readily equal or surpass him. In the same way he took his untiring diligence as a matter of course. In the "delightful use" which he makes of the library he is able to compose his "Catena Symbolica" from mediæval authors in addition to regular business, because it may be useful for a second edition of "Durandus." And here is his elaborate and definite scheme of the work. The ideas are to be traced from "the year 200, with one or two writers at least to each century. . . . II. Chapter. The Analogy of Greek Symbolism. III. An inquiry into the reason why the Greek Church never had symbolical architecture. And here I hope to give a list of such great Churches as were built in the four Eastern Patriarchal cities before the Mahometan conquest. IV. Further examples and deductions, principally from French churches. . . . You see, in all this, very evident proof of my access to a library."

On the 24th of January, 1844, his 26th birthday, he notes—

"So ends a year of many mercies, and alas! of much abuse of them—a year the conclusion of which I, at one time, never expected to see;" and he completes the list of published works which we have already given by recording as accomplished "some three hundred pages of Greek History, besides many odds and ends."

Again, one must remember that his banishment to Madeira favoured composition; he had few interruptions or demands upon his attention: at the same time, his work suffered from want of contact with other minds whose insight and powers might have corrected prepossessions and broken down prejudices. But though intellectually isolated, he was entirely free from any tendency to the morbid self-consciousness of a recluse. His mind was braced and invigorated rather than exhausted by effort, and the very versatility of his resources preserved him from the exaggerated concentration apt to destroy the sense of proportion. The responsibilities of life had been laid upon him early. Ordination, marriage, and the birth of his first child, Agnes, which took place at Brighton in the summer of 1844, had all combined to mature character, yet it was not subject to any sudden transitions. The vagabond light-heartedness of youth had never been his, he had been too intent upon the objects to be attained for any pleasant, aimless dallying by the way. His spirit was rarely ready to make holiday, and, in spite of his learning, he may at times have lacked "the leisure to be wise." Abrupt in his manners, and reserved with strangers, within his own circle of intimate friends his conversation was free and unrestrained.

Until the summer of 1845, his health was not sufficiently re-established for him to undertake any clerical charge; but three winters in Madeira were then found to have wrought a cure, and for many years he had no other illness of a serious character.

His great work, the "History of the Eastern Church," was, for the most part, written at a period when his

mind was most disengaged. In England he would encounter the ordinary difficulties of life, and be required to deal with religious doubts and perplexities that, with an especial force and in bewildering numbers, were besieging the minds of most thoughtful persons.

CHAPTER IX

Neale's interest in the Eastern Church—Prepares to write its history—Studies in the Funchal Library—Authorities cited—Cyril Lucar, Patriarch—Description of the Council of Nicæa.

IT is a curious indication of Neale's temper of mind that, during these years—when what he calls “the High Papal claims” were being advanced in England; when the air was full of agitating questions of Anglican rights and Roman obedience; when the Church of England, standing upon her defence, was offering to her opponents a more than passive resistance; when, in a passionate loyalty, the members of his own party, scholars and theologians, men of unblemished lives and high spiritual attainments, were absorbed in a struggle to vindicate her character and defend her inheritance;—his thoughts should have flown from his native land, where the conflict was being waged, to find a refuge in the East, to take sanctuary in the great immovable fortress of faith against whose venerable gilded gates the assaults of progressive thought and modern sophistries might beat in vain.

In youth he had studied Byzantine art and Oriental languages. Though swayed by the impulse of the Tractarian movement, he had never lost his ideal of a Church, to which the Greek Church approached most nearly. His patristic studies had quickened his keen desire for fuller apprehension of her doctrines, and liturgical researches had shed fresh light upon her practice. Webb, as he said, had well-founded fears that his friend might “Orientalize.” Early in 1843 Neale had written—

"I think I might undertake a very favourite plan of mine; a history of the Eastern Church to the present time—perhaps only from the great schism of East and West. Do you think Burns would like it? A volume about the size of Palmer's 'History of the Church.'"

Though he is appalled by the magnitude of the work and foresees difficulties, he flings himself into it with headlong ardour. It was an undertaking involving learning and industry, not merely a task to be accomplished, but a preoccupation to which everything else was more or less subservient. Many different threads of thought and knowledge, obsolete liturgies, ecclesiastical details, personal characteristics of actors in long-forgotten dramas, made up the warp and woof of the work, all blended together in one rich and harmonious whole. It was a treasure-house for the student, a series of pictures of doctors and patriarchs, of priests and neophytes, of Origen and Ambrose, of S. Cyprian and S. Athanasius, followed by a long catalogue of Saints and martyrs; for, in truth, he lived in the times he chronicled. He spared no pains, grudged no amount of trouble to glean the least shred of evidence, or ascertain a single fact bearing upon his work; whilst any one who could give him the smallest assistance was pressed into his service. Webb was at too great a distance to help him very materially; but Neale highly valued his co-operation.

"I have been at our history tooth and nail," he writes on the Feast of S. Austin, 1843, "principally working at Constantinople; but I have worked off this chapter, and I wish to have your opinion of it. You must be merciful in your judgment; you only see the result, but don't know the difficulties—Catholics contradicting Protestants, Jacobites contradicting both; Coptic names so altered that they are hardly the same in two books. I was quite put out till I discovered that David, of Geddes, and Onadingial, of La Croze, were the same person. . . . I never shall have courage for this without your help. I don't care how much

of it, so you take *some*. After all, it will be perfectly new to ninety-nine readers out of a hundred."

From Madeira, in the same year, he writes—

"I find the Greek history pleasanter every day. But it is not an easy thing, and the worry from the fear of making a mistake used at first to be quite painful. It is, however, a very good exercise. Especially I find the having to define, in a few brief words, the early heresies, very improving to one's divinity. If you wish to imagine me, it must be thus: my reading desk" (he usually both wrote and read standing at a high desk) "has notes, extracts, and a volume of Fleury. On each side of me is a table, that on my left has a desk with *Le Quien*." (This refers to the treatise of the learned Dominican, Father Michael Le Quien, to which he was indebted for so much information: "the patient industry, accuracy, fairness and moderation of the work being," as he writes, "above praise.") "A shelf on my left has S. John Damascene, King, Mosheim, etc. The history after the Sixth Œcumenical Council will contain little that is not to be found in Fleury, though I think it will be a little more accurate and concise; after that we launch out. I find twelve pages, such as Newman's sermons, a good day's work; then, except at breakfast, etc., I never read anything unconnected with the subject."

Very possibly this excess of industry set limits to imagination. There were no waste spaces where its wild flowers might spring and blossom. Every inch of ground was tilled and cultivated. He cannot even eat his breakfast without a book at his side, though for that short space of time he reluctantly foregoes the annals of the Eastern Church. Unlike some other literary toilers, his work was in itself an end. He was not, with the indefatigable Southey, uncomplainingly accomplishing a daily self-allotted task for the sake of his family, in a house where poverty might at any moment walk in at the door, though love would never fulfil the proverb by flying out of the window; nor could he be compared to Sir Walter Scott, who in the intervals of business gave free rein to fancy,—whose novels, as he expressed it, simmered in his

brain as he lay in bed or rode about the country. Neale, on the contrary, wrote for the sake of the work, and he composed with the pen in his fingers, for he had made elaborate preparations, and now with documents at hand and many investigations completed, he wrote on steadily from day to day.

The spirit with which he set out is clearly explained in the preface to the "History of Alexandria."

"I have reserved for my introduction to the study of the history of the Oriental Church some remarks which it seems right to make on the spirit in which such a book should be written. The historian should write, not as a member of the Roman, not as a member of the English Church ; but, as far as may be, with Oriental views, feelings, and even, perhaps, prepossessions."

In this respect he found no difficulty in acting upon his principles. The long list of his authorities : the Dominican Le Quien ; Eusebe Renaudot, whose devotion to Eastern literature and acquaintance with thirty languages gave him immense advantages in compiling his history of the Jacobite patriarchs ; Wansleb, a Dominican missionary in Egypt, who first introduced their history to Europe ; Sollerius the Jesuit, whose treatise suffers from his want of access to manuscripts and ignorance of Eastern languages ; Eutychius ; Elmacinus' Saracenic history ; the Mahometan writer Makrizi ; Geddes, who wrote under the patronage of Bishop Burnet, and whom Neale found totally untrustworthy ; Stilting, the Bollandist, and Wilken's "Geschichte der Kreuzzüge," and other books and authors, all testify to his desire to judge of disputed questions fairly, from different points of view. In the sixth book, "On the Rise and Decline of Roman Influence in Ethiopia," he cites, on the Roman side, the "Perpetuité de la Foy," the "Créance de l'Eglise Orientale" by Simon ; Leo Allatius, etc. ; on the Oriental side, the Councils of Constantinople, Jassy, and Bethlehem, "The History of the Russian Church" by Mouravieff, "Present State of the Greek Church" by Ricaut ; and, on the Calvinistic side, Crusius' "Turco-

Græcia," Aymon's "Memoirs of the Greek Church," etc. These are but selections from authorities mentioned, yet they indicate the grounds for the judgments formed, and show from what various directions he gathered materials.

His interest never waned; indeed, as time went on, he became more and more engrossed in his book, appropriately dedicated—

"To His Holiness Artemius
by Divine mercy
Pope and Patriarch of Alexandria
Libya, Pentapolis, and all the preaching of S. Mark
and Œcumenical Judge
This History of the Church of S. Athanasius
is, with all humility, inscribed."

In spite of the library at Funchal, with its particularly valuable edition of the Fathers, he found great difficulties in the way of obtaining all the intelligence he required. On the 11th of January he writes from Madeira: "My chief difficulty at present has been to know what view to take of the Second Nicene Council. You must remember that neither in the East nor in the West had I any one to whom I could look as a guide." At any rate, he does his best, and boldly applies for assistance to every possible quarter. The British Chaplain at Alexandria collected and transmitted information. Mr. Alfred Walne, the Consul at Cairo, waited on the Patriarch, and received answers to queries; the Vicar of the Jacobite Patriarch at Alexandria made important additions to his knowledge of the state of that Communion; at home, the learned Eastern scholar, Dr. Mill, overlooked the sheets as they passed through the press, supplied corrections, and gave references to unexplored sources of illumination; and, finally, his faithful friend Webb revised most of the proofs.

"I will not repeat to you," he writes to Webb, "the success of my inquiries at Alexandria. If you return

by Geneva, you may do me a great service. I am in correspondence with G. Diodate, librarian of the Library of the Republic, and he is to get for me copies of the uncopied letters of poor Cyril Lucar which are kept there. . . . This also, ask to see Cyril's confession of Faith. I mean the original MS. If it is not forthcoming, hint that many believe it to have been a German forgery, Romanists as well as Orientals, and see what he says."

With this desire to gain sidelights upon his subject, it is no wonder that he adds, "I am overwhelmed with business." He was (as George Williams expresses it) to devote the best years of his laborious life to the accumulation of materials for a work evidently designed to be the chief monument of his industry, and his articles, hymns, and stories might not now interfere with more serious studies. The Greek history is ever the dominant note, and Cyril Lucar much upon his mind. "You will not need reminding to look out for Greek books at Venice. If you fall in with any Greeks there, try to discover what is the modern Oriental view of Cyril Lucar. The Russian view we have from Mouravieff."

His story of the life and times of "poor Cyril Lucar," occupying the fourth and latest portion of the second volume of his Alexandrian history, is a sample of the manner in which individuals give life and reality to its pages. It also so very curiously exemplifies his views upon orthodoxy, heresy, and schism as to make it worth while to give a short sketch of the method used in dealing with the subject. Cyril was an important figure in what Neale terms "the most interesting portion of Alexandrian history—the rise, progress, and final rejection of Calvinian tenets, which had, for a time, infested so large a portion of Europe." His career was varied, and he was a mover in those furious controversies and tempestuous councils which, sharply defining the Faith, severed ecclesiastical ties, embittered religious differences, and were frequently inextricably intertwined with State intrigues and political factions.

Crete, Cyril's birthplace, was at that date, 1572, at peace under the Venetian Government, but the limited area of the island brought religious parties into dangerous proximity. The Eastern and Western Churches were represented by prelates especially distinguished for learning, having exceptional advantages from their easy access to Italian universities, notably that of Padua, from whence they brought back what Neale describes as "scholastic novelties," to be introduced into the simpler Eastern Creed.

On the completion of his academical course, Cyril took even a wider range, visiting Geneva and Holland, and becoming more or less imbued with a reforming spirit before returning to Alexandria, where his kinsman, Meletius Piga, who at that time occupied the Chair of S. Mark, admitted him to the priesthood. Evidently a person of ability, he was sent on some business to Constantinople, and subsequently on a delicate mission to Poland, where great difficulties had arisen, King Sigismund III. being a staunch upholder of the Papacy, whilst the majority of his subjects adhered to the Oriental faith.

He returned to Alexandria with a considerable reputation for diplomacy, and was soon after sent back to Crete. On his travels he came across M. von Haga, a liberal-minded Calvinist, who had some strange project for bringing about a union between Constantinople and Geneva. Cyril, with a taste for theological discussion, and free from the rigid orthodoxy which befitted his position, without committing himself to any change of opinion, listened with compliant courtesy, and the seeds of heresy, sown by a practised hand, though long in germinating, bore unexpected fruit.

Cyril was raised to the Patriarchate, succeeding his benefactor, Meletius, in 1602, and for ten years there are scant records of his doings, but in 1612, on a visit to Constantinople, he was again brought into close and friendly relations with his old friend, von Haga, and, at the same time, had his somewhat vacillating predisposition

towards liberal ideas strengthened and confirmed by a revolt against the tyrannical conduct of the Jesuits.

Constantinople was a city so distractedly disunited as to present a striking illustration of the actual condition of religious parties. The Jesuits had invaded it about ten years earlier, bringing much learning and astuteness to the propagation of their views. They were an influential body, with both spiritual and carnal weapons at their command, rich buildings, and a well-selected library, and they drew many converts from the Greek Communion. This comparatively peaceful work was however seriously interrupted by sharp contentions with the Dominicans and Franciscans, older established Orders, hitherto guiding and ruling the counsels and consciences of the community. In Constantinople, Cyril hardly displayed his usual caution, for, taking part unnecessarily in the quarrel, he brought upon himself the undying animosity of the formidable Society of Jesus. Moreover, he opened communications with the Presbyterian minister at the Hague, though, in a letter of immense length, curiously modern, written for the most part in a strain of liberal Evangelicalism, he still sets forth the true glory of the Eastern Church. "To her, innovations are novel signs and prodigies to be dreaded rather than followed. . . . She never takes away, never adds, never changes. She always remains the same ; always keeps and preserves untainted orthodoxy." In spite of this redeeming sentence, Neale regards the letter as the first downward step towards ruin, especially since Cyril addresses the Dutch Pastor as his "brother in Christ," and in "unbecoming language" contrasts his wide charity with the intolerance of those who "would not hesitate, if they thought him in error, to throw him into a seething pot, stretch him over live coals, or terrify him with the torturer's appearance." This surely very natural repugnance to severe measures Neale terms "still more painful." In fact, Cyril, in affronting the canons of orthodoxy, is in danger of losing the sympathy of his biographer, and presently he forfeits them altogether. A wordy theologian, we find him writing long letters to the Archbishop of

Canterbury, commending to his care a young priest whom he was sending to pursue academical studies in England. The Archbishop replies in self-congratulatory strains as to the state of his own Church, "salutes his Blessedness," and assures him that the King (James I.) speaks of him in the most flattering manner. Dealings with those outside may have contributed to affect Cyril's faithful adherence to the one Church which "never changes," and, notwithstanding his former protestations, it appears, from a hitherto unpublished confession, that he decidedly, perhaps unconsciously, drifted into heresy. He again met with some Dutchmen in Egypt, highly educated men of a nation who were manifestly fatal to Cyril's orthodoxy, and, till the plague banished them from Cairo in 1619, they exercised much influence over his mind. On the occasion of this visitation of sickness, calling for fortitude and devotion on the part of a Christian prelate, we find him writing in no very valorous strain: "I remained shut up, in great danger, in my house, and let down from my windows the answers I had to make to my Christians respecting the dead; and by the grace of God am safe up to this time."

This thanksgiving appears somewhat out of place, nor would this conduct have been likely to commend itself to his flock, yet, two years later, he was unanimously elected to the Œcumenical Throne of Constantinople. A series of internal troubles, and a period of civil war, ended in the exile of one whom the Pope, Urban VIII., designated as "a son of darkness and a champion of hell." After a while, nevertheless, Cyril returned, his successor abdicated, and he was once more recognized as the legitimate Patriarch, and, resisting the renewed efforts of the Jesuits to set up a rival, he maintained his position. It was a strange anomaly—the rightful defender and ruler of the Eastern Church in intimate correspondence with the avowed enemies of the Catholic Faith and ecclesiastical order! No wonder that the most opposite forces were arrayed against a man whose convictions, however sincere, were entirely inconsistent with his high office. "Persecution," he writes, "ceases not, but creeps like water under

straw." Once more sentence was given against him—but on this occasion banishment could not content his enemies. Pasha and Jesuit united to compass his death. Enticed into a boat, as soon as it was out of sight of land, a few moments for prayer were all they accorded the Patriarch before they murdered him.

Such then, shortly, is the story of "poor Cyril Lucar," as Neale relates it in many closely written pages of the second volume of his "History of Alexandria." It is one of many distinct biographies, illustrated by original letters, and with the evidence on each side carefully selected and weighed; but it is typical, both of his style and of his attitude of mind. Here we see very plainly the prepossession with which he designedly set out—his Oriental bias and his Eastern proclivities. Cyril, who should have been the champion of primitive orthodoxy, is beguiled by modern heresies, and, in justifiable opposition to Roman usurpations, is tempted to make allies of new reforming teachers. Rome, in her turn, does not scruple to use the infidel arm to execute her behests. Neale, whilst he laments the Patriarch's fall, and by no means disguises his weakness, dwells with admiration upon his patience, gentleness, and learning, those amiable qualities that, under serener skies and in less troubled times, might have stood him in better stead. The writer's position is always markedly that of an advocate. The tyrannical and revengeful conduct of the Jesuits, and even the laxity of the Church in England, is more easily to be tolerated than the dishonour done to the integrity of the Greek Communion by one of her hierophants. In this he judges rather from within than from without, and the summary vengeance wreaked upon Cyril through the unholy alliance of Rome and the infidels is less distressing to the author than his hero's apostasy.

The early portion of the history is more uninteresting to the general reader, in consequence of what Neale himself terms the necessarily brief accounts of early heresies, and the long catalogue of persons of whom, from lack of historical information, it is impossible to give more than slight sketches. Nevertheless, these have life and reality

—facts in history, annals of persecution or martyrdom, documentary evidence or contemporaneous witness, all being employed to elucidate character. Every now and again, the narrative flows with force and brilliancy, from an inexhaustible sparkling spring of knowledge, as when, in the chapter upon the Council of Nicæa, he describes the assembling of the Fathers,—

“men who carried about with them the glorious marks of confession in the Tenth Persecution,—men on whom distant Churches had hung as columns of the One Faith,—men in whom the apostolic gifts still dwelt in all their pristine vigour,—men who had not only the power of binding and loosing in Heaven, but of healing disease and raising the dead on earth. They gathered from every province of the known world, an exceeding great army of prelates, an innumerable company of priests and deacons; they came to compare the Creeds taught in their Churches, by the apostolic founders of each, and to bear witness to the truth of the same Holy Ghost that spoke by all; they came to invest traditional faith with infallible words, and to rear an everlasting bulwark between the Church and heresy.” Then follow the names emblazoned in a roll of glory: “S. Macarius of Jerusalem, illustrious for many miracles; S. Eustachius of Antioch, who had raised a dead man to life; S. James of Nisibis, who by the power of his intercession routed Sapor and all the flower of the Persian host; S. Leontius of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, the ‘equal of the angels’ and the spiritual father of many martyrs; . . . S. Nicasius of Die, the only delegate from the ever orthodox Gaul; Protogenes of Sardica, the bulwark of the Dacian Church; S. Meletius of Sebastopolis, who fought his good fight in Armenia; . . . and multitudes of other prelates, whose names, less famous in the Church militant, were doubtless not the less surely written in the Book of Life.”

Still, in this volume as in other writings, questions of style were subordinated to a simple desire to make the narrative, without any special elegance of diction, or felicities of expression, a true presentment of the personages and facts recorded.

CHAPTER X

The "History of Alexandria" continued and epitomized—Plan of the introduction—Neale's attitude with regard to the supernatural—Excursions and last days in Madeira—Dissolution of the Cambridge Camden Society.

IT was no wonder that the history of the Eastern Church should have had a strong attraction for a student predisposed to historical and ecclesiastical research; and the attraction without changing its character, extended its borders, as fresh light from various quarters was thrown upon the subject.

In asking for Webb's co-operation he had expressed "a great desire and expectation" that he should write two of the Patriarchates, and he put it before him, not only as a kindness to himself, but as a delightful occupation and a good work to be accomplished. Webb, however, was absorbed in the agitating topics of the day, and he had much pressure of practical business with little leisure at his disposal. He occasionally exercised the office of a critic and a censor, but altogether declined joint authorship.

Neale's first conception of the work, in this and other respects, therefore underwent several modifications. After a good deal of hesitation, he had determined on writing the Patriarchates separately, and meant the work to be in four octavo volumes, each of 400 pages. He began with Alexandria; and its history in two volumes was published in 1847; the Introduction, intended as a preface, being kept back for valuable information he hoped to receive from Constantinople and Damascus. This Introduction eventually reached two volumes, and it was not till Candlemas Day, 1850, that he could

write : "Congratulate me, I have finished the Introduction at 4.30 this afternoon, and could almost have cried when I laid down the pen. I began it in August, 1843." The "*History of Alexandria*" as we have seen, was finished in a year ; but many other things intervened before the Introduction (of which we shall hear more later) could be completed ; and immediately after its publication he wrote : "I am learning Armenian like a horse, for the '*History of Antioch.*'" This history was left unfinished at his death, being completed by the Rev. George Williams, and not published until 1878.

In reviewing the course of Alexandrian history, Neale writes—

"By God's goodness we have finished the relation of the '*Rise and Decline of the Church of Alexandria.*' We have traced it from the time when its apostolic founder laid down his life for his Lord ; we have penetrated, so far as we might, the obscure annals of its earlier patriarchs ; we have seen it struggling with the persecutions of Valerian and Diocletian, and, by the blood of its martyrs, spreading the Faith into the wildest regions of Africa ; we have seen it crushing the Sabellian heresy in the person of S. Dionysius, standing alone against an Arian world ; in that of S. Athanasius, overthrowing Nestorius and wielding an Œcumenical Council ; in that of S. Cyril, . . . beset by a long and fearful schism, from which neither the martyrdom of S. Proterius, nor the alms of S. John, nor the learning of S. Eulogius could deliver it ; and, finally, overwhelmed by the victorious arms of the impostor of Mecca. . . . We have seen the dismal gulf yawn between Eastern and Western Christendom, and have noted the attempts made by Rome and by Protestant Germany to pass it. We have watched the progress of the Portuguese in Ethiopia, from their first hope of success, through the absolute victory, to the entire fall of Rome. . . . What remains but that we long and pray for those happier times when Alexandria and her sister Churches shall '*shake themselves from the dust, shall loose the bands of their neck, shall no more be forsaken and hated, shall become an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations ;*' shall be freed from the Ottoman yoke, purged from ignorance, shall unite and be united with the Western Church ; shall

become One Fold under One Shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord."

It must be remembered that, whilst mentally engrossed by the distinctive tenets and the theological standpoints of the Eastern Church, he was continually in relations with the Portuguese Church and its members. He constantly attended their services, and was edified by their devotion. He frequented the Seminary, and, as he writes, "almost daily made some fresh acquaintance with the priests, and met with no little worship." They were genuinely amazed at his learning. His fluent Portuguese brought him easily into relations with the most uneducated, and upon their own subjects he possessed large stores of information. Reverent and sympathetic, though he might not see the Church under her best aspect, as an outsider he scarcely perceived Montalembert's severe strictures upon it to be deserved. The superstitions of the unlearned were no distress to him. He was pleased to discover that a Portuguese, if stung by a bee, would not kill it, because it made wax for Holy Church! Here Church principles and humanity went hand in hand, and in any case an inadequate faith was worse than a misguided devotion. At the Christmas Midnight Mass, or the "Cock-Mass," as they call it in Madeira, the concourse of worshippers carried him back to other times, and he had "never before so fully understood the wonderful skill with which the Church directs enthusiasm."

On Easter Eve, 1845, he writes—

"Last night I went up to the Mount Church, to see the 'Descent from the Cross.' It is a thing, I think, fairly open to criticism, as not being approved by the Church, but simply allowed in some few places. You know the noble situation of the church, 1760 feet above the sea, and the feeling at that height and time was of an English evening in May. The noble flight of steps up to the church was alive with people, and, alas! all kinds of buying and selling were going on close to the door. . . . The vicar was preaching to a crowded congregation, and very well he did preach too, though one could not but marvel at the contrast

between such a Passion sermon and one in England. The people sobbed and cried, and the whole church was filled with a sound it is impossible to describe. . . . 'Peter wept bitterly,' said the preacher, 'and is there any one here that weeps not? If there be, out of the Church at once; let him not dare to look on this spectacle. They are bringing the hammer, the nails, the crown of thorns. The Saviour of the world is fastened to the cross. Behold the Man!' And amidst a perfect agony of weeping, the curtain drew up. The taking down from the cross is then gone through by persons dressed in character. . . . The bier is then borne in torchlight procession among the wild defiles of the Curral dos Romeiros—the Pilgrim's Fold,—and the service concluded with another sermon. The procession to the cathedral for the interment of our Lord is the best I have yet seen—the soldiers with arms reversed, the canons in the deepest mourning, their long trains attended by an acolyte. The bishop has already done much here. The seriousness and attention of the people is greater, and more is done for them. Yesterday, *e.g.*, there were eleven sermons, four at the cathedral, three at N. S. de Monte, three at S. Antonio, and three at S. Clara. I was not at the Alleluia this morning, that the servants might go; but it was very beautiful when the wind brought up the first burst of bells that told of Lent's being over."

From his circumstances he knew far more of Roman Catholic worship than those at home, who, though painfully considering the claims of that Communion, had less practical experience of the working of her system. It was, therefore, not so much inability to embrace special doctrines that kept him in his own Communion, as an unalterable faith in the unity and continuity of the Church of which, whether in the English, Greek, or Roman Communions, he would have equally felt himself to be a member.

It is easy to say that a closer contact with Eastern Christianity might have modified his opinions and destroyed his ideal. He had much Oriental correspondence, and was impressed by the courtesy, dignity, and erudition of Patriarchs and Archimandrites; but personal intercourse was of a later date. His position seems

to have been a distrust of the doctrine of development, and his affection for the Greek Church the result of her claim to be, like her Lord Himself, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

In reference to this subject it is interesting to note Dr. Liddon's observations, during his visit to Russia in 1867 :—

"To-day I feel that, for the first time in my life, I stand face to face with the Eastern Church. . . . To call her a petrification here in Russia would be simple folly. . . . Right or wrong, it is a vast, energetic and most powerful body, with an evident hold upon the heart of the largest of European empires, indeed a force within the limits of Russia to which I believe there is no parallel in the West. . . . The sense of God's Presence—of the supernatural—seems to me to penetrate Russian life more completely than that of any of the Western nations which I have seen, except perhaps the Tyrolese and Styrians."

This sense of the supernatural was very strong in Neale himself. He could not be surprised at any manifestations of God's grace and power. Miracles of unscriptural authority presented no difficulties to his mind; for this reason, amongst others, his lives of the early Saints had so vivid a reality. Their visions were no dreams of an excited imagination, their miraculous powers no figments of inventive followers, their superhuman sufferings and conflicts with the visible powers of evil no more wonderful than the inner trials to which the soul is subject. This faculty of belief gives a special value to the chapters of his history dealing with the persecutions. The courage of the virgin saints, the fierce assaults of the devil and his emissaries, the rigorous fasts of ascetics, the impenetrable silence of anchorets, were all natural evidences of the tremendous spiritual forces which, in an unceasing conflict, rend and govern the Body of Christ's Church.

"Who can doubt," he says, when writing of the supernatural occurrences in the hermit life of S. Anthony, "who can doubt that a life as completely contrary to every natural desire of the heart as was that of the Egyptian

hermits, such a total abnegation of every tie between the individual and the world, such constant danger, want, and suffering, days and nights so lonely,—and all this endured without the hope of human applause, because beyond the sphere of human knowledge,—that such a life we say, which is believed by all to have been practised, is far more wonderful, and far more contrary to antecedent experience, than the marvellous tale of the conflicts of S. Anthony?”

As early as 1842, when visiting Wells and Glastonbury, his joy at seeing S. Joseph's Thorn in blossom had surpassed even his rapt appreciation of the glories of the cathedral; and in the same year, when in Cornwall, he writes in the following terms of his visit to a sacred well near Madron:—

“It was never kept full, the water being turned on when wanted. The three first days in May and Ascension Day were the times. Children were chiefly cured; after being dipped, they were laid to sleep on the altar. The miraculous efficacy seems to have ceased when the altar was overthrown, for the woman [his guide] remembered when it had not. It seemed quite strange to stand where miracles—for the water is, I believe, not at all medicinal—had so recently been worked.”

In a like spirit he writes from Madeira:—

“I told you—did I not?—of the *Fixoões*, the spectral lights which are seen, on stormy nights, on the wildest headlands of the coast, and which the fishermen believe to be the spirits of tormented creatures. I have now heard of a man who has seen one close to him; from him I must inquire more about it.”

Again, in 1862, during a tour in the South of France, he came across a servant-maid who had been an orphan in the Providence at Ars, under the famous Curé.

“I asked her if she knew anything about the multiplication of the meal. ‘*Mais, mon Dieu, j’y étais moi-même; j’avais les mains dans la pâte; c’est moi qu’on envoya au Saint Curé pour lui demander ce que nous devions faire. . . .*’ She said how they felt the dough grow and grow under their hands as they kneaded it. I asked how

they felt. 'Tout le monde criait, "au miracle !" mais nous, nous n'étions pas étonnées, pas le moins du monde ; nous savions quel pouvoir le Saint Curé avait auprès du bon Dieu ; et quand il m'avait dit, "Allez, allez, ma bonne petite, travaillez la pâte, il y en aura assez," nous n'en doutions plus.' There, I think it was worth while to go a hundred miles to hear that story from an eye-witness. I confess I had not thoroughly believed it before."

More will be heard of his attitude towards this subject, and his utterances and writings upon it ; for the present, it is only necessary to emphasize the fact that he gave ready credence to records of spiritual manifestations and communications with the unseen world, and undoubtedly he was, in this respect, as in many others, well fitted to be the sympathetic historian of early Saints and martyrs.

Apart from his literary occupations, life in that beautiful island had provided innumerable pleasures and left indelible impressions upon his mind. If he could have written his books walking or riding, he would have little cared to have a roof above his head. He loved the open air ; and asserted that there was a responsibility in living amongst beautiful scenery, resembling that incurred by dwellers at the doors of a great cathedral ; lest they should miss or ignore its message and its meaning. As health returned, he made long excursions into the country. He was considered rash in his climbing exploits, and his physical self-confidence caused him to run unnecessary risks, not for the pleasurable excitement of the danger incurred, but out of a careless determination to gain his end. During the last part of his stay he made himself well acquainted with all parts of the island. Of one expedition he writes with especial pleasure. In February, 1844, descending the Curral from the Serra d'Agua, the party were on foot or on horseback fourteen hours, his wife and her companions being, with one exception, the first Englishwomen who had made the ascent, though, to their descendants in this present athletic age, it might not have appeared so much in the light of a dangerous adventure.

"We performed the feat of coming out of it by moonlight. The pass, with its twenty-two zigzags cut in the face of a sheer precipice, is a place of some difficulty by day, and of no small danger in a dark night—the moon not penetrating at that time down it; but just as we began to ascend, the Curral bell rang out *Angelus*, and so with hats off we commenced the difficulty. The most ghostly effect I ever saw was when we got into the mountains. One of our party was mounted on a white horse, and some distance before us. She reached the turn of the ravine, everything else being in darkness, the moon poured a flood of light on horse and rider with no other background than the sky. It is a beautiful thing when there comes any difficulty or pinch to hear the '*Vamos, Vamos, sempre com Deos e Mossa Senhora*,' of the sailors or burroqueros, as the case may be; and so it was that night, to hear the hammock-bearers' '*Gracas e Deos*,' when they got into the moonlight.

"The other day I saw one of those very rare appearances, the Spectre of the Brocken. We were at the top of the Pico dos Arnecros, one of our highest mountains, and four of us had strolled down to a high wall of lava which separates the two abysses of the Curral and the Nubade. The [illegible word] was filled with a boiling mass of cloud, clear for about a quarter of a mile down from us. The sun came out, and far below me I saw a gigantic figure of myself with a halo or nimbus, just like the glory of a saint round my head. We all saw the same thing at the same moment, each of him or herself."

He constantly notes in his letters some new scene, an effect of light or change of atmosphere, to which his mind was as simply open as in his boyhood. He sometimes longed to be in the middle of the confusion of England, yet he adds—

"I am thankful to be able to live physically amongst our glorious mountains, and morally with the men of the ages of faith, as I do. I think there is nothing calculated to give one more faith than scenery like this. There is one view here that I can never see without being ready to cry at its grandeur—between the Curral and the Serra d'Agua. It is a great privilege to live among such scenery and among such colouring."

These physical impressions were reflected in his writings, and, as an example of his feeling for nature, the following sonnet may be given, though from a literary and poetical point of view it cannot be classed amongst his best:—

“SONNET WRITTEN AT UNSTEAD WOOD, NEAR
GODALMING, IN SURREY.

“’Tis Nature’s own cathedral ! Wood birds pour
Like vesper choristers rich melodies
From hawthorn bush and thicket ; shapely trees,
Its pillars, to their leafy vaulting soar,
Fretted and intricate, which Autumn’s store
With gold and crimson tinges ; and the breeze
Maketh sweet music as it plays with these,
Like a deep organ, louder now, now lower.
The year’s last flowers breathe incense all around ;
And scarlet leaves and sun-gleams here and there,
Like curious pavement, tessellate the ground.
Thus Nature culleth all things rich and rare,
When she a temple to her God* would found ;
Shall man alone his choicest treasures spare ? ”

But however indisposed to turn his mind from literary work and the gracious influences of open-air life in that beautiful region where he dwelt, there was one matter that letters from England irresistibly pressed upon his attention. The affairs of the Cambridge Camden Society were involved in difficulty and the society upon its trial. Its very success had necessarily raised complicated questions as to organization and management. The large number of its members in itself constituted a danger, lest men of different views and varying degrees of knowledge should fail to co-operate for a common cause. Prudent dignitaries recruited by enthusiastic undergraduates, and almost against their will sworn into the service, had had time to reconsider their position. Suspicions had been awakened. The restoration of churches by architectural experts was a work wherein all might have easily combined, if art under a religious aspect had not been capable of very diverse interpretations. Symbols were expounded as illustrative of doctrines no intrinsic beauty could make

acceptable to minds fearful of finding themselves called upon to defend what they regarded as the rash actions and utterances of the ultra members of the society, and withdrawals took place, some amongst them being those of old influential members. Disquieting reports reached Neale in Madeira, and on the 12th of February, 1845, he wrote as follows :—

“I believe that the being at a distance from England may sometimes give one a clearer view of right and wrong than you have, in the midst of the burden and heat as you all are at this time. To me there seems no doubt that, while *cor regis in manu Domini*, it is a want of faith to give up because the Privy Council seems so unlikely to do us justice.” (This, no doubt, refers to the appeal as to the stone altar at S. Sepulchre’s.) “We have been going on too prosperously, and though you personally have had struggles and vexations enough for any man, as a society our course has been a continued success. So it was with the Jesuits at first, and it was not till they met the terrible storm excited against them after five or six years of success, and overcame it, that S. Ignatius could really see his work to be of *God*. The seal is a more difficult question, I think, than the appeal. There is something disheartening in writing advice when long ere the letter can reach you the matter must have been settled. I have that perfect confidence that you will do right, and so great a belief, into the bargain, that you will have your own way with the society, that I am not careful to answer you in this matter. The belief in the truths symbolized is, indeed, *articulus stantis aut cadentis*; but whether the retention of the type itself is of that vital importance that it is worth while to risk everything for it, deserves thought. My own idea is this; I would retain the seal as long as the Archbishop stood by us; if he left us on the ground of it, I would then offer to withdraw it solely on the grounds of not giving offence, making, at the same time, a solemn protest that we believe all that we there express.”

The seal of the society can have been hardly more than a pretext for the animosity excited. It was designed by Pugin, and was formed in the shape of the *Vesica Piscis*. It contains figures of saints: S. George; S. Ethelreda,

patroness of the diocese of Ely ; S. John the Evangelist, holding a chart of the New Jerusalem (for he has sometimes been considered the patron of architecture) ; and S. Luke, who holds a picture in his hand. An angel bears a scroll *Quam dilecta*, and the legend is "Sigillum Societatis Camdenicæ Cantab. Rigiensis. A.S. MDCCCXXXIX."

The tempest once conjured up could not, however, be easily allayed. The entire dissolution of the society was proposed, but afterwards this was negatived, and, though it became locally extinct, it was reformed, with its head quarters in London, upon a wider basis, as "The Ecclesiological (late Cambridge Camden) Society," and the seal was abandoned. The intelligence found Neale still in Madeira. His response is a letter discovering compensations for the collapse of a project in which he had hopefully taken the initiative.

"That I am satisfied with the reasons you give for the dissolution of the C.C.S. I cannot say. But I have no doubt that you have done right, and that, had I been on the spot and capable of forming a more correct judgment, I might have agreed with you. But the difficulties do seem to me immense—not only as to what is to become of the profits of the publications, but who is to bring out fresh editions of them if needed, what authority may make alterations in them, what security have we against their being corrupted or protestantized? What is to take the place of the society I cannot conceive. And yet I am glad that, like a tropic sun, it should have set in its full splendour, without an evening and without a twilight. I think it is a worthy end of a society which, perhaps, aimed higher than any body of men since the Reformation."

And upon this same subject, James Stewart Forbes (afterwards Bishop of Brechin) wrote to him from Cambridge :—

"What a state of things we have arrived at since you left England! We ought to be preparing ourselves for times of great sorrow and persecution. The latter has already begun. Poor C.C.S. It was indeed a hard necessity which induced the committee to seek for its

dissolution. It is very annoying that friends are unable to sympathize with our reasons for wishing to dissolve. None but those on the spot or intimately acquainted with the interior working of the society can understand the difficult part which the president and Webb have to act, and the utter impossibility of the society being carried on as a *Catholic* engine. I fancy you will be as opposed as we can be to any, the slightest concession, and it is only by sinking down to the level of the ignoble Oxford Gothic that we should be able to go on. . . . We look forward to the *Ecclesiologist* to support the cause of Catholic art ; *but you do not write for it enough.*

“Your affect. friend,

“JAMES STEWART FORBES.”

There were many opinions as to the wisdom and expediency of some measures taken by the majority of the committee ; but, as Webb wrote, all agreed that the Camden Society, as originally constituted, had done wonders, and regretted the loss of so powerful an engine. The question of the dissolution, of course, was eventually decided apart from Neale, one of its first promoters ; and he resigned himself unresentfully to the certainty that the hopes once so firmly fixed upon its future were not destined to be realized.

“If nothing else has been determined, I should like to write in the July *Christian Remembrancer*, all well, a review of the proceedings of the C.C.S., a sort of funeral ovation over it. In many respects I should be the fittest man to do it : sufficiently connected with the society to be able to do it properly ; sufficiently, during the last month, disconnected to undertake it without any vanity.”

CHAPTER XI

Final return to England in 1845—Newman's influence—Spirit of the times—Neale's position with regard to religious parties—Correspondence with Webb—Republication of Spelman's "History of Sacrilege"—Seatonian Prize—Early poems.

SUCH, then, were Neale's distinctive ideas and preoccupations, when, in June, 1845, he returned for the last time from Madeira to take up his permanent abode in England.

The mere fact of his change of residence naturally brought about an alteration, not only in his way of life, but in his views of the state of the Church at large, and of the difficulties affecting his own Communion. He was unwillingly compelled to divert his attention from bygone heresies, and the triumphant refutations of Saints and Doctors, to the questions of conscience uppermost in the minds of his Cambridge associates and contemporaries.

On the one side, the torrent of reform was beating against its barriers, and assuming, in the eyes of many sober persons, a devastating and revolutionary character, and this with such dangerous rapidity that the restoration of ancient bulwarks could hardly be effected in time to resist its force. Upon the other hand, timid or half-hearted adherents were deserting a cause, possibly not desperate, but increasingly unpopular.

Webb had warned him, in no measured terms, of the state of unrest and bewilderment in which he and so many others were involved; of the uselessness of exhortations to mutual forbearance in a contest between principles and prejudices; and had incidentally shown him that, with regard to opinions and forebodings upon religious questions, they were slowly, but surely, drifting apart. Neale

had steadily refused to entertain so unwelcome a conviction. In Madeira it was comparatively easy to disguise unacceptable contrasts and ignore unpalatable truths. Before quitting it he had written—

“I will write no more to you about Rome, because I shall run the risk of your misunderstanding me, and creating a difference where there is none. It must always be so in writing and at a distance. The comfort is that such differences vanish when one comes to talk, like S. Athanasius and the supporters of the One and of the Three Hypostates.”

He cannot, do what he will, get away from the standpoint of the fourth century, nor perceive that, though history may repeat itself, the old actors cannot be resuscitated to play their parts. He had, of course, been more or less forced to form an opinion upon the action taken by some prominent persons, but he had been, as we said, incapable of understanding the extent and power of Newman's influence upon other minds. He even ranked his sermons (those sermons that made epochs in the lives of men most distinguished for learning and piety) lower, as regarded matter and style, than those of Jeremy Taylor, S. Francis de Sales, or Bishop Andrewes; he failed to appreciate Ward's theory as set forth in the “Ideal Church;” he could not understand “what Oakeley was driving at.” “His distinction between teaching and holding goes against me. I should hold, I dare say, as much in most things (more in some things) as he holds; but then, directly or indirectly, I should feel bound to teach it.” He has been reading with far more interest a Portuguese “*Historia da Compantica de Jesus*,” and quotes the stress the Jesuits laid upon preaching and upon necessary types in churches as remarkable. “Are we to imagine men of such astonishing holiness as the early Jesuits were mistaken?”

The dissolution of the Camden Society could not divert his attention from the martyrdoms of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Portuguese India, which “are

something beyond conception, and the histories of such men as Barreo, Arivedo, Vieyra, and a hundred others most edifying."

Absorbed in such studies, it was natural he should have undefined notions of the progress made, and of the position of the several religious parties, when he returned to England in 1845, that most critical of years for the future of the Anglican Communion. It was a year rich in great possibilities.

"A spirit was abroad ready to make all things new, justifying old institutions by invigorating them with the enthusiasm of youth, reanimating the moral convictions which had made founders and benefactors lavish their wealth on the Church of Christ; breathing into work as well as into prayer, into literature as well as into philanthropy, into art—whether music or architecture or poetry—as well as into scientific theology, a reality and vigour that had long been wanting."

So Dr. Liddon wrote in reference to this period, from the unprejudiced judicial standpoint of the year 1881. With this spirit Neale found himself to be instinctively and joyfully in accord. He could trace, with an exactitude of knowledge some others might not claim, the course of thought and practice to its source. The points of doctrine and ritual for which the Tractarians had contended were no strange treasures brought from other lands, but the lawful possessions of the English Church, once neglected and laid aside, only needing to be reset to shine forth in all their pristine beauty. Returning to England, he at length perceived the immense weight of Newman's example, and considered that Cambridge men had less excuse for seceding than those who had personally experienced its constraining power. Yet the history of the Church in the past, as he avers, keeps him from wavering. He had come to the conclusion that if the seceders were right, those who remained were "in damnable heresy," and nothing could shake his conviction that such was not the case. Personal feelings could never have swayed him.

Webb, who apparently had more intimate and affectionate relations with those who went than with those who stayed, was distressed and distracted by desponding communications from Paley, and the loss of S——, his friend from boyhood, “a generous, noble soul, full of faults, but so lovable,” who had been one of the principal supporters of the *Ecclesiologist*.

“I am not like you,” he writes to Neale, “who can stand alone and do firm things upon principle. I live upon sympathy, and would scarcely be martyred but in company. . . . These times, to me, seem worse than a pestilence; one loses friends and connections—perhaps more irrevocably—without having had the joy of nursing them. When all is over, we shall look round and count the never-to-be-filled gaps.”

So far as the *Ecclesiologist* was concerned, Neale soon assumed the editorship, and did his best to fill the gaps; but the state of public feeling ran high, and men’s minds were not sufficiently at leisure to investigate the more remote questions of art and history of which it treated, the urgent necessity being, as they conceived, laid upon them, first to sharpen their weapons and prepare for that most depressing and embittering of conflicts—a religious civil war.

Dr. Pusey’s view of Newman, “as being called to another part of the Lord’s Vineyard,” seemed to many to be dictated by charity rather than logic, whilst, as will be remembered, his “Eirenicon,” later on, failed to satisfy Newman himself, who remarked that he discharged his “olive branch as if from a catapult.”

Olive branches, indeed, were not easily accepted, since the vindication of principles involved a breach of, at least, verbal charity. “It is hard to escape a kind of fatalism,” so Webb wrote, “in considering how two people can view the same thing so differently according to their character of mind.” These and kindred questions hardly affected Neale, who, when stating his belief in his own Communion, declared that he could “hardly express”

the strength of his convictions. On November 28, 1845, he writes to Webb :—

“I shall be most anxious to-morrow to hear what you think of Newman’s book.¹ So far as I have read, it seems to me perfectly worthy of him, but not the least calculated to remove my difficulties. Did I hesitate about joining Rome because of her corruptions the case might be otherwise. But, granting what I now believe to be corruptions to be developments, I should not be an inch nearer to joining her. What disappoints me is the preface. One might have expected a full and generous confession of former error, and an expression of deep sorrow for having misled so many ; nothing like it. However, one cannot pretend to judge of the book till after reading more. . . . What I also object to is Newman’s constant reference to his own past works. He means, of course, to say, ‘ You, the reader, believe now what I believed then ; develop as I do, and you will in time think as I do now.’ And doubtless, so far as his extracts go, we do hold now what he did. But there is another element in his then opinions, which we never had—his exceeding hatred to Rome. And that may almost unconsciously to himself have made him what he is, on the principle of the reverse of wrong. So that I am more than ever inclined to go with Hope’s theory, and believe that the first generation of reformers may perhaps be absorbed by Rome, but that the second will remain in our Church and renovate it. . . . I am quite sure that if we don’t desert ourselves God will not desert us. If you all go, I shall stay.”

The tone and the words are both characteristic. The salvation of his soul is not at stake. Painful self-communings and the reconsideration of other men’s doubts would be of no avail. It is in no man’s power to destroy his peace. He is not much concerned to formulate theories nor to bring forward arguments, but, if all others go, he will stay. He evidently succeeds to some extent in dispersing the gloom encircling Webb, who, in a letter breathing a more cheerful spirit, relates, on good authority, that the Pope, when he heard of Newman’s conversion,

¹ “An Essay on Development of Christian Doctrine,”

expressed great surprise "that such a notorious fool as Father Dominic should have admitted him."

It is certainly noteworthy that at this time of controversy there should be so few controversial letters. The fact was that Neale was to a certain degree unpractised, and had no love of fencing for the sake of exercising himself in the art. He could teach, he could talk, and, above all, he could write, but the parry and thrust, the tournament of words upon equal terms was not congenial to him.

In June, 1845, he returned to Cambridge, and took his M.A. degree. He records upon this occasion, "A singular mixture of feelings upon returning to Cambridge; the predominating ought to be thankfulness." His meetings with old friends revealed some changes, but his strong inclination was, (as far as it was feasible), to ignore differences, and he was averse to the slightest estrangement from friends and fellow-workers. It was not a season for internal discords. "If we are to have a quarrel," he cries, "we will choose a time of peace." So some separations from Beresford Hope and others were averted, and he was free to give his mind again to literary work. A most congenial subject had occurred to him, and he only waited to get one or two other matters out of hand before devoting his attention to it.

In Madeira, he had been much occupied in the study of Portuguese; had translated Bishop Andrewes' "Devotions" into that language, revised the Portuguese version of the Prayer-book, and written an article on the Portuguese Church, the first of his contributions to the *Christian Remembrancer*. The "Annals of Virgin Saints," described as "a lovely but difficult subject," came out in the autumn of 1845, and then he found himself at liberty to embark upon a volume for which he had been collecting material—a new edition of Spelman's "History of Sacrilege." It appealed to him with especial force, for it led of necessity to curious investigations, gained interest from his inborn love of the supernatural, and evoked his chivalrous defensive instincts on behalf of the spiritual agencies of the Church. Lastly, it was a book eminently

calculated to make present owners of Church lands and property excessively uncomfortable. The families of Somerset, Seymour of Sudley, Palmer, Lee, Wriottesley of Southampton, Cromwell, Greville, Wentworth, Talbot, Montague, and many others whom he enumerates, were "beacons to warn us from this Charybdis;" their ancient lineage and immense wealth securing no immunity from the inevitable decrees of fate; the closed doors of their great houses, still noiselessly opened by spectres of dispossessed inhabitants; halls and gardens tenanted by undesired memories; and their heirs and fortunes at the mercy of ancestral evildoers.

Neale, by disposition a diligent student of historical marvels, was eager to explore these haunted chambers of the past. In this quest he selected Sir Henry Spelman, (who in many ways was admirably fitted for this office), as his guide. Spelman himself, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, had become possessed of lands originally belonging to Blackborough and Wrongley Abbeys in Norfolk. Dogged by persistent misfortune until the sacred property was taken from him by a decree of Chancery, the result of his doubts concerning the lawfulness of his tenure was embodied, as Neale tells us, in his work, "*The History and Fate of Sacrilege*," or, rather, in the series of fragments which bear that name. Tracing the consequences of the crime from apostolic times to his own, his object was to prove the following thesis: 'Property consecrated to God in the service of the Church has, when alienated to secular purposes, brought, as a general rule, misfortune on its possessors; whether by strange accidents, by violent deaths, by loss of wealth, or (and that chiefly) by failure of heirs male; and such property hardly ever remains long in one family.' On Sir Henry Spelman's death the manuscript was left to the charge of Jeremy Stephens, who, during the great Rebellion, employed himself in making additions to it. At the Restoration it was sent to press, but news of the volume had gone abroad and excited great uneasiness in the many noble families implicated in sacrilegious possession of Abbey lands. The

result was a private hint from Government to the printer that no haste was to be used in putting the sheets through the press. The whole of the sheets and, it was then thought, the manuscript perished in the Fire of London. But a transcript had been preserved ; and, when Dr. Gibson was publishing Spelman's posthumous works, he had intended to annex that in question to the rest. But foul play, it seems likely, again prevented this. . . . Now the re-publication of such a book, and a continuation to prove that at the present time the curse is silently, and it may be slowly, but most surely, hunting down its victims, cannot but be useful."

There might be different opinions as to the utility of the contemplated publication, and a desire, such as had before arisen on the part of many families, to retard its appearance, but to Neale the needful investigations and traffic with the supernatural were full of interest.

He works for four or five hours a day, collecting additional facts from county histories ; he has planned an introductory essay, giving an account of English writers pro and con ; has completed a statistical statement upon which he is able to found the assertion that the average time each individual possesses Church lands is fifteen years, each family about thirty-two. He proposes to divide the work into different periods of sacrilege : " I. Huss and his fellows in Bohemia. II. The German and Belgian Reformation. III. The English. IV. The Great Rebellion. V. The French Revolution. VI. The Spanish and Portuguese Constitutions ; etc." Now that he has secured his friend Haskoll's help, he "can go to work with double spirit." He is captivated by the interest of the subject, is gathering upon all sides curious facts from private sources, and finds the perusal of old county histories very amusing. At the same time, he is seriously persuaded that "the Devil has a particular objection to this book ;" so that, in spite of his efforts, he makes but little way. He is glad to get the assistance of a priest to carry it on despite the evil one, for he is convinced that "he will stop it if he can." These last sentences are important, as

indicative of a mind steeped in mediævalism. The personality of the devil is as clear to him as it was to S. Dunstan or S. Anthony. In things spiritual there was no realm of confusion. The Angel of Light and the Prince of Darkness stood out as distinct realities. The outlines were sharply defined, and evil and good took to themselves shapes and forms. Haskoll shared his convictions, and felt it a privilege and a good work to help him "in defeating the wicked one in one of his greatest strongholds." He quite agreed that "the Devil has used, and will use, all his strength to prevent the republication of Spelman."

In this case his machinations were brought to nothing. The book had been begun in July, 1845, and on Monday in Holy Week, 1846, Neale wrote that it was absolutely finished. It ran quickly through a first edition, and was called for again. The second edition also passed out of print, and a few years ago the book was reproduced by the Rev. D. S. J. Eales. The whole undertaking is illustrative of Neale's frame of mind. It was no idle curiosity prompting a desire to get within the veil, but a strong perception of the unseen, quickening his thirst for fuller knowledge, and inspiring a practical resolve to throw new light upon the records of the past.

In this year, November, 1845, he wrote: "Behold! I have the Seatonian! This is a most unexpected success, and I am most thankful for it. It enables me to give at once £20 towards Farncombe"—a district church of Godalming, built by the exertions of his friend the Rev. E. J. Boyce. The Seatonian prize was appointed by the Rev. Thomas Seaton of Clare College, to be given yearly to the Master of Arts who should write the best English poem on a sacred subject; and Neale won the prize eleven years in succession. In 1858 he wrote two poems—one in hexameters, and the Vice-Chancellor, W. Philpott, expressed great satisfaction "in awarding two prizes to one who has already gained so many, and who has earned so much distinction in other branches of literature also." As

we have seen, he had early studied the art of versification; and in 1843 had written "Hymns for the Sick," and two series of "Hymns for Children." At first sight it seems strange that so young a man (he was only twenty-five when "Hymns for the Sick" were published) should have especially addressed himself to solace and console the suffering and dying. He had, however, experienced sickness; and in Madeira no doubt had been constantly brought into touch with invalids. Some sentences in his preface betray a real understanding of their needs.

"It is not thoughtlessly that the present writer has made choice (for the most part) of uncommon and difficult metres. He knows both, from his own experience and from the testimony of others, how often in illness, particularly in fever, verses written in a very easy and natural metre will run in the mind for hours together, and thus worry, instead of soothing. It was to prevent this effect that he has chosen measures not so likely to recur to, until they worry, the mind."

The choice was sympathetic and considerate; and in issuing a later edition, he was able to express his thankfulness that instances had come to his knowledge of those who to the last had found comfort in his hymns. As an example of simplicity both of thought and diction, his lines headed "In Fever" may be quoted.

"There is a stream, whose waters rise
Amidst the hills of Paradise,
Where foot of man hath never trod,
Proceeding from the Throne of God :
Oh ! give me sickness here or strife,
So I may reach that spring of life.

"There is a Rock that, nigh at hand,
Gives shadow in a weary land ;
Who in that stricken Rock hath rest,
Finds waters gushing from its breast :
Oh ! grant me, when this scene is o'er,
Their lot who thirst not any more.

"There is a people who have cast
The strife and toil away at last ;
On whom, so calm their rest and sweet,
The sun lights not, nor any heat :
Give me with them at length to be,
And send me here what pleaseth Thee."

All the poems are short, presenting thoughts a sick person might like to dwell upon, or subjects for meditation and refreshment—the ministration of angels, the blessed Sacrament, the Faithful departed, the Viaticum. They are not so much poems as the prayerful musings of the sick persons themselves ; some, indeed, rising from the very wells of suffering, such as the verses headed, "In Great Bodily Pain."

"Thou only Refuge from the heat,
Thou only Rock wherein to hide,
Thou only shade when tempests beat,
The Suffering, the Crucified :
Captain of our Salvation, That couldst be
Made perfect only through Thine Agony.

"My sin is great, my pain is sore,
My strength is gone, my spirit fails :
For me the Cross Thy great Love bore ;
For me the scourge, for me the nails ;
For me the Crown around Thy Temples set,
For me the Agony and Bloody Sweat.

"Oh !, while I tread these hard, rough ways—
Ways smooth to Thy way—lead mine eye
With holy, yet with steadfast gaze,
Into Thy Passion's Sanctuary.
Thy wounds my cure—my more than trust art Thou ;
Had'st Thou not borne them, where had I been now ?"

These extracts may give an idea of the hymns, which breathe throughout a spirit of deep, personal devotion to our Lord. They were the first to be published in the form of a volume—the first of those countless hymns and translations, highly valued by qualified critics and appealing to an immense body of readers.

CHAPTER XII

Residence at Reigate—Dr. Pusey's letter on Newman's secession—Neale's visit to Oxford—Dislike of compromise—Wardenship of Sackville College offered to Neale and accepted—Absence of worldly ambition—Description of Sackville College.

IN the autumn of 1845, Neale went to live at Reigate. He had had a quasi offer of a living whilst in Madeira, but he had not then felt at liberty to take up any definite work, and he was content to wait ; not, indeed, in idleness, but in the belief that he was best fulfilling his present duty by holding himself in readiness to obey any distinct call sent to him. In answer to some remonstrances upon his delay which appear to have come from a parish priest, he writes as follows :—

“It seems to me that you place us both in a false position by your definition of a working priest. You mean a working parish priest, and every one who is not that is, according to you, a theoretical man. Now no one can esteem more highly than I do the office of a parish priest, At the same time, if our Church had nothing but parish priests she would be pretty nearly as badly off as if she had no parish priests at all. If you say that I am not as truly, or rather might not be as truly, a working priest as you are, then I think you mistake an accident of the priesthood, namely parochialism, for its essence. . . . I think I might reasonably object to your thinking me less practical than you. You have a narrower sphere, and know it better. I have a wider one, and know it less perfectly. Beyond your own parish all is as much theory to you as to me. Mind, I should be the last to find fault with a parish priest for rating parochial duty too highly. Only do not let it make you unjust to others, and you may, with my

free leave, think it more important than the episcopate itself. No man, of course, ever excelled in any pursuit without over-rating its comparative importance."

Some of his friends failed to understand Neale's position. His well-known energy seemed at variance with his apparent unconcern about embarking upon active work. It is true that he had been, as it were, temporarily out of sight, nevertheless there was little doubt that, if he had chosen, he might have easily obtained clerical duty. It is evident from the correspondence that they feared his reluctance proceeded from doubts as to the future of the English Church, and an unwillingness to man a sinking ship. This was very far from being the case. In the first place, an unpopular cause would have rather attracted than repelled him; and in the second place, though the Church might be passing through troubled waters, he had no doubt of her ultimate victory.

Dr. Pusey, in terms of tender melancholy, had written of Newman's secession—

"It looks as if some good purpose for our Church had failed; and that an instrument raised for her had not been employed as God willed, and so is withdrawn. . . . Our Church has not known how to employ him. And since this was so, it seemed as if a sharp sword were lying in its scabbard or hung up in the sanctuary because there was no one to wield it. . . . He has gone as a simple act of duty, with no view for himself, simply placing himself in God's Hands."

Of this letter Neale writes—

"I cannot pretend to agree with it, because if the step was not very right, it must have been very wrong; but no one can help admiring its spirit. . . . I think that Dr. Pusey's letter goes too much upon the hypothesis that God cannot raise up some one of Newman's talents in our Church, or do His Own work without them."

Neither impatient for results nor anxious for apparent success, his trust in God's good purposes remains unshaken.

“ As He can endless glory weave
 From what men reckon shame ;
 In His Own world He is content
 To play a losing game.”

Neale confesses himself to be in an isolated position : on the one hand, he is accused of seeing nothing but faults in his own Church, whilst, upon the other side, the *Tablet* declares him to be “the most impudent man living to write so strongly in her praise.”

The fact is that he believed the defects in the Church of England to be in no wise inherent in her constitution. They were obvious, distressing, and most certainly not to be condoned. He spoke and wrote strongly in condemnation ; but though the adverse forces were so great, he perceived and dwelt with confidence upon the onward movement in the right direction. “If I seemed to slight it,” he wrote, “it is simply because I am haunted day and night with a beautiful theory, beneath which, oh how far, is our present, and present Roman practice ! . . . Draw up any formula you will of confidence in our Church, and expectation that the glory of the second house will exceed the glory of the first, and I will sign it. I have said it and written it a hundred times.”

He went for the first time to Oxford this year for the purpose of consulting a manuscript in the Bodleian ; and found it “wonderfully superior to Cambridge in everything but the *coup d'œil* of the King’s Parade !” It is curious to compare his opinions, in contrasting the two places, with Newman’s in a letter to his mother, on his first visit to Cambridge.

“ Having come to this place with no anticipations, I am quite taken up by surprise and overcome with delight. . . . I do really think the place finer than Oxford, though I suppose it isn’t, for every one says so. I like the narrow streets ; they have a character, and they make the University buildings look larger by contrast. I cannot believe that King’s College is not far grander than anything with us ; the stone, too, is richer, and the foliage more encompassing.”

Possibly Neale's flying visit to Oxford may have set him thinking of those with whom its halls and colleges were so intimately associated. "Poor Isaac Williams," he writes in January, 1846, "is sinking fast, in a most heavenly frame of mind." Archdeacon Manning has been at Margaret Chapel "exhibiting great devotion." Morris (afterwards a Jesuit), "having preached before the University three Sundays ago, is going to secede chiefly from want of sympathy." He has had a long talk with Anderdon about confession. The names occur in letters, and the characters cross his line of vision and excite a more personal interest than the Coptic poetry he is studying, or the wilderness of Arabic authors by which he is surrounded. Yet, in spite of Oxford influences, he is still indifferent to the power and beauty of Newman's sermons, and to him his "History of the Arians" or the "Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles" "is worth ten of them."

He was naturally more concerned than before with the practical decision of ritual questions, though he hardly apprehended the difficulties besetting less confident men, when occasions arose of putting theories into practice. Anything in the nature of a compromise was distasteful, and when he assumed the editorship of the *Ecclesiologist*, a breach with Beresford Hope became imminent.

"I cannot consent," he writes to Webb, "to have an element of compromise introduced into the *Ecclesiologist*. . . . You will say that I am setting up myself as freer from the fear of man than you and Hope are. Simply, perhaps, because I live so much out of society. You yourself were freer from it when you did. And, after all, the thing is more constitutional than moral."

There is no symptom of self-satisfaction, in the contrast which he draws between himself and others. He could be a rash assailant, but, it was, he said, a question of constitutional courage. He must needs defend things sometimes regarded as unimportant adjuncts involving no principle; for outward signs and symbols were witnesses to a truth it would be a treachery to surrender. Chancel and rood-screen

and lighted altars were the sign-manuals of the Church. Eucharistic vestments were the legitimate expression of Eucharistic doctrine ; and ecclesiastical order must guide and regulate Christian worship.

Every detail of that worship possessed an interest for him. "Why don't you," he asks Webb, "write a paper for the *Ecclesiologist* on *Organ Cases*?" Here is a subject that he feels might well inspire his pen! He has once more thrown himself into architectural studies, and finds that they have all their old charm.

The *Ecclesiologist* had many years before it of increasing success. Neale's own obituary notice, in 1866, found a place there ; but his contributions, (chiefly on ritual or liturgical subjects), had ceased, and he had long withdrawn from any part in its management. At this period, which, so far as regarded definite work, was in the nature of an interval, he was full of schemes in connection with a publication regarded by many as the authorized exponent of the dangerous innovations contemplated and approved by its promoters. One advantage of the dissolution of the Cambridge Camden Society was the extension of its influence when the headquarters were removed to London, and Oxford men made common cause with its original members. In June, 1846, Neale and Webb were invited, as a special deputation, to the Architectural Society at Oxford, and both received *ad eundem* degrees on the occasion.

To revert again to the personal characteristics that in Neale's case were rather emphasized than modified as time went on, it may be observed that the unusual lack of personal ambition was one of the chief factors in determining the part he was to fill in life. Eager, strenuous, enthusiastic, with an intelligence always fully awake, and a mind on the alert to catch at any hints or stray allusions to strengthen convictions or to establish facts,—with a southern temperament likely to run into extremes, and a disposition to regard ideals as sacred stray visitants to be entertained, and guarded from rude contact with an unbelieving world,—it is obvious that he would be

tempted to withdraw into an intellectual solitude. From this danger he was saved by the universality of his interests. Architecture, and hymnology, liturgies, and languages, all brought a refreshing, reanimating sense of communion with minds of every race and quality. Breezes from all quarters of the globe blew into his study windows. Nevertheless, he was quite content that its four walls should surround him. He was waiting for a call, and if it were to be but a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord, he would be satisfied; indeed, happy in fulfilling the humblest duty that might fall to his lot.

This disposition is not uncommon, but it may be said to be generally accompanied by a diffidence in judgment and a humility in conduct Neale could not claim. He put no higher value upon other men's qualifications and attainments than upon his own. Indifferent to this world's unsatisfying prizes, though he had no grudge against those who won them, he hardly felt their rewards to be deserved. The fierce strife for power and high office prevalent in the earliest ages of the Church was the spirit with which he had the least sympathy. There are men of true lowliness of heart, who work on laboriously, regardless of results, careless of recognition; who, in renouncing distinctions and emoluments, make no conscious effort at self-denial. Many such lives have been passed within the narrow bounds of rural parishes, and peacefully ended, after years of patient study and ministry to the poor, within the walls of village parsonages. With regard to this spirit, "Ours,"—so Frederic Rogers, afterwards Lord Blachford, wrote in the *British Critic*—"ours is the Church of Walton and Herbert; not of Athanasius and Ambrose." And still to some—

"each hamlet is skirted by a 'Golden Grove,' in which a Taylor responds to S. Francis de Sales or echoes his song; for them the whole Anglican Church is scented by the carnations and musk that grew in the garden of Herbert."¹

¹ A. de Vere, "Religious Problems of the Nineteenth Century."

Now, in some degree, Neale's conceptions were akin to these. Patient study, retirement from social snares, a disregard of public opinion, were natural qualifications for an existence of unenvied remoteness from the world. At the same time he had enlisted in an army, where there was much fighting to be done, and he had no desire to withdraw from active service. He was, as will be seen, by temperament a man of war, confident in the justice of his cause, and quick to defend it with any weapon at hand. Only it mattered little what post he had to fill, or to what portion of the field he might be called.

Most certainly the appointment to the Wardenship of Sackville College was unsought and unexpected.

At the close of the year 1846 he had formed no plans. He was living with his wife and two children at Reigate; for his second child, a son, Cornelius Vincent, had been born in the spring of that year. On the 31st of December he notes in his journal—

“And so we approach the end of another year—a year of mercy—of how much more mercy than return according to it! + *Et dixi; Nunc capi; o sit hæc mutatio Dexteris Excelsi! Et quid nunc dicam? aut in quo aperiam os meum? Quid respondebo, quia ipse feci? Inexcusatus, indefensus proprio judicio condemnatus sum. But I hope I do not feel this the less because I do not write about it more. And now, to close this year, let me record my hope in Him. + Qui nos liberavit a tantâ morte et liberat: in Quo speramus etiam quia adhuc liberabit.*”

A devotional sentence or a spiritual aspiration is rarely recorded but in Latin. It is as if the foreign language most appropriately clothed religious ideas when an instinctive reserve made it hard to give them expression. As years went on the shyness wore off, but it is clear he had all an Englishman's dislike to any display of feeling. His evangelical training had furnished him with apt ready-made phrases, but a dread of any kind of unreality restrained his speech. And even his private letters and journal give but superficial passing indications of his inmost thoughts.

Six days after the entry from his journal just quoted, on January 5th, he wrote—

“Anderdon came in before dinner, and mentioned incidentally that the Wardenship of Sackville College is vacant;” and again, on the following day, the Epiphany, “I must tell you that I have a likelihood of getting a little piece of preferment—such as it is—but it would suit me. It is the Wardenship of Sackville College, East Grinstead, a Caroline foundation with chapel and refectory, wretchedly out of order, but capable (I hear) of great things. The Warden’s house is in the College, the value £24. It is in the gift of the De la Warrs, and was first offered to Anderdon. Such a thing might quite realize one’s dreams of S. Cross.”

To most men of his age the charms of such a post would not have been great. To accept it was practically to relinquish any hope of advancement. The daily Offices necessarily tied the Warden to the College; he would be isolated, unknown, in all probability forgotten, by those absorbed in public questions and borne along upon the strong current of passing events. On the other hand, he would be foregoing possibilities that he had never prized; and able to exercise his office, ministering to a few humble souls in uninterrupted peace, with leisure at his disposal for ecclesiastical studies to benefit the Church at large. “There are wonderful capabilities,” he wrote after his first visit to the College, “and uncommon disadvantages.”

One of its recommendations in Neale’s eyes was the religious antiquity of the foundation:—

“It was founded in 1608 by Robert, second Earl of Dorset, for the shelter and maintenance of thirty poor and aged householders, under the charge of a warden and two sub-wardens; the latter to be non-resident, the former to reside in the College. Interminable lawsuits, consequent on sale of property, reduced the funds of the establishment to an exceedingly low ebb fifty years after its foundation, the inmates were reduced to starvation, and painfully and

urgently petitioned parliament for help. . . . Finally the College, though shorn of a large portion of its original revenues, was enabled to afford a stipend of £14 per annum to each of twelve poor pensioners, and double that sum to the warden."

It was also determined that the wardenship should be given to a priest; and to this post Neale was appointed by the Ladies Amherst and De la Warr, co-heiresses of the third Duke of Dorset. He took up his residence at the College on the 26th of May, 1846, and on this day still every year the pensioners, after a service at the parish church, partake of a dinner provided in perpetuity, by a clause in his will, in commemoration of his arrival. Twenty years of residence amongst them left much cause for thankfulness. They were years of much labour, full of trouble and disappointment; but they were years of which the gains outweighed the losses, when tranquil hours of study and days of humble ministry might well obliterate the memories of strife and misunderstanding.

On April 21st he went by coach to East Grinstead, and spent the day in going over the rooms and making arrangements. He read prayers for the first time to the pensioners, and made acquaintance with the old people "whom, on the whole, I like much."

We can well believe that as his advent at Crawley had been an astonishment and excitement to the villagers, so his arrival in the midst of this small circle of aged pilgrims with their old-established fireside habits and jealously guarded privileges, must have been somewhat in the nature of a bewildering novelty. They had an instinctive distrust of change. Their limbs were stiff, their minds inert. To look beyond the narrow precincts of their parlours was to gaze into an open grave. They had no desire to be roused from a not uncomfortable state of torpor. And now, on this bright April afternoon, when it was pleasant to hear the drowsy murmur of bees, and feel the first warmth of the spring sunshine, inducing an agreeable languor and disinclination to be disturbed, there came a quick footstep, and the courteous, but



SACKVILLE COLLEGE: THE QUADRANGLE.



SACKVILLE COLLEGE: THE SOUTH ENTRY.

uninvited intrusion of the new Warden, a tall slight figure, with keen-glancing though shortsighted eyes, who is full of questions and alarming plans for their welfare. To them, in spite of the wisdom of his words, he is but a boy. Eight and twenty! what is that when they think of their three score years and ten! The most he can expect from them at present is a kind indulgence extended to his youth and inexperience.

With these old people Neale had unregretfully chosen to throw in his lot. "The more he sees of them," so he writes during this first month of preliminary visits, "the more he likes them." Moreover the quaint old-world aspect of the place cast a spell upon him: the grey pile of buildings upon rising ground which dominated the village; the terrace, on the southern side, overlooking a wide expanse of country, meadow and copse and corn-field, arrayed, as he saw them first, in spring's light green livery; Saxonbury Hill rising in the distance, and the heavier leafage of Ashdown Forest breaking up the foreground. How dear and familiar it became! how pleasant it was, even to the eyes of a stranger! Ivy and vine and clustered roses half covered the ancient walls, where lichens had scattered in careless profusion their gold and silver coins. The deep porch was flanked by wooden benches where the old men might sit on summer evenings to exchange neighbourly greetings. The date on the heavy oak door is the oldest in the building, 1616, and above the gate is a sundial with the inscription, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*" How many hours have been numbered since the legend was engraved, and for these old bedesmen with what a measured pace they slip by! Indeed, sometimes it may be that "time lags withal." Hearing and seeing are dulled, and it is not easy to quicken that joy in living which makes us catch at the moments as they pass.

All day long the wicket is on the latch, for charity must needs exemplify her spirit by an open door, and Sackville College is a building owing its very existence to the generosity of a noble family. Once inside the

paved, oak-panelled porch, you see the welcome shelter they have provided for indigent old age. No bare, unfurnished, unadorned dwelling, but a group of quaint, hoary buildings, dedicated to very various purposes—the chapel, the warden's lodgings, the rooms of the collegians, and the earl's chamber, built to accommodate the Dorset family when, in their journeys from Buckhurst to London, their coaches stayed there for rest and refreshment, and possibly too that they might indulge a lawful sense of pleasurable satisfaction in the embodiment of their house's piety.

Those days were, alas! over, never to return. But their recollections no doubt mingled pleasantly with the young warden's dreams as he paced the terrace on summer evenings or stepped out from his study into the green quadrangle, where upon the close-shaven turf white pigeons strut and plume themselves, and an old pensioner with bent head passes slowly down the path before him to his rest—the rest that, even here, has been provided for the servants of God.

CHAPTER XIII

Sackville College—Its position and statutes—First months in the College—Address to the pensioners—Christmas in the College—Sermons in the Chapel.

WHEN Neale went into residence at Sackville College he found great need of external improvements as well as internal reforms, to each of which he at once devoted his energies. The building was in a state of decay : the great hall in so bad a condition as to be barely safe, the chapel scarcely fit for use, and many of the rooms intended for inmates unboarded and consequently tenantless.

The patrons, fortunately, shared his anxiety to put matters in order. They restored the hall at their own charges ; the long-disused fireplace was opened out again, great dogs set in its midst, and the hearth on each side flanked with chimney corners, where the old pensioners might find warmth and comfort. The ruinous rooms were made habitable as refuges for the homeless, who, though not entitled to college pay, might yet end their days in a peaceful retreat ; and in this way, by degrees, its benefits were extended to more inmates than before. Neale had every desire to enlarge what he regarded as a family circle, drawing into it all those forlorn and solitary beings who, bereft of ordinary ties and household enjoyments, had an especial claim upon his compassion. It was in intercourse with such persons that his best qualities shone forth. In argument he might be inclined to dogmatize, in converse with his equals tempted to self-assertion ; but to the poor and ignorant he was ever gentle, deferential, and sympathetic. Their want of understanding roused his pity, their weakness appealed to

his youth and strength, their poverty disarmed hard judgments. It might be otherwise in the world outside, but within the walls of a religious house "crabbed age and youth" might dwell together in concord.

He averred that he had a preference for corporal works of mercy, and in this respect his wife shared to the full his ideal of service, putting it, after a woman's fashion, more effectually into practice.

It must have all seemed very strange and new to the old people, who had for long had ineffectual supervision and no clerical care. Here was an impetuous new-comer, full of projects and ideas, who talked to them like a father. They had an amazed admiring reverence for his book-learning, but what could he know of the fret and fatigue, the small recurring needs, the jealously acquired alleviations of pain and sickness, that made up for them the sum of life? Moreover, he was about to revive old customs, and amongst others some they were inclined to regard as more honoured in the breach than in the observance. He had studied the statutes of the College, and declared they must be carried out. Here was an old rule, hitherto irregularly kept, now found to be of daily obligation.

"Statute 6.—Item; that the said Warden shall carefully see the said brethren and sisters morning and evening to meet at a certain hour in the Chappell, there to pray serve honour and praise Almighty God, according to the true intent and meaning of the said Robert the late Earle of Dorsett, expressed and mentioned in his last will and testament; and the said service and prayers there to be made by the said Warden for the time or such of his brethren as he shall there-unto appoint."

These stated hours of prayer were, to the Warden, the sanctification of the daily life of the College, but to the pensioners (not, as Neale had thought, twenty-four brethren, but five brethren, six sisters, and the probationers accommodated with rooms in the establishment) they were not, at first, so much the satisfaction of spiritual instincts as a routine to be gone through with as little physical and mental exertion as possible. To raise their conceptions

of worship, to enlighten their understandings, to lead them on to a true appreciation of increased opportunities for communion with God, was a task well worthy of his best endeavours. He was fitted for it by an "energy of self-devotion, an aggressive ardour of love," that gladly spent its best in working out for the good of humanity what, in the eyes of the world, appeared to be superfluous and impracticable reforms. Thus he gathered the old people around him in the chapel soon after his arrival, and, in plain language, gave them his first address:—

"My dear friends, it is but natural that, on first coming among you, I should wish to say, and you to hear, something about the manner in which we are to go on together. Both you and I have new duties given us by God, and new privileges: duties which we have to perform, and privileges for which we shall one day have to give an account. I have never yet had the privilege of living in a place which, like this, is set apart for the immediate service of God by supplying the wants of those whom He loves and for whom He cares; of dwelling in such a place and being one of you, so as to have our cares and thoughts and wishes very much in common. And you have never had the privilege of having a priest dwelling among you, to be entrusted with the care of your souls, and to minister to you the Holy Sacrament and the Word of God. We read in the Old Testament of one who said, 'Now I know that the Lord will do me good, seeing I have a priest in mine house.' And it was a just and true feeling. And I would always wish you to remember that, however unworthy be the person who has the priest's office, it is the office and not the person to which you are to look. . . . Now, in the first place, I wish to say that I came among you for the sake of doing as much for you in all ways as lies in my power. And I wish you to believe that it will be, not only my duty, but my delight, to read to you, and to pray with you, and to pray by you, at any time, and at all times that you may need it or may wish it. Now that I am among you, my time is not more my own than yours; and therefore I do trust that none of you will hesitate about coming to me, or sending to me, when my seeing you could do you any good, or give you any pleasure."

He then goes on to explain the order of services as set forth in the statutes, and points out that here they may give themselves up to the worship of God, "Who has been pleased so graciously to give us a home and so many other blessings here." The whole address very happily and truly illustrates the spirit moving him to seek this (in one sense) restricted sphere of work. He was to be more than a spiritual director, the centre of a home, their servant for Jesus' sake, that together they might advance towards the attainment of "the high prize of their calling," the hope of everlasting life.

He has come to do them good, and also to give them pleasure, to brighten their darkened lives, to cheer their solitude, to minister to their bodily needs and relieve their pain, freshen languid aspirations and re-invigorate dulled sensibilities; and he struck a note that must have gone straight to their hearts in the last paragraph of this first address, with its quaint, old-fashioned, stereotyped opening, ending so pleasantly in the description of a well-filled earthly board to which they are invited:—

"Lastly, forasmuch as all the feasts of the Church, whether Sundays or Saints' days, are intended to be days of rejoicing and gladness, I shall hope to see all of you who are able to come, to dine with me in the hall on Sundays and Saints' days at one o'clock. And thus I trust we shall the more feel to be, as we are indeed, one family."

Here is a manner of keeping days of obligation all may understand; here is a proposal which might make one well desire to enlarge the Church's calendar!

"It is this feeling," he adds, "that has the power of changing what might be otherwise disagreeable in our position into comfort and pleasure. A family like this is, as it were, a little type of the Church. 'Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.' And God grant that we, who are to dwell together on

earth, may, in His good time, dwell together in Heaven, for Jesus Christ's sake."

This plan was faithfully carried out. The new Warden's first Christmas Day in Sackville College must have made an epoch in the uneventful lives of its inhabitants. As we recall the scene, a curious picture is presented to us. The beautiful old hall, with its panelled oak walls hung with garlands of glossy evergreens and bright-berried holly; the glowing fire of logs upon the wide hearth; the long table with the aged pensioners gathered about it, in very literal fulfilment of the gospel command to call in the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind that the house may be filled; and at their head the young Warden—his dark face all alight with the happy reflection of kindness given and returned, looking down with unbounded hospitality upon his guests. He was, in all probability, transgressing the code of the enlightened philanthropist, and certainly setting aside the laws of hygiene, since they feasted, not on the usual homely fare suited to his old and invalided friends, but indigestibly, if royally, upon mince-pies and plum pudding. Then, when the meal was over, and the board removed, they drew their chairs in a circle about the blazing fire, and Neale poured out a glass of wine for each, and they drank together to the pious memory of their founder. His mode of celebrating the Festival might be misjudged and criticized—he was never very wise with the wisdom of this world—but who can doubt that it brought the Christmas message of good will home with an especial force to hearts that had long been strangers to joy.

In chapel likewise Christmas had been well kept; the band of communicants had been gathered about the altar, and the Blessed Sacrament carried to those unable to be present; and the new Warden had delivered a discourse after prayers "mostly from St. Leo, 'Quia hodie Deo,' etc."

The mention of this, one of his early sermons, and the text, indicates a method often repeated in the history of Sackville College, when, with a wonderful power of

conceiving his audience, he adapts all kinds of scriptural expositions to their understandings. The three volumes of "Sermons in Sackville College" are the strongest evidence of his sympathetic knowledge of the spiritual needs of the poor and ignorant, and of the insight he displayed into the workings of unlettered minds. They came to hear him at first, it is true, with excusable curiosity, or merely from a wish to respond to his invitation with civility. Indeed, one old woman can be hardly said to have fully realized her religious privileges, since, when asked to attend chapel, she amiably replied, "Well, sir, I wish to oblige you; and I'm sure I wish to oblige God Almighty whenever I can." Neale is constrained, in justice to himself, to add, that she had not been in the college more than six weeks. But as time went on his work bore fruit, and in gaining their affections he had already done much to lighten their lot.

For these simple scriptural sermons Neale drew largely from early and mediæval sources. They are said to echo more especially the style of the great preacher Vieyra; and often he went back to more ancient authorities, S. Augustine, S. Bernard, Rupert of Deutz, and Peter of Blois, who were among some of his favourite authors; and yet it is perfectly true to say that there is not a single sermon, indeed scarcely a sentence, unsuited to the mind and heart of his hearers.

When in the gospel story he brings our Blessed Lord Himself before them, with what tenderness he speaks to these poor way-worn travellers of the Sacred Humanity! In his sermon on our Lord sitting by the well, for instance, how he dwells upon the whole scene.

"I do not find that His disciples were weary. *He*, being weary, sat thus on the well; but *they* were gone into the city to buy food. It follows then, that it is not always those who have most of this world's strength, who are most ready to stir hither and thither, that really do most for the service of God. Our Lord in His weariness kept still by the well; and by His stillness and weariness, He

was pleased to bring in many to the knowledge of the truth. . . . He, being weary, sat thus by the well,—and all that he might convert one sinful woman. Now notice : it was a well ; not a fountain nor a running stream. Every man that likes can help himself from a river or a fountain ; no man can satisfy his thirst from a well, unless he have a bucket, and a rope, and strength to draw. This well is a type of God's grace, which brings us salvation. . . . It is as if God gave us the bucket and gave us the rope ; now that we have the means of working out our salvation He expects us to work it out ; and all this because Christ has come among us, has lived for us, has died for us, has risen again for us."

We can fancy how the old people, sitting tired and passive beside their own well house, may have treasured the picture in their minds, and found their Lord still sitting beside them in the heat of the day. Neale so well understood that if you are to bring a passage of Scripture home to the uneducated, it must have a setting. Any one who tells a child a story must be prepared to answer the questions : Where did it happen ? who was there ? and each detail enchances the interest of the narrative. Thus, on Palm Sunday, preaching on the Feast of Palms, he gives them a description of the scene of our Lord's entry into Jerusalem, and by its definite truthfulness, brings each stage of the journey before their eyes.

"From the house in which He had restored Lazarus, He came into the village of Bethany. From a gentle rise there, the Mount of Olives, with its three round heads, rose about a mile before Him. Between that and the ground where He stood, the little straggling hamlet of Bethphage, which is by interpretation 'the House of Early Figs ;' somewhere in its outskirts was the fig tree that had nothing but leaves, and was so soon to be accursed. To the right, about a mile and a half off, He must have seen the village of Bahurim, where of old the messengers of David had so narrow an escape. To the left was a bleak bare piece of tableland, afterwards to be called Aceldama—that is, 'the Field of Blood.' . . . Between two of the round heads of Mount Olivet, the higher olive trees in the Garden of

Gethsemane were just visible; and beyond and above them Mount Moriah and the Temple, glittering in the south-eastern sun like a mass of driven snow. More to the left, and rather further than the Temple, was the city of David, and the tower of Ophel; still more to the left, that which was then called the Mount of Offence, but which is now named the Hill of Evil Counsel. Off that hill then stood, in its gardens, a large white house; as our Blessed Lord then looked at it, it must have been somewhat in the shade. It was the country house of Caiaphas the High Priest; and there, the night before, as soon as the Sabbath had passed, the chief priests had gathered a council, and had determined that it was expedient that one man should die for the people. Lastly, between that hill and the city of Jerusalem, was a deep narrow valley, the Valley of the Son of Hinnom—then in very dark shade. And that was the scene, as our Blessed Lord beheld it, on the morning of the first Palm Sunday."

This is no mere word painting, not one phrase has been put in for effect; his only desire is to give in the most graphic manner some idea of the country our Lord was traversing. To them, he knows well, it may be as though it happened yesterday. Like the child who added to his mother's perplexities at Christmas by the repeated inquiry, "Have the wise men set out yet? When will the shepherds get to Bethlehem? Are they there already?" they, too, are full of wonder, and as the gospel story is unfolded, each event has a reality which brings it rather within the sphere of the present than of the past.

On other more ordinary occasions, he enters into every circumstance of their everyday life, declaring the inestimable value of each act of love and service. He instructs them to remember in prayer their friends and neighbours, the sick, the sinful, and the sad, and shows them the true value of intercessions:—

"God knows they have no merit in themselves. But if He gives them worth, then they have it. If He promises to hear them, then they are worth that promise. . . . When I pay you your half-year's money, I sometimes, instead of gold, give you a piece of dirty paper which is to

stand for five pounds. Why? Is it worth anything in itself? not one farthing. Why do you take it then? Because, by the law of the land, a certain value has been given to it; because, worthless in itself, you know whenever you choose to demand them for it, you will receive five pieces of gold. And God thus stamps your prayers. He gives them a true value."

An illustration, it might be said, fit for childish minds, and yet suited to encourage them in their poor prayers for others with the promise of Divine assistance. Every trivial incident, every lesson from nature, can be used in illustration or in parable; for warning, example, or instruction. On Christmas Eve, he preaches on the evergreens hung up before their eyes. "O all ye green things of the Earth, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever." These things are holly, yew, and laurel. By the holly we confess what our Lord was; by the yew we confess what we ought to be; by the laurel we confess what our Lord now is, and what we hope to be also. And then he goes on to quote the quaint old carol:—

"The holly has a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn;
And it was for to be crucified
That Jesus Christ was born.
The holly has a berry,
As red as any blood;
And Jesus Christ did shed forth His,
To do poor sinners good."

Then, from some other old author, he shows how the yew is a fit emblem of a Christian, and ends with the laurel of victory. "Thus you see," he says, looking down from the wreathed walls to the upturned faces of his hearers—"Thus you see a man may read a lecture to you from a tree."

Within that small enclosure there were many temptations to sins of the tongue. "We make good resolutions," he says, "and break none so easily, none so entirely, as in this matter of words." And for their edification he tells the story of the holy hermit Pambo, one amongst those

“who served our Lord with prayer and fasting, dwelling by himself in the wilderness for seventy years. When he first began this life, he went to a very aged servant of God, and inquired how he ought to live. The old man took down the Psalter, and began to read the psalm, ‘I said, I will take heed unto my ways, that I offend not with my tongue.’ ‘Stop,’ said Pambo, ‘that is enough for a whole life; let me go home and practise it.’”

Thus he brought the old pensioners into touch with these two yet more aged men, as looking down the long, dim vista of bygone years, they saw them bending together over the sacred page, and were disposed to profit by an experience even longer than their own. It is not unlikely that Neale may have sometimes felt that his eight and twenty years hardly furnished him with sufficient credentials as a leader on this last stage of the journey. But at least he could accompany their weakness, and uphold their faltering steps.

Nor does he confine himself to the Bible stories most easy of apprehension. Sometimes we might say that he fixes upon strange texts and abstruse subjects. For instance, he preaches out of the Book of Revelation on the seven Churches, and shows how the words of the promise “to him that overcometh” would have appealed with especial force to the members of those Churches—

“Philadelphia was a city which had many fine temples and other buildings, which, after the fashion of those days, had a great number of beautiful pillars round the whole of the outside. . . . Now listen to our Lord’s promise ‘to him that overcometh’ in this city. ‘Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God, and he shall go no more out.’ How well the Philadelphians must have understood this. Again: Sardis was a very rich and luxurious place, with multitudes of rich people in it. And it was so much given up to enjoyment and feasting that the luxury of Sardis passed into a proverb. It was the fashion at that time for those who were present at banquets to wear white robes; so that the citizens of Sardis must have been accustomed to see rich persons in such a dress. Now, see how our Lord’s promise ‘to him that overcometh’

at Sardis must have come home to the hearts of those who lived there. 'Thou hast a few names, even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy.' Pergamos was another Church to which an epistle was sent. To him that overcometh there, our Lord says: 'I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.' Now, at first sight, this seems a very strange promise. But, I have read that, even to this day, all the ground near Pergamos is covered with small white stones, so that the Christians who read the promise must have entered into it at once, and could never have gone out of their town without being reminded of it."

These are samples, taken from Sackville College sermons, of his way of presenting scriptural facts and gospel truths to the poor. He preached, of course, on other occasions and to very different congregations, but possibly felt himself most at home with simple hearers, to whom he was not merely a preacher, but a guide, counsellor, and friend.

CHAPTER XIV

The first year at Sackville College—The beginning of trouble—The Bishop of Chichester's inhibition—The judgment of the Court of Arches—Petitions from pensioners—Neale's attitude under persecution.

THE first year at East Grinstead was chiefly spent in planning and superintending restorations and improvements in the buildings. The internal arrangements of the chapel were much altered for the better. Butterfield furnished designs for the well house. It was nearly completed in Lent 1847, and was formally blessed and opened in that same spring. An oaken belfry with three bells, (two were given by the Warden), was erected, and surmounted by a leopard carrying a banner of the Sackville arms. The whole of the work, as carried out under Neale's directions, was said, by a learned expert, to be—

"no mere restoration of timber and stone, but a true resuscitation of the simple and kindly feelings and habits of our forefathers, . . . devoted to that lawful repose which honest and diligent old age has earned by labour and usefulness, and consecrated by daily religion."

The chapel was furnished with open benches, the altar duly vested, and the great rood set up.

Here, at least, one might have predicted, there would be freedom from religious strife. Within these precincts, old and young might alike dwell as in a "haunt of ancient peace." Neale had his study furnished with books, those friends and counsellors who can never irritate or weary, since they can be put aside at will. Outside, the quadrangle was bright with flowers, and children's



SACKVILLE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

voices echoed along the corridors which had recently only known the uncertain steps of age. Always carelessly lavish in expenditure, the merely nominal emoluments of Sackville College had in no way detracted from its value in his eyes. Pecuniary concerns, in some rare cases, fail to bring care in their train. With respect to these matters he sat lightly to life; there were many holes in the pocket in which his money lay, and it was easily spent (some might say squandered) upon any object which appealed to his generosity—a church, a book, a friend, a pauper. In this respect, as in some others, he clung to the habits of mediæval times, and loved the free charities, the unchartered doles, which have long since been condemned by the Charity Organization Society. When there was room at the hall dinner-table he rejoiced to send for the poorest villagers to share the Feast Day repast with himself and the regular inmates of the College, and a great part of the alms dispensed in the village came from his own private purse. “The poor shall eat and be satisfied,” so the text runs upon the screen within the hall, “and they who seek the Lord shall praise Him.” Undeserved poverty was, in his eyes, the fulfilment of a beatitude, and misfortune a passport to his favour. The early letters of this year breathe a spirit of tranquil enjoyment. The seriousness of his boyhood and early manhood was, to a great extent, banished by domestic pleasures; and duties which were regular, but not arduous, left him ample leisure for the pursuits he loved. The search for happiness is, as we most of us know, not usually successful. The strong desire inducing effort defeats its ends. But here, indifferent as to this world’s goods, and contented with the humble post to which he had been appointed, happiness came to him unsought. Unfortunately, it was not to be long undisturbed.

It must be remembered that it was a time of unusual religious unrest, when suspicions were readily excited and doubts as to orthodoxy and good faith too easily entertained. To unauthorized inquisitions, Neale was not apt to give conciliatory replies. The patrons


and the bishop had alike been perfectly aware of his principles, and must have anticipated that he was not a man to allow either them or the statutes of the College to remain a dead letter. Sackville College was not subject to episcopal jurisdiction, and though Neale had wished to apply in the usual course for the Bishop's licence, out of deference to the patron's wish he had not done so. His position was practically that of Chaplain to Lord De la Warr; and it was, therefore, in some respects more secure and independent than that of others. Nevertheless he soon became aware of a spirit of adverse criticism foretelling trouble to come.

As early as June 22, 1846, he had written in his journal—

“I never should be surprised (and I put it down here in case the evil day should come, when it may be a comfort to me to know that I anticipated it) if, from one side or the other, we have a very considerable storm to encounter. However, we have the right on our side, and this is the comfort.”

For some eleven months after his arrival there was no practical interference with the designs for the improvement of the buildings and the services, and the plans for the increased moral and physical well-being of his small flock, that he was so happily and successfully carrying out. The Bishop of Chichester (Gilbert) had shown no disposition to find fault.

On the Feast of S. Michael and All Angels, 1846, Lord and Lady De la Warr had paid an official visit to the College. They attended the service in the chapel, and dined in hall with the Warden and the pensioners. That winter was one of unusual severity; Neale's bounty was freely bestowed on any cases of distress, and, as ever, without any distinction of creed; the Sunday dinner circle was enlarged, and a committee was formed to relieve the poor by a distribution of food and soup from the College. Neale had his wish gratified in being called to the performance of many corporal acts of mercy; and though



in the small village community there was some jealousy and discontent, it was insignificant in comparison with the affection and gratitude, which was none the less pleasing because unsolicited.

Unhappily, towards the close of the year, a country house, not in the parish or the diocese, yet situated at no great distance from East Grinstead, became tenanted by a Mr. Hutton, who was not only curious as to the new doings at Sackville College, but seems to have been persuaded that it was his duty to investigate the chapel and the order of services, and, if he found them displeasing, to make his objections public. Neale received him as a stranger with his usual courtesy, but felt some doubt from the first of his good intentions. The doubt was turned into a certainty when, on seeking him in his study, he acknowledged that the purpose of his visit had been to discover suspected innovations that he might present the Warden to the Bishop.

He accordingly wrote to the Bishop of Chichester, stating that he had visited the College, and had found in the chapel the Vulgate edition of the Scriptures and a Roman breviary. He should "at once have concluded it to be a Roman Catholic chapel, had [he] not found the English Bible, though this was a Bible with notes."

He does not explain why notes upon the text of Holy Scripture appeared to him to be so especially dangerous ; nor does he think it necessary to add that there were plenty of English Prayer-books, not exactly indicative of a Roman Catholic place of worship. However, he inconceivably succeeded in arousing the Bishop, who may have received equally well-authenticated complaints from other quarters. The Bishop thought it necessary to bring the matter before the patron, Lord De la Warr, who at once communicated his letter to the Warden.

The facts were in themselves of no great moment, but it was clear that a wrong interpretation might be put upon them. Neale at once explained that one of the brethren usually read the lessons in chapel, of course from the authorized version, but that the Vulgate was kept there

for his own use. As to the breviary, his study was full of office-books of all sorts, used for liturgical studies, and it was very natural that in constantly passing in and out of the chapel he had accidentally left it there; at the same time, as he justly observed, it was no more out of place than any other book of prayer or hymns constantly to be found in parish churches.

Lord De la Warr was satisfied. He communicated Neale's answer to the Bishop, and there one might have supposed the matter would have been allowed to die a natural death. Neale does not appear to have been perturbed; and the following note from the Bishop, dated April 12, 1847, The Palace, Chichester, came to him as an unwelcome surprise:—

“REVEREND SIR,

“Having been informed that you have recently come to reside at Sackville College, East Grinstead, I write to request that you will have the goodness to communicate with me before you officiate, if it be your wish to officiate, in any church or chapel in this diocese.

“I remain, Reverend Sir, your faithful Brother,

“A. T. CICESTER.”

This communication, which could neither be called brotherly or fatherly, was the more unexpected, inasmuch as Neale had taken up his official duties in May, 1846; and the bishop, in speaking of his recent residence, betrays his ignorance of the arrangements at the College. It was, in point of fact, outside his jurisdiction. Neale hastened to claim this exemption, referring to his previous proposal to apply for a licence, negatived by the patrons as infringing their rights. His tone is perfectly temperate when, in referring to the Bishop's letter, he says—

“If it were intended, as I cannot but fear it was, as a mark of your displeasure, I am deeply grieved that you should have thought it necessary to pass such a censure on me; though, as far as the matter of fact goes, I have very seldom officiated, and was not likely to officiate in the diocese of Chichester.”

When the Bishop returned no answer, Neale naturally supposed he had acquiesced in the exemption claimed; an exemption never before disputed. Nothing further was heard of episcopal interference until the Bishop came, a month or so later, to hold a confirmation at East Grinstead. Mr. Hutton, on this occasion, made his complaints in person, and the Bishop asked Neale's permission to visit the chapel. It was, of course, willingly accorded, and the Bible put into his hands, that he might see for himself that it was the authorized version. Mr. Hutton, on being confronted with this plain evidence, could only prevaricate. He said, "It had notes, and the notes were not authorized." The Bishop also remained dissatisfied. He objected to the whole arrangements of the chapel, and, in fact, to all Neale had done to raise the character of the services, though he readily acknowledged that he had no "visitorial authority." On this point, if on no other, he and the Warden were agreed. No alterations were made, though, on the following day, the 8th of May, another yet more peremptory mandate was sent forth:—

"REVEREND SIR,

"I feel it to be my duty to inhibit you, and I do hereby inhibit you, from the exercise of clerical functions in my diocese.

"I am, Reverend Sir, your well-wisher in Christ,

"A. T. CICESTER."

This was accompanied by a private letter, speaking in very severe terms of what he conceived to be unspiritual emblems and adjuncts of worship introduced into the chapel, concluding with the prayer, exasperating, even to the humble-minded, that Neale's eyes may be opened to see the error of his ways.

The Warden took counsel as to what course to pursue, and he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to defend the rights of the College, and to obey the Bishop's inhibition only so far as it affected his ministrations in the parish church or in other churches in the diocese of

Chichester. Lord De la Warr shared his views, and wrote to thank him "for saving, as far as in you lies, the rights of the College."

Neale was manifestly not a man to be intimidated: he had taken up what he believed to be an impregnable position, and he was not inclined to abandon it. His letters were written with the moderation befitting one who is sure of his ground, although the Bishop unhappily lost his temper, and declared that he felt it his duty "to stop Mr. Neale from continuing to debase the minds of these poor people with his spiritual haberdashery."

For five months hostilities were suspended, but on the 14th of November, 1847, the Warden received an intimation that articles were to be exhibited against him in the Court of Arches for withstanding the Bishop's inhibition. Lord De la Warr protested and pleaded in vain. Neale, he said, would still remain the Warden of Sackville College, and the sole effect of an adverse judgment would be to deprive a few old people, too infirm to attend their parish church, of the daily ministrations of a priest and of opportunities for Communion. Nevertheless, the judgment was given against him, and until November, 1860, it virtually remained in force. It was not formally removed until November, 1863.

It would be easy to enlarge upon the arbitrary injustice of a line of action that would, in these days, be subjected, not alone to outraged public opinion, but to the severest ecclesiastical censure. It cannot be denied that personal feeling had arrogated to itself the name of episcopal duty, and no arguments could remove a prejudice the Court of Arches had confirmed. Webb, though of necessity a friendly advocate, had a well-balanced and judicial mind, and he writes in respect of the trial:—

"Neither of the advocates nor the judge, got up the case. I never heard such astounding ignorance on all sides, such a mockery of justice. There was not a single good thing said on either side."

It is quite possible that Neale's manner and words,

spoken in haste, may have caused irritation. When unjustly accused, his tendency was not towards conciliation. His written appeal to the Bishop, in March, 1849, however, is respectful and straightforward:—

“If in anything that I may before have written, I may either have inadvertently said what has given your Lordship offence—or if I have been carried away by what seemed to me the necessity and hardship of the case, to say more than I intended or more than I ought, I earnestly hope that your Lordship will forgive it. I should be unworthy to be a priest in our Church did I not severely feel the deprivation of the power of acting as one, where I am placed. And what I feel strongly, I may possibly have expressed too strongly. . . . All we ask is that the suspension may be withdrawn as far as regards the College. We ask for no formal removal, only a tacit allowance. I have neither time, strength, nor wish to officiate elsewhere in the diocese. But in this place to be able to officiate, there is nothing right, nothing allowable, that I would not do—no trouble that I would not willingly take.”

It is a long letter, pleading on behalf of those who were less able to plead for themselves. It received a curt reply. The Bishop disclaimed personal offence, but refused to reconsider his determination, or to regard the wishes of the pensioners as in anywise affecting the case.

During the three following years, many attempts were made to induce the Bishop to state definitely the grounds on which his inhibition was founded, or to withdraw it. Then, all efforts proving vain, in 1851 the inmates themselves laboriously compiled a petition representing their sorrow at the deprivation of Mr. Neale's services, “who is most kind to his people, and very much beloved by them.” If he has leave once more to officiate in their chapel “they will be very much comforted and very grateful to your Lordship, and will pray that he may long live in health and happiness here below, and finally after this life attain everlasting joy.”

This was again fruitless. The twenty-six pensioners who affixed their names to this document were informed that Mr. Neale must have “perplexed their minds with

new and strange shows and observances ;" that the Bishop feared for ill effects upon their "religious views," so he had had no resource but to remove them from the danger of such influences.

The poor, decrepit, simple-minded pensioners, to whom the letter was addressed, were naturally incapable of entering into the episcopal argument. They were probably quite unconscious of having any religious views at all. They had liked their young Warden's kindly ways, his expositions of Holy Scripture, and the chapel services ; and, above all, he had taught them much of the ever-abiding Presence of the Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, that Presence Which had now been withdrawn. They were aggrieved and desolate. They met again in council, and determined to make one more effort to regain the religious ministrations they had learnt to value. This time their petition was addressed to Lord De la Warr :—

"We all heard the Bishop's letter read in the hall and it did in no ways satisfy us," so they wrote, "as we are all ready to swear that Mr. Neale has taught us no new doctrine, or perplexed our minds with any vain shows as the Bishop says. That he should say this puzzled us and made us determine to ask your Lordship to get Mr. Neale righted, for it was a good day that brought him to the College, and we do all look upon him as our clergyman, and want that he should have the care of our souls, which he is so fit and so willing to have, and which nobody else has, as we see. If your Lordship choose to shew this letter to the Bishop, we don't mind his seeing of it ; only we know he has no calling in the College, and it does seem so vindictive like to punish Mr. Neale all this four years and so keep us out of our rights which was our reason for writing to him instead of your Lordship, where-as some say Parliament would be our best friend, as we stand by an Act of Parliament. We, pensioners on your Lordship's bounty are most of us old and infirm and we don't like the end of our days to be troubled as we have been. . . ."

It was a difficult task for the unlettered brethren and sisters to frame the memorial, hardly knowing to

whom to address their complaint, since the Bishop was obdurate, and "Parliament" a word representing an unknown far-off power dwelling in impenetrable courts of justice, might fail to entertain their suit unless it were presented by some accredited envoy. Lord De la Warr they had seen. He had dined at their table, and shown himself gracious and friendly; nor did his answer belie his former bearing. It was no wonder that the pitiful document drew forth a quick and sympathetic response. He had read it, so he wrote, with "lively interest but great pain," since he was powerless to do more than give them the assurance that he would spare no effort in his power—

"to obtain for you a restoration of those spiritual advantages to which you are entitled as members of an institution founded to the honour and glory of God; with fervent prayers to Whom for your welfare, temporal and eternal, in which I am most cordially joined by Lady De la Warr and my family, I remain,

"Your affectionate friend, and one of
your patrons and visitors,

"DE LA WARR."

"Buckhurst, Jan. 27, 1852."

Such a letter could not but have cheered and consoled the old people to whom it was addressed, but it was, unfortunately, of no practical use in removing their grievance; and it was impossible to avoid the sense of bitterness which is most keenly felt when events make epochs in lives lived, amid the still shades of evening, in a natural quietism. No explanations could soften disappointment, no external circumstances could save them from brooding with the helpless persistency of age upon their loss. It was the chief sufferer who himself did most to allay irritation and alleviate inevitable trials. On Whitsun Day of that year he gathered the melancholy little company about him in the hall, and in an affectionate address spoke of what had taken place, an address so manly in its absence of personal feeling that it is well to record the sentences especially evidencing its spirit.

“Whenever any misfortune happens to us—for I am sure that we all feel this that has come upon us to be a misfortune—we may be sure that God has some lesson to teach us by it. It is not our duty to sit down idly and grieve about it, still less is it our duty to be angry and quarrelsome about it, but it is our duty so to consider it, that we may apply our hearts to wisdom. . . . We have not valued our privileges enough, we have not improved them enough. And some of us may have done worse than this. Some of you may have said, as the Jews of old, *what a weariness it is*, to have to go so often to chapel, to hear the same prayers over and over again. . . . Now, in cases like this, where people have had great privileges and have either been weary of them or have not improved them as they ought, . . . God sees that by missing them for a time we may value them the more. . . . And this we must remember—that though He has taken away much from us, He has still left us much. . . . God the Holy Ghost, to Whom we keep this day holy, is not tied to time or place or circumstance. He generally works by means. But, blessed be His Holy Name, He can work without them also. . . . We have done nothing, so far as man is concerned, to deserve the deprivation, and we may therefore hope that if we call upon Him, He will restore to us what He has taken away, and, as He said to Job, will bless our latter end more than our beginning.’”

The words speak for themselves. They were not merely preached for edification; they were the result of a prayerful consideration of God’s dealings; his resignation was no formal acceptance of the inevitable, but an act of filial love.

His was not a mind naturally inclined to cherish resentment; even just indignation was short-lived: but, later on, one blow fell with crushing weight upon his heart, for it was dealt by the hand of a friend who had ranged himself amongst his adversaries. It is related that, on receiving the intelligence, he was struck dumb; and, going into the chapel, he shut himself up there, alone, for hours, until he could feel that he had given a full and free forgiveness to the man who had deserted him in his necessity.

CHAPTER XV

Panegyric on the Eastern Church—William Palmer's visit to Russia—
Desire for reunion—Introduction to the "History of the Eastern
Church" concluded—Friendship with the Rev. Eugene Popoff—
Letters from Mouravieff—Acknowledgment of Neale's work from
the Czar.

THERE is no doubt that Neale was preserved from taking an exaggerated view of his trials, and also from morbid reflections upon their possible causes and results, by his happy perennial spring of literary activity; and he took refuge in his study from the useless and wearisome discussion of ecclesiastical differences and religious quarrels.

If that study was a haven of peace, it was also a work-room fitted to overflowing with books as his necessary tools and implements. He might well have written with Southey :

"My days among the dead are passed,
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old ;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day."

The room was lined with book-cases filled with volumes of every date and kind: curious manuscripts, ancient liturgies, treatises on ecclesiology and architecture; books in every European language; Coptic and Syriac grammars and dictionaries, side by side with old editions of the classics. Folk-lore, hymnology, history and theology were all represented upon the shelves. They covered the walls, and stretched across the room, leaving but a narrow passage-way and space for the reading and writing

desks at which he stood, intent upon his work, with nothing within that old grey enclosure to distract a student, or break upon his seclusion.

Here he spent some of his happiest hours. When threatened with another form of misfortune in the shape of sickness, he had, as we have seen, taken sanctuary in literature. Now, once again, when disaster fell upon him, he withdrew himself within the precincts of the Eastern Church.

He was engaged upon various other subjects : liturgical studies, some children's books, hymnology, and many translations, as well as upon another important work—a commentary upon the Psalms ; but, as his two volumes of the "*History of Alexandria*" were published in 1850, it may be said that during these special years he was principally occupied with researches and studies bearing upon this his greatest work.

He brought to it, together with a deep sense of responsibility, a spirit of enthusiastic admiring devotion, only restrained by a sincere desire to be just and accurate. Bishop Wilberforce observed that "the intensity of his religious convictions hardly keeps down the natural genius of a master of fiction," but the restraint shown in his more serious works is no less remarkable than the laborious amount of historical research they display. It is only in the first pages of the "*Introduction*" that words, animated by irrepressible feeling, vibrate as if to compel a corresponding emotion in the paragraphs containing his panegyric on the Eastern Church.

"In the glow and splendour of Byzantine glory, in the tempest of the Oriental Middle Ages, in the desolation and tyranny of the Turkish Empire, the testimony of the same immutable Church remains unchanged. Extending herself from the sea of Okhotsk to the palaces of Venice, from the ice-fields which grind against the Solevetsky monastery to the burning jungles of Malabar, embracing a thousand languages, nations, and tongues, but binding them together in the golden link of the same faith ; offering the tremendous Sacrifice in a hundred liturgies, but offering It to the same God and with the same rites ; fixing her

patriarchal thrones in the same cities as when the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch, and James the brother of the Lord finished his course at Jerusalem; oppressed by the devotees of the False Prophet, as once by the worshippers of false gods,—she is now, as she was from the beginning, multiplex in her arrangements, simple in her faith, difficult of comprehension to strangers, easily intelligible to her sons, widely scattered in her branches, hardly beset by her enemies, yet still and evermore, what she delights to call herself, One, Only, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic.”

And how does he answer the accusations of her enemies that she exists only because she has so long existed, and acts with the mechanism of an automaton; that her want of missionary zeal proves her deficiency in vital energy, and that the hour of peril will crush her, like a hollow image, to dust?

“For eighteen hundred years, it might be answered, this venerable Communion has fought the good fight and borne about in her body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Since she armed Athanasius against Arius, and sent forth Cyril against Nestorius, unnumbered heresies have assailed her, . . . her existence itself has oftentimes been a very agony, yet the gates of hell have never prevailed against her. Idolatry and Apostasy have attempted her subjugation, and confessed her invincible; kings and caliphs, emperors and sultans, have stood up against her, but the King of kings, and Lord of lords has been on her side.” And then, after a long list of her conquests, he prophesies “that in the great regeneration of the Church, in the second and more blessed Pentecost, the *Æcumenical Throne of the East* will bear no small part.” At the same time he admits “that the Oriental Church has not been able to adapt herself to the wants of her members with the happy flexibility of machinery which characterizes the Church of Rome. That Church begins with hermits; she forms them into communities, and they become monks; she sends them into the world, and they are friars; she bids them go to the great men and speak, and they are Jesuits. In an ignorant age, the Benedictine went out into his garden and planted cabbages; in a learned age, he sat in his cell and edited the Fathers.”

Extolling the unity of Eastern doctrine, of which the stiffness, so to speak, has preserved her orthodoxy, he laments the—

“tedious repetitions, the endless canons, the immense prolixity of the services outside the liturgy, which make them unedifying to the ordinary worshipper, and contrast most unfavourably with the well-chosen lessons, the beautiful antiphons, the short appropriate responses of the breviary.”

Again in this preface he refers to the almost overwhelming difficulties confronting the historian of the Greek Church. The writers to whom he had to refer had no common language. Greek, in various degrees of corruption, Arabic, Syriac, Russ, Armenian, were the principal sources from whence material was derived.

“Add to this the great difficulty of arriving at the fountain-head of information; the precious MSS. mouldering in far distant monasteries, . . . the unexplained and inexplicable contradiction of Eastern writers, the unfortunate pertinacity with which they relate at greatest length those matters of which they themselves had least personal knowledge; the want of any faithful clue to the labyrinth of doubts and hesitations in which the historian of the Eastern Church is involved, these things might well deter the warmest lover of ecclesiastical history from attempting—whatever be its interest—that of the East.”

In seeking an explanation of his determination to undertake this laborious work upon so large a scale, there are several motives we must take into account. The most obvious is the strong personal attraction he felt for a subject embracing such varied interests and inseparably connected with studies in ecclesiology, liturgies, and hymns, doctrines and heresies, to which he devoted lifelong attention. William Palmer and George Williams, to mention two amongst the distinguished theological students of his day, had preceded him in their practical acquaintance with the Orthodox Church in Russia; William Palmer, Fellow of Magdalen College, and brother of Lord

Selborne, having paid his visit to the Russian Church as early as 1840.

When the Grand Duke Alexander had, in the spring of 1839, come with the Duke of Wellington to Oxford, a singular petition had been prepared by Palmer to be there presented to him, which had before been submitted to the still more singular corrections of the president, Dr. Routh. Some of its clauses may be quoted :—

“To obtain that there be sent here some Russian ecclesiastic, capable of examining the theology of our Churches”—this presumably teachable ecclesiastic was to live in Magdalen, and Palmer himself undertook to give him lessons in English ;—“so that through him the contents of our best books may be made known to his Imperial Majesty and to the bishops of the Eastern Communion. . . . If the whole Catholic Church ought to aspire after unity, nothing can be more worthy of the piety of a great prince than to facilitate the reunion of two Communions separated only by misunderstandings and want of intercourse. While the Catholic Church of England——”

“Leave out the word ‘Catholic,’ sir,” cried the President ; “it will not be understood.”

“While the Church of England constantly defends the rights of Christian sovereigns, . . . she is isolated in a corner of the West, unsupported by the civil Government, and——”

“I would leave that out, sir.”

“Threatened by the hatred of all Protestant sects.”

“Leave out the word ‘Protestant’” cries the ruthless censor ; and upon Palmer’s final peroration of goodwill and blessings invoked upon the Imperial throne, he makes this heartless Johnsonian comment : “I would leave out the last sentence, sir. The first clause will not be understood, and the second will seem un-English.”

It is not surprising that the petition, thus shorn of all its salient points, bore no fruit ; but Palmer was not discouraged, and, in the following year, he set out for Russia, his object being—in the words of Dr. Routh’s letter of commendation—

"to present himself with all reverence to the Russian bishops, and especially to the most Holy Spiritual Synod, that by their favour and protection he may become acquainted with the doctrines, rites, and ceremonies of the Russian Church; . . . and I ask and even adjure in the name of Christ, all the most holy archbishops and bishops, and especially the Synod itself, that they will examine him as to the orthodoxy of his faith, and with a charitable mind, and if they find in him all that is necessary to the integrity of the true and saving faith, then that they will also admit him to communion in the Sacraments."

It is certainly a strong witness to the desire for unity prevalent amongst those who were even incidentally affected by the religious temper of the times, to find the Fellow of an Oxford College setting out with the sanction of the president and the tacit, though unwritten, approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury, upon a quest which some might have considered quixotic.

The conception of unity had had from "the first" (so Cardinal Newman, in his preface to Mr. Palmer's book, allows) "its measure of success in Russia;" nevertheless, it was limited to their own Communion, and though he does not impute to the distinguished ecclesiastics to whom Palmer presented his credentials any discourtesy, they seem, so he avers, to have had but one reply reiterated in a disheartening and wearisome refrain—

"We know of no Church besides our own. We are the only Church in the world. The Latins are heretics, or all but heretics: you are worse; we do not even know your name. There is no true Christianity in the world, except in Russia, Greece, and the Levant; and as to the Greeks, many as they are, they are, after all, but a poor lot."

Neale was animated by the same desire for reunion without having encountered any of these practical rebuffs. He had, then, two strong and sufficient motives—an ever-increasing interest in his subject, and a hope that the accomplishment of the work might remove misunderstandings; but, besides this, he undoubtedly felt, in the

words of one of his reviewers,¹ that in the face of the fears entertained by some of the apostolicity of—

“a Church separated from the jurisdiction of Rome, it cannot but comfort and strengthen wavering minds to withdraw for a little space to another Communion, presenting all the notes of a true Church, and withal for a thousand years cut off from Western Christendom.”

And, with a renewed ardour of investigation, as in the library at Funchal, he set to work upon languages, liturgies, and all the historical material available for his purpose.

Every now and again chance passages in his letters reveal the detailed labour it involved. In 1847 he writes—

“I am hard at work on the ‘Introduction’ to the ‘Greek History.’ I give in parallel columns, with notes, the Anaphora of the Liturgy of S. Chrysostom, S. Basil, S. Mark, S. James, (Ethiopic) S. Basil (Jacobean), and All Apostles (Nestorian), and it is rather interesting work, though somewhat slow.”

The “History of Alexandria” had been already published, and, in reference to it, Webb wrote—

“Dr. Pusey spent a long time with us most pleasantly. I showed him your book, which he looked over with great interest, and expressed a great joy that you had devoted yourself to anything so solid and valuable. He said we wanted nothing more than ecclesiastical history done by our own Church. He himself is full of schemes, and devotion, and energy.”

During these years Webb's letters furnished him with a chronicle of contemporaneous ecclesiastical events—of the progress made in matters of ritual, since at Margaret Chapel (All Saints, Margaret Street) they have now a complete musical Mass; the Commandments, Epistle, Gospel, Preface, etc., sung to the ancient music; of new publications, and the state of public feeling in London—for Webb was in the vortex of London life, being curate to

¹ Presumably Professor Freeman.

Mr. Dodsworth, at Christ Church, Albany Street: yet Neale never responds by any desire to leave his retirement; so congenial to him, in spite of all his troubles, is the spot where he lives.

And, fortunately, his extensive correspondence brought him into touch with those most able to throw light upon his special subjects. From Palmer,¹ Blackmore (late Chaplain of the English Russia Company at Cronstadt), and the Rev. Eugene Popoff (Chaplain to the Russian Embassy in London), he writes that he has really had surprising kindness. With the Rev. Eugene Popoff, his relations were of the most friendly description. He afforded incalculable service in explaining and defending the ceremonies and principles of the Greek ritual; and mutual respect in course of time engendered a sincere and affectionate esteem. In his visits to London Neale attended his services, and consulted him upon points which must have presented difficulties to any outside the Greek Communion. His "*History of Alexandria*" found warm admirers amongst its members, and any praise or criticism from Russia is at once recorded in his letters. "I have had mighty commendations from another Russian priest," he writes, "about my '*Greek History*;' and one Nortoff, a great traveller, is to get me information."

He was also in communication with William Palmer, for he says that if a very rare book—"Zoernikov on the Procession of the Holy Ghost"—cannot be found in the British Museum, Palmer of Magdalen is to lend him his copy.

By June 20, 1849, he writes that he has—

"absolutely no news, being taken up with the '*Introduction*.' I have received, through Count Pratasoff, Ober-Procurator of the H. G. Synod, the Emperor's formal permission" (that the work may be dedicated to him). "The Russ translation of the first sheet of the '*Introduction*' was given to Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow, who

¹ This appears to have been the Palmer of Worcester College, author of the "*Origines Liturgicæ*," not William Palmer.

approves of it extremely. Still, I see some difficulty when we come to the question of Procession." Again: "Popoff works like a horse for me. Now I am busy with the Slavonic Calendar, and find my Slavonic very useful."

Webb, too, was an intermediary between him and Popoff, and wrote of the latter appreciatively; though he thought his Erastianism strange, he vastly admired his laboriousness. He might equally have admired Neale's. On March 29, 1849, he wrote—

"I have begun Russ, which I can't do without, and find it a very queer language. The ecclesiastical language has forty-two letters. . . . I have a very curious account to-day of the Armenian liturgy as actually performed. The Patriarch ordered it to be celebrated with the greatest possible magnificence, in order that Mouravieff might appreciate it. Again, I have hardly done anything these last days but Slavonic, which I take to amazingly. It is so absurdly like Latin. . . . The distinction of Saints in the Calendar is even more perfect than the Greek. I have now, thanks to Popoff, mastered the seven degrees of festivals in the Eastern Church." And such is his aptitude for languages, that already, at Michaelmas the same year, he writes: "I can now consult the Russ books with some ease."

Here is another note, somewhat startling to preconceived notions—

"I have just got 'Zoernikov on the Procession'—a small, closely written octavo of 1080 pages. It is extremely interesting, and seems quite to exhaust the subject. Depend upon it, the Greeks are right."

Webb, to whom he sent some of his printed sheets, was a frank critic. He objected, amongst other things, to his employment of terms unfamiliar to the majority of readers; and Neale writes in reply—

"You would surely not wish me to neglect the terms that five-sixths of the Greek Church uses. . . . Your first objection is that I have only comparatively of late times

studied Slavonic. It is true that when I began the 'History of the Eastern Church, I had no idea how necessary it was. But it would have been no use to me in Alexandria, and I did not feel the want of it there. Directly I began the 'Introduction,' I wanted it, and in a clumsy way I had it. I had only to send any Slavonic to Popoff, or Blackmore, or Palmer of Magdalen, and I had the translation. But as early as p. 120 of the 'Introduction' I began to use my own knowledge of it. . . . I don't say learn Slavonic that you may understand my book, but if you don't learn Slavonic, don't set up to know much about the Eastern Church."

However much engrossed in these studies he never forgot the end in the means, and as the work proceeded the hope of reunion with which he had started burned with a stronger and brighter flame. Beneath every page there lay the wish nearest to his heart—"the hastening of that blessed day when the misunderstandings and suspicions and unkindnesses on which I have so often had to dwell may be for ever swept away."

He received welcome commendation of his work from those upon whose opinion he put a high value. Mouravieff, to whom he was indebted for so much information, wrote from Smyrna on the 8th of February, 1850, in warm terms of eulogium of the "History of Alexandria," though he took exception to certain passages. He offers his "plus sincères remerciements pour le don précieux," and adds, "Il m'a été aussi bien doux de voir l'esprit vraiment orthodox d'Orient qui régné dans tout l'ouvrage, comme s'il était écrit par un Catholique d'Orient." And he especially admires the striking portraiture of the person and times of Cyril Lucar.¹ "Votre exposition du Patriarchat de Cyrille Lucar est magnifique, et c'est vraiment un service rendu a l'Eglise d'Orient."

"Shall I really congratulate you for the 'finis qui coronat opus'?" wrote the learned Rev. Eugene Popoff, Chaplain to the Russian Embassy in London. "If so, I do it quite heartily. May I ask you only to make me one

¹ See Chapter IX.

favour? It would be to look on the *whole* work before it is *quite* out. Again, can you not make some kind of provision for some future accidental insertions, omissions, or supplements?"

Apparently about this time Neale attended the Greek service in London, for, when Popoff writes, "Your 'Introduction,' I suppose, is to-day at S. Petersburg," he adds—

"I would be happy to see you on any day. The service on Sunday begins at eleven o'clock, though the Matins we read for ourselves much earlier. The Liturgie will be that of S. Basile, as it is on all Sundays in Lent. For the hearers, the difference between the Liturgie of S. Basile and that of S. Chrysostom is felt principally in the chanting. It is a very old one, and pure Church-chanting. As for the Liturgie of the Presanctified, it will be on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in our Passion week—your Easter week."

His work, it was clear, had moved the minds of those members of the Russian Church who, though like Eugene Popoff imbued with a spirit of placid resignation as to the inevitable divisions of Christendom, were yet ready to welcome with fraternal cordiality any steps taken to extend the knowledge of their creed and ritual. The Emperor himself had taken great interest in the progress of the "History of the Eastern Church," and on the 10th of June, 1851, Popoff wrote—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"His Excellency our Ambassador, Baron de Brunnow, has kindly charged me to announce to you, that His Majesty, the Emperor of Russia, in acknowledgment of the value of your arduous and useful work on 'the History of the Holy Eastern Church,' as well as an encouragement in its continuance, has been graciously pleased to grant you the sum of £100.

"The REV. J. M. NEALE,

"Warden of Sackville College, etc., etc."

These sympathetic praises, sounded from the very stronghold of Eastern orthodoxy, fell upon Neale's ears

more agreeably than those of the ordinary critic and reviewer. Though subject to many interruptions, his studies and writings to his life's end bore constant reference to the great subject, ever to him of such supreme importance. The "History of the Patriarchate of Antioch," being, as before stated, left in a fragmentary condition at his death, to be completed and edited with an introduction by the Rev. George Williams, of Kings'—so distinguished for his ecclesiastical researches, and so firm a defender of the position of the Russo-Greek Church, as to be pre-eminently fitted to undertake its publication.

CHAPTER XVI

The Gorham judgment—Its effect—Neale's letter and pamphlet on the subject—Offer of the Deanery of Perth—The Scotch Office—Reasons for refusing the Deanery—The English Church Union—Letters from Archdeacon Denison and the Bishop of Exeter.

EARLY in 1850, the Privy Council judgment in the Gorham case aroused indignant astonishment in the Church of England, and created a crisis threatening ruin and disruption. Its possible consequences were supremely disquieting to many of her most earnest and devoted members lest the ignorant should, for a moment, imagine that the Church's voice had been heard in that of the Council. Others were inclined to remain passive under "the profound conviction that no secular decision of fallible men could affect the truth so plainly and decisively taught by the Church in her formularies from the beginning." There were again men amongst whom Neale must be numbered, who, though uncertain of ultimate issues, were determined to contest the true position of the Church of England, and fight her battle with every weapon at their command. The unexpected blow had fallen heavily, but there was yet time to draw her adherents together, and, by the combined force of the clergy and faithful laity, send forth a great protest against the authority in spiritual matters of "a body absolutely without ecclesiastical authority owing its existence to an act of parliament, never accepted nor recognized by the Church, . . . the constitution of which is entirely at variance with the theory of Royal Supremacy accepted by the Church at the eve of the Reformation."

The above is an extract from the schedule Neale had prepared. A second clause asserts that—

“the Catholic Church from the beginning has ever held that regeneration is conferred in and by Baptism, and by that alone,” and “that the English Church, as a branch of the Church Catholic, has ever taught and held the same doctrine in her Offices, in her Catechism, and in her Articles.”

The document ended with a declaration that if Convocation were to confirm the Privy Council decision (which God forbid) those who signed would be compelled to regard “the Church of England as no longer an orthodox branch of the Church of Christ, and would leave her accordingly.”

It is inexpedient to enter into the voluminous details of this important controversy; but, to Neale it was a vital question. He had been unshaken in his allegiance to the Church of England by personal privations and episcopal censures. This danger to the Church at large affected him far more strongly. For the first time, so far as we can learn from his letters and journals, he regards secession as an ultimate possibility. Though he is—

“perfectly satisfied *as yet* with the position of the English Church, . . . in case of that worst which I know *may* come, I should like a harbour under my lee. . . . I had far rather see those who, like you, are doubtful of the Church of England turn to the East than elsewhere. Because, if we should be in the smallest degree the means of bringing about inter-communion between the Eastern and the Western Churches, it would be a blessed result indeed.”

On this emergency he puts aside all other projects and work, as well as his own daily difficulties and pressing engagements, to throw himself, with an unreserved generosity, into the breach. He soon discovers that the Church is not to be betrayed into the hands of her enemies. She has not forfeited her rights. A spoliation is not a surrender. As usual, in advocating the organization of an active militant defence, and in condemning the counsels of timorous moderation and passive patience, he goes back to lessons drawn from the early Christian centuries:—

“When Nestorius first propagated his heresy at Constantinople, the court being negatively at least on his side, did the clergy occupy themselves more sedulously in the care of their flocks and leave the defence of the faith to those whose business it might be? Look at the facts. Nestorius first committed himself to his heresy on Christmas Day. There was a brief pause of indignant astonishment; but in three weeks’ time a pamphlet was published by Eusebius of Dorylæum, the Badeley or Palmer of his day, and a week later another by Marius Mercator, in opposition to the new teaching. These tracts made a great sensation. Still the bishops did not stir. On this, the clergy, far from considering the priestly character injured by what is now called ‘agitation,’ organized it systematically. . . . Public meetings were held, though, as in the present troubles, the season was Lent. . . . The orthodox priests and monks used every method of agitation: uniting with some of the nobility (we should now say, forming a committee with them), they sent addresses to Cyril; they memorialized the Emperor; they appealed to Rome. Some of the clerical agitators were scourged; still the movement spread. The clergy insisted on a council, and its issue at Ephesus we all know. Now, when at the present I find priests blamed for journeys to London, anxious discussions, paper wars, absence from parishes in holy seasons, irreverence in the open discussions of such topics on platforms, I turn to what S. Cyril wrote on similar conduct. . . . If the view (a narrow and onesided view, to my mind) now taken of the priestly office be right, certainly that held by S. Cyril was wrong, and none I suppose will deny that the Council of Ephesus was completely got up by agitation.”

His reference to this and other early precedents is very characteristic. Those who pleased might consult contemporary authorities, weigh modern arguments, or defer to the public opinion of the day. Neale turns to see what S. Cyril would have done, and derives encouragement from the remembrance of traitors within and other foes without who had been powerless to destroy the life of the Church or the integrity of her Faith. He shows in a pamphlet, entitled “A Few Words of Hope in the Present Crisis of the English Church,” that, “while there

was every call to exertion, there was no cause for despair, that the Lord was only asleep in the vessel."

His intimate acquaintance with Eastern and Western offices of baptism enables him to state with authority—

"that of no other Church under the sun could it be affirmed with such plenitude of certainty, that it asserts the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, as of our own. . . . On all possible battlefields baptism is that, not even excepting absolution, on which we fight to most advantage, and on which we shall conquer most triumphantly. For we shall conquer. God allows us to judge of His future by His past dealings with men. It is contrary to all experience, to all ecclesiastical history, that a Church assisted through so many struggles, brought through so many difficulties, protected by such wonderful events, the mother of saints, placed on a vantage ground among the nations, should have been, after a manner unknown to former ages, filled with life, endued with energy, armed with courage, should have seen a revival, to which history cannot afford a parallel, brought to pass through her whole body; and all this, only that in the very height of her energy and efforts and usefulness, she should be destroyed by a human hand."

Here it is evident that the call to battle has quickened his pulses, and brought him forth from his retirement to strike blow after blow, with cheerful confidence, in defence of what he believed. He fought, moreover, as an expert whose weapons were well tried; and it is no wonder that numerous letters bear witness to the gratitude felt by those who recognized the assistance he had given to the cause. Neale himself was surprised by the large circulation of his letter, proving that it expressed the views of a great number of persons, who were not in a position to make them public. The Rev. W. J. E. Bennett wrote of his "admirable tract," and begged him to preach one of the sermons in the octave of the consecration of S. Barnabas, Pimlico, a sermon afterwards published entitled, "The Church's Extremity, God's Opportunity." Meetings were held, and much discussion ensued, bringing into prominence powers and knowledge that when

once roused, made him so able a controversialist. Undoubtedly, as he asserted, the immediate result was the greater stress laid in sermons throughout the country upon the orthodox doctrine of regeneration, and unexpected rallying power shown in its defence. Neale writes, on the Friday in Passion Week of the year 1850, “ I never in my life was worked harder than just now. You have no idea of the quantity of letters I have about my pamphlet.” And in the midst of these agitations and troubles, he was preaching his tranquil sermons every day. He felt that daily sermon, as he said in one of his letters, a “ moral drag,” but he never allowed other business, however important, to curtail the time he gave to spiritual ministrations ; and it may be quite truthfully asserted that, in one sense, the small colony of poor and aged people whom he addressed were of more consequence in his eyes than those more intellectually sympathetic readers who looked eagerly for his articles in the *Christian Remembrancer*, or sought his opinion upon public or ecclesiastical questions. In fact, he was apt to under-rate his influence outside his own circle, and with regard to his “ Words of Hope,” he wrote to Webb that he had been wiser than himself, for he “ had not the smallest conception that a hundred would have sold. The edition was 1250.”

It was soon after this publication, in the August of the same year, 1850, that he received the offer of the Deanery of the newly consecrated cathedral at Perth—the only piece of so-called preferment which ever came in his way.

Perth, though the most important town in Bishop Torry’s diocese of S. Andrews, up to 1846 had no episcopal congregation. In that year a small mission was started by the Rev. J. C. Chambers, (afterwards of S. Mary’s, Soho), who, by means of his services, his Day and Sunday schools, and his energetic and faithful personal ministrations, succeeded in gathering in many converts from the poorer Presbyterians. In 1848, the Rev. Joseph Haskoll, an intimate friend of Neale’s, joined the mission as a volunteer ; and he it was who first wrote suggesting that

the Warden of Sackville College should leave his retirement and come to their aid.

By this time matters had progressed to an extent hardly to have been anticipated.

In 1847, Lord Forbes originated a scheme for the erection of a cathedral in Perth, with a staff of missionary priests attached, to itinerate in places where there were no resident clergy. The project was warmly taken up, the building was begun, and the consecration appointed to take place so soon as a portion of the structure—the chancel and the nave—were completed. This was not accomplished until the December of 1850, the same year that saw the consecration of S. Barnabas', Pimlico, S. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, and S. Mary's, Soho.

In the preceding May, Haskoll had written, "We are grievously in want of a Dean, a head, some one to take the lead and be responsible. Dodsworth was asked to come, but refused." And again, on June 5th—

"Of all things which I can think of, there is none which I should like better personally, and, still further, there is nothing which I believe would be better for the Church in Scotland, than for you to come here. You have no idea of the capabilities of Perth, but we want a Neale to set them going."

In course of time the offer of the Deanery was officially made by the Hon. G. F. Boyle—afterwards, Lord Glasgow—and the Canons of S. Ninian's; and the venerable Bishop of S. Andrews wrote as follows:—

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I beg to thank you for transmitting to me the last number of the *Ecclesiologist*, and further to say that I was very much gratified by your observations made therein on the Scottish Prayer-book, lately published with my sanction and under my authority. From the principles and sentiments enunciated in those observations, you would, in my opinion, be a valuable acquisition to the Perth Cathedral; but I scarcely dare indulge the hope of your becoming one of the staff of clergy in that institution, which, although designed for the noblest and most holy of

purposes, my eyes shall never be blessed with a sight of; being now more than half through my eighty-seventh year, and, by God's will, borne down with many increasing infirmities, to which I desire humbly to submit, as proceeding from the Giver of all Good. . . . It would, however, cheer the evening of my days were you to accept the office proposed to you."

Nor was he alone in his wish. Neale himself was taken by surprise at the unanimity expressed, and wrote to a friend, "You have no idea of the number of letters I receive from Scotland."

This was, in a great part, the consequence of the interest he had manifested in the Church of Scotland, and in the efforts being made to restore her true position. Always disposed to range himself upon the side of the oppressed, he was more conversant than most people with her history, since she had been supplanted at the Revolution by the Presbyterian establishment. The bishops, with seven hundred clergy, left destitute of churches, houses, or means of maintenance, had subsequently still ministered the Word and Sacraments to their faithful people, though they were consequently exposed to the severest penalties; the laity, if known to attend these proscribed ministrations, being punished with the loss of their civil rights.

Persecution for the time fulfilled its purpose. Many were driven from the country; the weakhearted abandoned their rights and forfeited their privileges. When the penal laws were repealed, for a while it seemed as if the Church had no power to reinstate herself, either in her proper place, or in the affections of the people. "It must not be forgotten, however, that what the Church lost in numbers and external accommodation, she, during the gloomy time of her history, gained in purity and inward strength."¹ Now, with an increased Episcopate and a restored Liturgy, she was visibly renewing her spiritual strength. Her poverty and distresses appealed to Neale's generosity, whilst he fully concurred, with Bishop

¹ See letter from Bishop Torry, of S. Andrews.

Torry's assertion, "that her chief glory was to return to the ancient and Catholic use in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, by adopting as her national Communion Office one formed after the purest models of antiquity."

Neale had contributed papers, both to the *Ecclesiologist* and the *Christian Remembrancer*, on the Scottish Prayer-book, as he says, "entering into all the minutiae of the affair." These letters had attracted much attention, especially in Scotland, as Bishop Torry, the oldest of the Scotch bishops, was at this time reprinting the Liturgy. A Liturgy that, in his own words, "recognizes, I hesitate not to say, the truth of the primitive Eucharistic doctrine, and the warmth of primitive piety beyond any other Office now in use in the Church." Neale, in writing to the Bishop, endorses his opinion—

"The Liturgy is now nearly what one could wish. Indeed, there is but to substitute an Introit for the part which precedes the Collect, and to put the *Gloria in Excelsis* into its right place, and I know not what we want much more. The great blot in the book is the Savoy addition at the beginning of Confirmation. Well! if we have to come over to you, we shall not have much cause to complain."

Nevertheless, though strongly attracted to the Scotch Church by the purity of its doctrine and revived ceremonial, and with a natural love for the arduous work of an ecclesiastical pioneer, when the formal offer of the Deanery was made, he declined it, for the reasons stated in the following letter :—

"My principal reasons for declining the Deanery are these: 1. Had the Church of England acquiesced in the late decision,¹ I should have accepted with more than thankfulness any offer, and more especially such an one as would have removed me from her. But, by like reasoning, now that she does not acquiesce, but is engaged in a struggle for life and death, I think that it is the duty of her sons to remain in her. . . . 2. If I came, I should, of

¹ The Privy Council decision in the Gorham case.

course, come as a missionary. I would not come without a licence from the Bishop to preach anywhere and everywhere—in lanes, streets, markets, fields, or roads ; that, I am sure, is the only way to convert Scotland. But, if I were to do this effectively, I should be dead in a year, and that without any adequate advantage gained. 3. It would be most highly desirable that the Dean should be acquainted with music. I have a zeal for it, but not according to knowledge. . . . My decision has been very much influenced by the course of events in England ; and this I could not foresee. After all, I assure you, it has been a very near point.”

The earlier part of the letter (too long to quote in its entirety) touches upon two matters further emphasizing what has been said on other occasions of his readiness for militant service, and his indifference to worldly gain.

“You know,” he writes, “that I have no objection to a little fighting ; and anything which I could have done to oppose the Anglicanism at Perth I would have done most cheerfully and strenuously ;” and again, “Had the deanery been richly endowed, I can assure you it would have made no difference in my answer.”

Upon this latter point few men with a family of young children growing up about them could have spoken with such genuine unconcern. Improvidence, it has been said, seems sometimes to be regarded as an act of faith, and it may certainly be conceded that Neale had a tendency to look upon it in that light. He was less concerned with practical consequences than with the literal fulfilment of the gospel precept to take no thought for the morrow. “There seems to me to be much more in the New Testament in praise of poverty,” said Professor Jowett, “than we care to acknowledge ;” and the subtle excuses by which men are blinded as they laboriously heap up treasure upon earth had never presented themselves to Neale’s mind. His charity was not curtailed by prudential considerations. In the regulation, or, rather, in the want of regulation, of his expenditure, in his repeated acts of mercy, he never forgot that his Lord Himself had

been poor, outcast, and a stranger, and that such as these were His representatives upon earth. As a natural consequence, it followed that his motives were misunderstood, and his indiscriminate charity not unreasonably censured. At the same time he was free from earthly anxieties, those recurrent disquieting apprehensions of loss of fortune or insecurity of worldly station which harass many religious-minded persons, and divert attention from more important considerations. In so far as the Perth Deanery might have brought him increased distinction or emolument, he relinquished it without regret, but he never lost his deep concern in the fortunes of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, and in 1856 he published "*The Life and Times of Patrick Torry, D.D.*, with an Appendix on the Scotch Liturgy" (Masters). He had accepted an invitation to the consecration of the cathedral (the first British cathedral, with the exception of S. Paul's, which had been consecrated since the Reformation), and in a passage of that Life he thus describes the event.

"It was just about sunset on a fine December day that I reached Perth. There had been a slight fall of snow on the Grampians, and the stillness of the Fair City, and the setting in of the frost, seemed to bring out in greater relief the bustle within the walls of the cathedral; and the glare of its lights, as the workmen were hurrying to the conclusion of their task, was in strange contrast to the darkness and quietness of the adjacent street. That night I shall ever remember as one of the strangest of my life. Many of the most necessary arrangements had been driven off till the very last: the carpenter's hammer and the mason's chisel were still to be heard; a crowd of workmen were yet engaged in putting the finishing touches to their respective departments; the frescoes were still incomplete, and, in the later hours of the evening, the choir was practising the chants and hymns for the next day. An English reader can hardly form an idea of the interest and curiosity with which our proceedings were regarded by the Presbyterian spectators, to whom the whole ritual of the Church was so utterly unknown, that, as I remember, the leading Perth newspaper of the following week gave an elaborate description to its readers of what was meant by chanting.

Perfect silence settled down over the city, but still, as we visited the cathedral at twelve, at two, at four, and at six, the workmen were still engaged in their various occupations, nor was it till the late morning of a Scottish December day had fairly broken that everything was prepared for the approaching solemnity."

It was, as he said afterwards, in a letter to the *Guardian* "an epoch in the revival of ecclesiology, as it is to be hoped it will be also in the moral history of the Church." The Bishop of Brechin officiated in the place of the aged Bishop of S. Andrews, and in the morning Neale preached from S. Matt. vi. 5. There was a great gathering of clergy, and the building was filled to overflowing at each service. In the evening seven adults were baptized, and several who had received Presbyterian baptism were admitted into the Church according to the Scottish form, and Neale went home with an eager desire to extend the knowledge of the Faith, and enlist fresh and well-instructed adherents in its defence.

These were the early days of the English Church Union. In reference to its action, he had written—

"In the absence of an acting ecclesiastical system, an irregular organization must perforce be adopted. If a country attacked by an enemy cannot send forth disciplined regiments, she must make the most of guerillas. And such are our Church Unions, especially those of London and Bristol."

He was constantly speaking at their meetings, and regarded it as a duty on the part of parish priests—

"not to hesitate in giving the time, the trouble, the money that may be needful for a united plan of action. Let them remember that it is for their flocks that they are now called to act; that they may be instructed in the truth of the Church, not in the opinions of the State. Let them remember that a parsimony of time in the great struggle now may prove a sad, prodigality hereafter; that if the Church loses this battle, then parochial care will little avail their people. . . . 'Is not this the fast that I

have chosen—to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?’”

The Church's undisturbed slumber, even in remote and peaceful villages was over. Youthful indiscretions, hasty acts, and ill-considered words might arouse the disapprobation of older and wiser people, but, as Bishop Wilberforce with his wide knowledge of country parishes asserted, “for good or for evil, all were awake.” It was inevitable that party spirit should in some cases excite undesired passions, but there was no doubt that corporate action increased the sense of Christian brotherhood, and strengthened a desire for Christian unity.

Personal intercourse with some of the Church leaders, was no doubt, a moral support, as well as an intellectual pleasure, to a man whose ordinary mode of existence was monotonous and circumscribed. Neale's letters to papers and periodicals drew attention to his more important works; his correspondence increased, and from many fresh quarters he received valued encouragement and approbation of his various literary and evangelistic enterprises. Amongst many others, he was brought into new or renewed contact with Keble, Forbes (Bishop of Brechin), the Rev. E. S. Foulkes, Dr. Mill, Revs. A. Wagner, and George Williams, Butterfield, Bodley, Archdeacon Denison, and the Bishop of Exeter. Letters from these last relate to his public action in Church defence, and should therefore be inserted in this chapter.

In reference to his “Words of Hope,” Archdeacon Denison writes, in 1850, from East Brent—

“I have never thanked you as I ought to have done for your most valuable little tract. We will, by God's help, do what we may before we are driven to say that the Establishment and the Church of England can no longer be one thing, but the task is so immense that I fear some of the stoutest hearts will quail. But if we all defend the Faith God will be for us, and then all will yet go well. The Bishop of Exeter's letter appears to point out plainly the line of *action*; will the other bishops act with him?”

With Archdeacon Denison's stalwart and belligerent attitude Neale was in the fullest accord, and later correspondence as to meetings to be held and action to be taken kept them in touch with one another; but more gratifying than the Archdeacon's unsolicited approval, was the following letter, which concerns matters of a like nature though it is of a later date (February, 1854) from Philpot, the old Bishop of Exeter.

"I have just risen from the perusal of your lecture at Birmingham on 'Confession and Absolution,' for a copy of which I heartily thank you. If I have been tardy, as I confess, in doing this, you will forgive me. I have little leisure, and feel the weight of seventy-six years, pressing more heavily on my mental than on my bodily powers.

"Let me now say, that the ability and manliness, not the less effective by reason of the truly Christian—in other words, not mawkishly indulgent—tone in which you maintain the truth without undue bitterness to yours and the truth's opponents—entitles this little work to more consideration than an ordinary *brochure*. I wish it could be widely circulated, especially among the laity of my own diocese. But this is, I fear, hopeless."

From this time forward English Church Union meetings and other business made him better acquainted with the temper of mind of both clergy and laity in their advocacy of religious principles and their attitude towards the questions of the day. Yet he was clearly still more or less solitary. One reason may be found in the character of his occupations. He was whirled and drawn into divers currents of thought, and his opinions were not sufficiently systematized to attract converts. They were distinct in shape and substance, but, like unstrung beads, likely to slip through other men's fingers. Moreover he did not see his way so clearly as to commit himself to any definite line of future action. At one of the English Church Union meetings he writes that, in drawing up the report, he—

"put in a sentence expressing our hope to live and die in the Communion of the Church of England. Layard

and Matthews were very strong for 'determination,' which, as I told them, was more than I could say. On which Matthews inveighed against half-hearted men. It would certainly have been carried, but that Hunt said, 'hope and purpose' might perhaps do; so it was settled." And again, in a letter of the 19th of October, 1850: "As to dying in the Communion of the Church of England, I can have no objection to saying I hope it; if in the Church of Rome also, so much the better."

Again, on December 19th:—

"It strikes me that there is a remarkable parallel between the Church of England now, and that of Scotland under the regency in the sixteenth century, all the right in both cases being on the side of the Church: all the might on the other. . . . I confess I very much doubt whether we get over this storm."

These and others are the words of a man too sincere to take up an attitude of impregnable certainty, too regardless of public opinion to aim at consistency. Whilst engaged in weighing evidence he would not pronounce a premature verdict. He was too indifferent to the popular vote to be elected a leader; nor indeed had he any wish to usurp that office. He went back from meetings, and interviews, and controversy, to bury himself again in his books; and was most at ease at home, in his quiet study at Sackville College.

CHAPTER XVII

Work in connection with the *Morning Chronicle*—Petition to the Eastern Church—Troubles at Sackville College—Letters respecting them—Mediæval preachers.

THE year 1851 was one of much literary activity ; works being issued, or in course of preparation, of which more detailed accounts have been given, or will be given in later chapters. Neale's own list, not altogether complete, is dated March 29, 1851, and certainly gives a notion of much work projected or accomplished. 1. "The Followers of the Lord," a book for children, just finished. 2. "Translations of Mediæval Hymns and Sequences" (Masters), not quite finished. 3. Sermons, or rather essays, published under the title of "Lectures on Church Difficulties," half finished. 4. "The Hymnal for Cambridge Camden Society," the first part almost finished. 5. Tract on "Funerals" for Camden Society, just finished. 6. "Hymni Ecclesiæ" (Parker), finished. 7. "Commentary on the Hymnal for the Use of the Poor." 8. "History of Antioch" (not published till after his death). 9. Articles in *Ecclesiastic* and *Ecclesiologist*. 10. "The South Church Union and its Tracts." 11. "The London Union," "where, however, I have hardly been this year." No wonder he adds that, in the doctor's opinion, he has been working too hard.

In this year also, at Mr. Beresford Hope's request, he undertook to contribute regularly to the *Morning Chronicle*. He was offered good terms for three leaders a week, and, when Parliament was not sitting, was free to choose his subjects. It was not altogether congenial work, but he had begun to feel that remuneration was of importance, "and

this," he says, "will enable me to pay a governess for the children." This journalism he managed, in an amazing manner, to wedge in amongst his other avocations.

"I don't find," he says, "the writing for the *Morning Chronicle* half so laborious as you thought it would be. One advantage I have over S. : he may be as long as ever he likes ; I, on the contrary, cannot begin till 12.30, when the coach comes in ; and, unless I pay for sending the parcel to Three Bridges, must get it off by 2.30, when the coach goes out. So, I have the morning and evening clear. Just now subjects are plentiful."

Rapidity in execution, if not in conception, was habitual. A few months later, he observes—

"I cannot write more now because of this miserable Seatonian : I only began him on Monday, and he must go off on Friday evening. . . . I have made verses until I have the headache.

" And this self-same epistle
Most manifestly shows,
Whatever I may do in verse,
I cannot write in prose."

He won the Seatonian thus easily, ten years running ; though he was often so hurried that it barely caught the last post, and one year when two prizes were given he took them both. He was asked to reside in London altogether to be of more use on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, but this offer was of course declined. It would not have coincided with his liturgical studies, "Dalmatian History," and "Hymnology," of which he speaks much at this time. There had been some talk in January of an appeal to the East, presumably on the subject of re-union, and he was very urgent as to the necessity of consulting experts personally acquainted with their customs, William Palmer, George Williams, or Blackmore, as to the proper manner of approaching Eastern prelates. A tentative petition was framed and sent to him for revision, for we find reference made to the document in a letter to Webb, Feast of King Charles the Martyr, January 30, 1851.

"I don't see much to object to in the form of the petition, except that it should state more plainly what we want. No one could say whether we are asking them to consecrate us Bishops, or receive us to communion without Bishops. . . . But I think that the letter might be much better done. It is so thoroughly English. Fancy 'a dubious theory of development,' in Greek! The way *should* have been to write in Greek, and then translate into English for the subscribers' benefit. Then again, no one in their senses will give names till the authors of the scheme give theirs. It would be a work of immense correspondence. The Holy Greek Synod will not decide for themselves, and who is to carry all this on?"

"In my judgment it cannot answer; but that makes no difference if it is right to try. The *Filioque* will upset it. I suppose that Blackmore, Palmer, and I are the only men in the English Church who are thoroughly convinced that the Latin doctrine is grievously erroneous, suspected of heresy, and, even if logically carried out, heretical. Half our men would never 'alter the creed,' as they would call it. The Bishop of Brechin is very strong on the point. . . . I will write to Mouravieff, all well, in a day or two, and perhaps to Philaret of Moscow, and you shall see the letter."

His energies were thus expended generously and happily in divers directions, when he was suddenly startled by the unexpected outbreak of internal troubles in the College. Even after all the evidence has been weighed, and facts and statements verified, their cause is more or less inexplicable. An intimate acquaintance with the underground workings of the uninstructed rustic mind can alone throw any light upon the subject. It must be remembered that when the new Warden first came to East Grinstead, he had come in the guise of a revolutionist, a revolutionist, moreover, whose methods and ideas were altogether foreign to the pensioners, though they were ready to regard them with indulgence as youthful and possibly harmless experiments. But there were inevitably malcontents. The Collegians had a sort of traditional respect for his position which silenced outward expressions of dissatisfaction, but when inconvenienced,

or as they conceived wronged, by the enforcement of rules or the privation of unauthorized indulgences, they pondered, with the curious suspiciousness of old age and ignorance, upon the incomprehensible liberality and zeal of their Superior. This discontent was no doubt confined to a small minority. After the Bishop's inhibition, as late as 1853, they all put their names to the petition in defence of their Warden and their rights. One little root of suspicion however is easily propagated. In the village and countryside Neale had many enemies, and one or two powerful neighbours, anxious to find occasion for strife, and ready to fix upon any pretext to raise a no-popery cry. The element of fanaticism, that had to a certain extent excused the riots of the past century, was not present to justify this movement. It was rather one of individual spite and rancour, and from its indulgence the inmates had a vague notion of reaping personal advantages. The actual occasion was a chance spark from an unknown hand, thrown almost at hazard upon smouldering embers of dissatisfaction.

The immediate cause of the disturbance at this distance of time seems incredible, and even then might have well been regarded as merely an excuse for the attack. Neale had taken a very decided part in what was termed "funeral reform," a subject exciting a good deal of attention, and more especially designed to relieve the unnecessary burden placed upon the poor, who, in the hour of bereavement, were often compelled (by the imperative force of public opinion and the exigencies of custom) to spend their scanty means in the ostentatious paraphernalia of woe. If solely for this reason there was urgent need of important alterations in the mode of conducting burials. But the Christian point of view went deeper, though in some respects its outward expression was the same. Simplicity and reverence were to mark attendance upon the dead; and dreariness and gloom were to be banished as far as possible, since the grave had become to the believer the gate of immortal life. It was about this time that Neale had written to the *Ecclesiologist*,

suggesting the formation of a burial guild. Probably he had received the idea from the useful and pious work done by the Misericordia that he had witnessed abroad. His mind was occupied with the subject. He had endeavoured to improve matters in Sackville College; he had provided a bier and a pall; and to their use, as he justly observes, it was supposed no one in their senses could object. Every one who has been with the poor at the last, knows how their minds dwell upon adjuncts of death which some of us would prefer to forget. Indeed the prospect of a well-attended and respectably conducted funeral has sometimes been known to afford consolation when considerations of far more moment have been of no avail; and it need not therefore surprise us to learn, that one of the old pensioners on her death-bed had earnestly entreated that these accessories should be used at her funeral. Her relations raised a storm of opposition, and soon found that upon this frivolous pretext they were able to enlist upon their side a large number of undisciplined forces—rough lads and evil-minded persons from the village and neighbouring hamlets, ready to seize the opportunity to show what brute force could do under the guise of religion.

A martyr is not usually canonized in his lifetime by the popular vote; and the unfortunate are more severely judged than the successful. Every one knew that the Warden of Sackville College, though he might be famed for his learning, was out of favour with his superiors. His own Bishop had done everything possible to silence and prejudice him in the eyes of his flock. The law, as the rustic mind understood it, was a great irresistible power, chiefly employed for the punishment of evil-doers. When people were summoned or taken before the magistrate the inference was that they were guilty, or at any rate persons whose company it would be wise to shun. Now the Warden himself had been brought into court, though what was meant by the Court of Arches no one could rightly tell. He had, it is true, faithful friends, and the small band of helpless pensioners, with one or two exceptions, were firm in his defence; but all about them there buzzed

noxious busy assailants, who asked questions it was hard for the simple-minded to answer. Were not the rites practised in the chapel foreign inventions? Was not the Warden himself a Papist in disguise? What object could he have in his charities: was he not feeding men's bodies that by his dangerous doctrines he might destroy their souls? This spirit had been abroad, and it was not one easy to deal with, possibly it might be better ignored. But at length it reached a climax, bringing trouble and distress that had to be faced, upon a peaceful household. On the occasion of the funeral, a riotous mob surrounded the College, the poor coffin was taken from the bearers and carried to the village inn: no decency, not to say respect, was shown to the dead. It was in vain that Neale harangued a crowd mad with excitement and drink, and before the tumult could be quelled an additional force of police had to be called in. Bonfires were lighted in dangerous proximity to the buildings, missiles thrown and windows broken and, as so often happens, the respectable inhabitants were useless in defence, for fear of being confounded with the insurgents.

The ringleaders were discovered and committed for trial, and, for a time, there was outward peace, but the episode had revealed a disquieting state of feeling. It was impossible for any man in Neale's position to be indifferent to it. The smaller the circle the more disturbing would be the force of adverse currents. Ever since he came to East Grinstead he had freely given his time, his substance, and his affections to the College. He had not been at pains to explain the motive-power of his life: and obviously it could only be comprehended by those who had themselves experienced the love of God constraining an unconscious self-sacrifice of service.

The knowledge that in one sense he had spent himself in vain, even failing to uphold in the eyes of the ignorant and prejudiced the sanctity of his office and the nobility of the Christian character, pressed heavily upon his heart. Fortunately resentment, though strong and keen, was short-lived: his elastic spirits had great recuperative

power: but there were elements of unusual bitterness in this trial rendering it hard to be borne. There is a dignity in sorrow, a glory in suffering persecution, but it is most apparent in retrospect, and in this case the sordid character of the opposition, and the triviality of the charges, rather enhanced their results, so far as his own peace of mind was concerned.

There was no cause, it might be said, for heroism, but much need of that patient meekness in the face of injustice, that unretaliating charity in word and deed too frequently regarded by the world as a confession of weakness.

Soon after this lamentable occurrence he addressed a printed letter, wherein this temper is manifested, to the inhabitants of East Grinstead, though he does not refrain from an expression of just indignation at the cowardly and unjustifiable conduct of his enemies.

“You will observe,” he writes, “that while I do not pretend to dictate to you what you should believe and how you should act (for this is none of my duty), you do pretend to dictate to me what I should think and do; and some of you have had recourse to the last resource of a bad cause—brute force. You hear much of Popish bigotry, intolerance, oppression, and persecution. Did not the riot of last Tuesday week prove that these things can be practised by some who are loudest in exclaiming against them? . . . Let what you call Tractarianism, Puseyism, Popery, but what I know to be the Faith of the Church of England, heartily held, and honestly expressed, be as bad and dangerous as it may—is this a likely way *to put it down*? Is it not certain that such outbreaks must strengthen it? Must they not necessarily confirm the sufferers in that for which they suffer? Will not they lead others to say there must be something in these doctrines? Will they not induce all fair men to regard with suspicion principles allied with a disguised mob and supported by a riot? . . . And now in conclusion, it is my hearty wish that what is past may be past. I am only sorry that the postponement of the trials of those who were committed for the riot must keep alive till August, some soreness on their parts, and on those of their families.

But for the rest, I trust that we have seen an end, not only of open deeds of violence, but, as far as may be, of hard thoughts and bitter speeches: at all events an end of calumnies which, if persevered in, will oblige us to bring their propagators to legal punishment. Give me credit for every good wish as regards yourselves, for the most perfect determination in no way to interfere with the concerns of the parish, and an equally resolute determination not to suffer any interference with those of the College."

These extracts from the letter exemplify his tone and attitude. They might have appealed to those who desired to judge justly, and only required to be informed and guided; but such was by no means the position of his antagonists, and the saddest part of the whole matter was the deliberate attempt to poison the minds of the pensioners against their best friend. "Prejudice," it has been truly said, "is the child of ignorance;" and the strong hold it has over illiterate minds is to many of us a matter of personal experience. "The man convinced against his will" is well known to us all. In Neale's case, the consequences of single words of misrepresentation were far-reaching and ineradicable.

It must not, of course, be supposed that they marred his work or persistently overshadowed his life; but for some years they created an atmosphere of distrust and hostility in quarters where he might have most confidently expected to meet with sympathy and support.

As late as 1855, discontented spirits within the College itself made formal complaints of regulations being enforced and Statutes broken by order of the Warden. The closing of the College gates at certain hours had given offence, and they now for the first time discovered that, by the law of the old foundation, no one under the age of fifty was eligible for the office of Warden. All kinds of reports were circulated. The Bishop's inhibition was cited as condemnatory of Neale's continued ministrations; investigations were set on foot and brought before the Charity Commissioners, with the result that charges remained unproved and grievances unredressed; whilst

Neale and the pensioners alike were troubled and harassed by examinations and inquiries into the most minute details of the everyday life of the College. Again he addressed a letter (perhaps too long and too explanatory), not to his accusers, but to the inmates themselves. It was a difficult thing to do, as it was necessarily a vindication of what should have needed no defence, and it is ever invidious for a man to plead his own cause. But strong feeling had been roused, and he may have felt it wiser to write than to speak. At any rate he believed it would make a more lasting impression.

"I have lived with you," he says in this letter, "for just nine years. During that time we have all seen a great many changes, but one thing you have never seen and never will see change—my love for this College. Through evil report and good report I have fought its battles and worked in its interest. Some of you can remember the state in which I found it; many of you can recollect step by step what I have done for it. . . . When I came among you the College was in the last state of decay. . . . As you know, the patrons built the hall, I built the chapel. These two between them cost a thousand pounds, a far larger sum than had, till then, been laid out on the College for two hundred years. . . . But all this in itself would be of little use to you, unless yourselves were taken care of as well as the College. Now, I appeal to you whether, when other people have been so kind as to leave us alone, we have not gone on quietly and happily together? . . . We well know that, for the last three months, we, who used to live so comfortably and happily, have been exposed to annoyances and troubles of which it would be difficult to make any one at a distance understand the full extent. You have been overwhelmed with all sorts of inquiries, investigations, questions, examinations. Why, no one can tell, and we least of all. . . . It is no secret that the end and aim of the present proceedings is to remove me from the Wardenship. . . . Suppose that we were driven away, it is certain that no clergyman would ever take the Wardenship again. Who would expose himself to annoyance, insult, vexation? And all for what? The College would soon return to the condition out of which, with so much labour, Lord De la Warr and myself have dragged it.

"I do not forget that I am writing in Passion Week. I wish to forgive—I do most heartily forgive—those who have done me wrong. But I wish you not to be deceived. I wish you to see who are your true friends, and who are not. Is it those who work among you, care for you, help you, pray with you, comfort you, know you; who are one with you in all that you hope, fear, or wish; who see you daily, who give to you daily, who have none but yourselves to attend to, who belong to you? Or is it those who never come near you but to inquire and investigate, to wrong and vex, to stir us up against each other, to exaggerate or to invent complaints? Your own good sense can tell you."

No one can pretend to judge what course it would have been best to pursue. To an outsider it might certainly appear that an attempt to justify himself to his poor bedesmen was derogatory to his position, and an appeal to the uncertain quality of their own good sense not likely to be effectual. At the same time, the terms upon which he had associated himself with them must be taken into account. They were those of a frank equality. They were to be members of one family. He was wiser, they were older. They might defer to his knowledge; he must reverence their age. It was, at any rate, an effort, upon a small scale and within a limited area, to put in practice the ideal of a Christian Brotherhood. Yet it was an attempt likely to be misunderstood; and those who had most benefited by his efforts had misjudged him.

There are few notes of despondency, and very seldom complaints even to intimate friends. But, as he said, he "did not underrate these vexations;" and in one letter wondered "if any one had more troubles." Nevertheless his disposition was so sanguine, that though all around him might be dark, he always saw light on the horizon.

When public matters were in question it was the same; for instance, with respect to some unfortunate resolution passed at a committee-meeting, he writes—

"I fear, indeed, that the game is eventually lost. However, we may make a good fight with powers yet.

Anyhow, don't let us give up until we are actually check-mated. . . . If we could but last ten years, all the religion in the professing Church would be on our side. I don't know why, but sometimes I think we shall beat after all."

Possibly the onslaught of massed forces in the open field helped him to forget the petty wounds inflicted by single skirmishers; and all through his life, when harassed and wearied, in sickness or discouragement, he found un-failing strength and refreshment in the history of the past. It is curious, in relation to this fact, to note the words of a man of entirely opposite views and prepossessions.

"The mediæval Church," writes Henry Sidgwick, "seems to me almost the only interesting thing in the dreary confusion of futile little wars that fill the chronicles of feudalism. It is such a strange mixture of sublimity, and meanness, unselfishness, and grovelling corruption."

"The futile little wars" at East Grinstead were also gladly forgotten, as Neale plunged into studies of the elaborate symbolism, the mystical interpretations, the perplexing controversies, the noble confessions of faith and the acts of martyrs, composing the history of those times.

In this year he undertook a very laborious and little known piece of work—a translation of the "Moral Concordances of S. Anthony of Padua:" "which form an index of Scripture, according to sense and not according to words, the principle of arrangement being the moral and practical bearing of the passages ranged together under one head." And this, he says, "may well compensate for occasional instances of far-fetched allusion or allegory."

This publication did not take place until 1856, and Dr. Littledale had hoped with his co-operation to compile a much fuller "Moral Concordance," with texts commented on by patristic, mediæval, and post-Reformation writers. At the time of Neale's death this scheme had not been carried out, and Dr. Littledale looked upon its fulfilment "as distant and doubtful."

In 1854, also, Neale collected for the first time "The

Ancient Liturgies of the Gallican Church," with an Introduction ; and in this serious undertaking he was assisted by the Rev. G. Forbes, brother of Bishop Forbes of Brechin, the work being subsequently printed by Mr. Forbes himself, at the Pitsligo Press. The liturgies were proved in a great measure to be based on the Mozarabic.

Another publication to be specially noted as bearing upon his work as a preacher, was the small volume, with a preface dated Trinity, 1856, on "*Mediæval Preaching*."

Long study and intimate knowledge had dispelled many illusions. He could not share the idea Pugin described as the first conception he had formed of the Middle Ages—"holy priests, holy monks, happy people, holy everybody." But the language and thoughts of mediæval writers had an irresistible fascination. He withdrew himself from this world of pressing disquieting incongruities into the regions of mysticism ; the curious mosaic of fanciful imagery gratified his tastes ; and deep spiritual meanings were disclosed in ingenious expositions of Holy Scripture.

"Mediæval preachers indeed knew perfectly well that such interpretations are powerful engines, as all sermons ought to be," and he extols in no measured terms their great acquaintance with the text as well as their discerning intuitive sense of its hidden meaning. He asserts in his preface "that every one who has studied the ritual and calendar of the Church must have speedily convinced himself that its whole aim and design is to be dramatic:" and he delights in the striking or grotesque illustrations whereby mediæval preachers fixed the attention of their hearers, just as he might have taken pleasure in some quaint sculpture or frightful emblem of evil in ancient architecture. He contrasts their methods with the formal and stilted delivery of sermons in fashion at the beginning of the century, to which even Charles Simeon, though himself lengthy and ponderous in exordium, had taken exception when he sat in judgment upon a young preacher. As the writer read over his composition he naturally emphasized the following eloquent passage :—

"Amidst the tumult and ecstasy of the children of Israel, the son of Amram stood unmoved!"

"The son of Amram! Who was he?"

"Why, sir, I meant Moses!"

"Then," thundered the critic, "if you *mean* Moses, why not *say* Moses?"

And he cites Vieyra, the Portuguese divine, born 1608, whom his countrymen styled the last of the mediæval preachers, in favour of simplicity.

"Let us learn from Heaven the way in which we are to arrange our matter and our words. How ought our words to be? Like the stars. The stars are very distinct and very clear. So should be the style of sermons, very clear and very distinct. And have no fear lest on that account it should appear low and vulgar. The stars, clear and distinct as they are, are most lofty. Style may be very clear and very lofty. . . . So a sermon might be, stars that all can see and very few can measure."

He likewise commends the mediæval preachers for striking one note only in each discourse. Bede, for instance, a most effective preacher, sought to make but one impression, whilst "we, on the contrary, think it necessary to add something at the end of a sermon lest the auditors should go away with a one-sided idea of truth. If we have been terrifying them by the prospect of God's vengeance, we cannot be content without throwing in something about His mercy as a make-weight. We forget that sermons addressed to the poor must necessarily be treated strongly and coarsely; and so we act much as a painter who would finish with the elaboration of a miniature a fresco intended to be looked at from a distance only."

In the same way he is indulgent towards the tendency to anecdotes and clerical jokes, that to the modern and more conventional hearers would certainly have a flavour of irreverence. As instances of popular preachers who dealt with jests as means of edification, he instances S. Robert of Arbrissel, the Apostle of Central France;

Peter of Celles, towards the end of the twelfth century; S. Thomas da Villanova, in the sixteenth century; and, amongst the Portuguese, Simon Rodriguez, Ignacio Martinz, and others. The first, he must confess, descends to absolute buffoonery, and this he repudiates, as well as the ecclesiastical inclination to make Latin puns in the pulpit,—one valued accomplishment of celebrated preachers. Nevertheless, as he points out, they gave good advice to their successors, especially with regard to brevity: S. Atto, Bishop of Verceil, who died about 960, and whose simple discourses can have lasted but a quarter of an hour in delivery, striking a decidedly modern note, as upon one, with possibly reluctant humility, he has inscribed this title, “The same sermon abbreviated, lest the common people should be disgusted.”

This volume contains extracts from celebrated preachers, ranging from the Venerable Bede to Vieyra. It was reprinted by Mozley in 1873, but became too little known to those for whose assistance and instruction it had been especially designed.

CHAPTER XVIII

Hymnology in the past—Webb's disapproval of hymns in the vernacular—Neale's taste in poetry—Southey's letter to Cornelius Neale—Neale's translations from the Latin and Greek—Examples of his original hymns.

FROM his earliest years, as we have seen, Neale had had what Webb described as a "fatal facility" for versification. Already in 1843, Webb had written in strong depreciation of hymns in the vernacular. If he could not have the old Latin hymns in the Offices of the Church, he would have none at all. Neale's answer is—

"Why not have English hymns, if we have English prayers? Surely English hymns, if good, are better than none? Depend upon it we shall be acting more upon the general principles of the Church, in making the best of a bad thing—allowing the universal abrogation of Latin to be so—than in saying, if we can't have that, we'll have none."

It was a strange phase of the reaction from the evangelical revival at the close of the eighteenth century, that one of the chief spiritual weapons for the instruction and encouragement of the unlearned disciples and converts of Christ should have been deliberately condemned by those in earnest about reawakening the conscience and extending the influence of the English Church. Fortunately these views were confined to a minority of the most rigid advocates of Church principles. "The Christian Year," with its unprecedented success (no less than 108,000 copies being circulated in twenty-six years, in forty-three editions), bore witness to the demand for religious poetry; the "Lyra

Apostolica " had gathered together many distinguished theologians of the day as its contributors; and food for meditation was provided, in the shape of translations from old standard books of devotion, to supply "Sunday reading" for a generation who had discarded Young's "Night Thoughts," the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy."

There were, however, comparatively few hymns well adapted for public worship besides those found between the covers of the Olney Methodist Hymn Book. And these seemed to some, for that very reason, hardly adapted to be bound up with the Book of Common Prayer. It is strange that the old Latin hymns and sacred songs, that since the days of Cædmon (who became a monk for the express purpose of devoting himself to religious poetry) had so greatly assisted devotion, should have been discredited and almost entirely excluded from the service books at the Reformation. Edward the Sixth's Primer (1553) had no hymns, though a few reappear in Elizabeth's. In fact, when the Latin tongue was discarded, there appears to have been no inclination to preserve the old carols, sequences, and office hymns in English. It was far otherwise in Germany. Paraphrases and translations of Latin hymns formed an integral part of Lutheran worship, and, after a time, found their way back to England. In Bishop Cosin's "Houres of Prayer" (1627) there are many translations of well-known hymns, such as the "Lauda Sion;" but during the times of the Civil War psalm singing was a distinctive note of the Puritan party, and Charles remained hidden in the oak,—

" While far below the Roundhead rode,
And humm'd a surly hymn."

In fact, good Church people still shared the contempt expressed by Queen Elizabeth for what she was pleased to term "Geneva jigs."

With comparatively few exceptions, the devotional poetry of Herrick, George Herbert, and Henry Vaughan was not suited for congregational purposes. Bishop

Ken's three great hymns for morning, evening, and midnight, as well as those for "all the Festivals," published posthumously in 1721, marked a revival of Church feeling, and, in their sober self-restrained piety, formed a strong contrast to the fierce and sanguinary psalms in which Roundheads and Covenanters invoked God's vengeance upon their enemies. After the time when metrical versions of the psalms were supposed to satisfy all devotional and poetical instincts, the greatest revival of spiritual song took place in 1736, with the publication of the "Methodist Hymn Book." Sung by countless multitudes under the open roof of heaven, prayer, penitence and praise were swept into the overflowing measures of Charles Wesley's verse, resembling an instrument responsive to every touch, and expressing, in tones of unsurpassed beauty, the contrition, confidence, and triumph of each sin-stained ransomed soul. Since the days when Clement Marot's *sanctes chansonnettes* were sung alike by Catholics and Protestants, in the palace, in the fields, or upon the scaffold—days when Diane de Poitiers was moved to sing the metrical version of the "De Profundis" to a dance tune, and their power was for more than a century one of the most important elements in the successes of the Huguenots,—no hymns had attained to so effectual a popularity.¹ "Even Catholics," as Faber writes, "may be found poring with an unsuspecting delight over the 'Olney hymns ;'" and upon himself "they acted like a spell, strong enough to be for a long time a counter-influence to very grave convictions."

The *cantiques* of the French Missions, and the *laudi spirituali* of Italy are organized weapons of spiritual warfare, and it was inevitable that a revival of missionary zeal in the Church of England should bring with it a desire to employ every legitimate method of evangelization at her command.

Neale was anxious not to limit his authorship to religious poetry which, like the "Christian Year" provided spiritual reading ; but to translate the Latin hymns, to

¹ Prothero, "The Psalms in Human Life."

be once more employed in the services of the Church, and write original hymns for use in the congregation. Webb attributed this desire to the slough of Evangelicalism which clung to him ; and, in a long letter, of September, 1849, wrote with discouraging candour—

“I don’t believe that we subjective men *can* write hymns, which should be altogether objective. You and others may make uncommonly pretty imitations ; but they are only like leaves of the ‘Rejected Addresses.’ The ancient hymns are bald, meagre, rude, etc., but with all this there is in them a simplicity, a vigour, a heart, that one loves them. . . . I am more and more convinced that the age of hymns has passed. Happy those who can use the ancient Latin ones ; with our vernacular we have lost our privilege. It is the same thing throughout ; the translation into English reduced everything to common sense—the curse or glory (as you choose) of our present ritual. . . . I doubt, in short, the possibility of the language of common life, in such an age as this, being fit for this sort of composition.”

Neale was not to be disheartened. He contemplated translating some hymns from the Breviary as a tentative hymnology, and he adds—

“As to what you say about my not having cast the slough of Evangelicalism, I don’t think it is true—at least in the sense you mean. Subjectively it may be. And as for my standing up for hymns because I—or any fool—can write rhymes, that is too absurd. No ; you profess not to like any poetry—therefore of course not hymns. I am more liberal. I don’t enter into painting, but I don’t pooh-pooh pictures in churches, though I don’t enter into them myself.”

The years, as they passed, had only confirmed the convictions thus expressed in his youth, and, in the midst of the multitudinous undertakings he had in hand, he constantly went back to the translating or composition of hymns—just as a musician, engaged upon more arduous work, may adapt some old melody or improvise a simple air in intervals of leisure or recreation.

He had great qualifications for the work ; and, so

far as his translations are concerned, the facility Webb condemned had no power to lead him astray. He had too deep a reverence to touch the work of great saints and writers with a rash, unpractised hand. Upon his translations he spent an unstinted and elaborate care sometimes lacking in the case of his original verse. It is one striking evidence of his love for the past, that the old gems which he reset were neither dimmed nor defaced in the process.

He had a genuine love for poetry, informed by much varied reading, and altogether independent of public opinion and established codes. A drama, a ballad, or a lyrical poem, were not only valued for their poetical merit, but for the tale they told. Though he readily recognized subtle forms of poetic beauty in quaint mediæval attire, he was impatient of the vague sweetness of much modern poetry. Amongst modern dramas he gave a preference to Taylor's "Philip van Artevelde;" but strangely failed to appreciate either the deliberate majesty of Wordsworth's poems or the high dignity of the thoughts they enshrined. In fact, in the regions of the imagination, he would have wished philosophic considerations and abstract truths to be subordinated to the movement of the verse and the personal interest of the subject. It was a land of mystery and enchantment, where he sought swift effects and dramatic surprises. He was more at home in "the wizard twilight" Coleridge knew, than in the calmer realms of meditative thought. He had, moreover, an hereditary admiration for Southey. His father, Cornelius Neale, had sent some dramatic work to Keswick, and from the laborious, overburthened poet, always at leisure to be kind, had received greatly valued encouragement.

"Your tragedy," Southey wrote, on January 15, 1814, "reached me last night, and I could say much in its praise. . . . Should any occasion lead you into this part of the world, I trust you will give me an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with one who, I think, is destined to hold a high place among our dramatic writers."

This carefully preserved and treasured appreciation of his father may have directed Neale's attention to Southey's writings, and the easy versification of the Laureate's lengthy stories read in youth, remained in his memory, and made them favourites with him to the end.

To turn from questions of taste and appreciation to his own productions, it may be said that, unlike some of the masters of sacred song, neither his style nor his metres were those of a school. He had a very correct and sensitive ear for melody in verse, but no technical knowledge of music. Ken sang, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," before he laid down to rest; George Herbert played anthems and psalms upon his lute; but Neale, though he enjoyed music, especially Handel or some oratorio, had no real musical capacity. Nevertheless, his hymns are well adapted for music, his sense of rhythm and poetical cadences naturally lending themselves to harmonious accompaniments. There is frequently a vigour, a spirit, and marching measure in his verse especially fitting it for processional use. His hymns are often in the nature of spiritual war songs—the triumphant trumpet note of victory sounding above the stress and strain of conflict; and though he was fond of experiments in metre, his best-known hymns have a simplicity of construction and unity of purpose likely to ensure popularity.

Before going further into his original merits as a composer, it may be useful to consider, as illustrative of his character, the large amount of labour spent upon metrical translations. His earliest efforts, as we have seen, were in the shape of translations from the Latin, and one of his last publications in 1866, just before his death, was a translation of the "Stabat Mater."

It is very significant that, in spite of his consciousness of original gifts, he should have thrown himself with untiring enthusiasm into the elucidation and reproduction of other men's minds and works. It would not be so remarkable in a student, who, however profound and accurate his learning, yet felt himself deficient in powers of expression, but with Neale to feel and to know was to

speak and to write. It is therefore peculiarly interesting to note the unselfish diligence with which he set aside any projects of his own in order to make known the great writers of the past to those who might otherwise have been unacquainted with them. He was no mere imitator. Accuracy of expression and perfection of form might in themselves have failed to preserve the beauty and the essence of a poet's conceptions. Like the artist of whom Nathaniel Hawthorne writes, Neale's translations had "that evanescent and ethereal life—that flitting fragrance, as it were, of the originals—which it is as difficult to catch and retain, as it would be for a sculptor to get the very movement and varying colour of a living man into his marble bust."

His acknowledged success was the result of religious endeavour and reverent perceptions. Archbishop Trench, to whom Neale over and over again pays a grateful tribute of praise and admiration for his labours in the same field, speaks with the authority of a distinguished expert as to Neale's exceptional gifts as a translator. In his preface to his "*Sacred Latin Poetry*," 1864, he affirms, that "by patient researches in almost all European lands, he has brought to light a multitude of hymns unknown before; in a treatise on sequences properly so called, has for the first time explained their essential character, while to him the English reader owes versions of some of the best hymns, such as often successfully overcome the almost insuperable difficulties which some of them present to the translator."

The fact was that Neale was not merely a classical scholar, he was thoroughly versed in the prevalent ideas and liturgical customs of mediæval times; and one of his first translations from the Latin is "*Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*," 1851; second edition, 1861; third edition 1863.

"It is a magnificent thing," he says, "to pass along the far-reaching vista of hymns, from the sublime self-containedness of S. Ambrose to the more fervid inspiration of S. Gregory, the exquisite typology of Venantius

Fortunatus, the lovely painting of S. Damiani, the crystal-like simplicity of S. Notker, the scriptural calm of Godescalcus, the subjective loveliness of S. Bernard, till all culminate in the full blaze of glory which surrounds Adam of S. Victor, the greatest of them all."

This volume included "Hora Novissima," afterwards separately published under the title of the "Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny," and dedicated to the Sisters of East Grinstead, as their favourite hymn. His extracts from the three thousand lines of the original poem are said to give little idea of the scope and prevailing tone of this wonderful composition, which contains a scathing condemnation and a bitter satire upon the luxurious vices of the age. The well-known hymns, "Jerusalem the Golden" and "Brief life is here our portion," are bright with the jewelry of the New Jerusalem, and echo in jubilant reiteration the triumphant song of the redeemed; but the dread of judgment and the terrors of hell are left unexpressed in the translation, hidden from ordinary readers in the "dactylic hexameters" of the awestricken monk.¹

But in the generality of Neale's translations he most faithfully preserves the spirit, as well as the phrases and frequently the precise metre, of the original. As we turn over the leaves of his journal day after day, in the midst of other records of business or correspondence, there come such notes as these—February 11, 1851: "In the coach, "turned" (his expression for translating) "*Sancte Dei Preciose*. 13th. At night turned *Jesu quadragenariæ*. 22nd. At night turned *Christe Salvator Omnium*," and so on, day after day, or rather night after night, for this work was often accomplished in the quiet hours of darkness. Sometimes it seemed as if no obstacle could check his natural fluency; such a perfected habit that, in later years, with the Latin only before him, he would read the lessons to the Sisters in English without the slightest hesitation. This faculty, natural or cultivated, was once

¹ See Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology."

exercised to surprise and mystify Keble, and is exemplified by the following anecdote. When the Bishop of Salisbury and Keble were compiling a hymn-book, Neale was invited to assist them. He called at Hursley Parsonage, and, after talking with his guest, Keble left the room to search for papers, and was unexpectedly detained. When he returned, Neale observed with a touch of reproach that he had always understood the "Christian Year" to be entirely original. Keble replied that it most certainly was. "Then how do you explain this?" and Neale drew forth a Latin version of one of the poems, and placed it before him. Keble, too simple-minded to be suspicious, was confounded, and could only protest in distressed astonishment that he had never seen the original before; but, though relieved, he can hardly have been less surprised when Neale explained that he had taken advantage of his absence to turn the English into Latin.

This ease, however, never led him into careless haste; and, in the case of some hymns, he would spend hours and even days in seeking for an English word most faithfully expressing the mind of the writer.

To many, who have no idea of their origin or antiquity, how dear and familiar have his translations from the Latin hymns become! Sung in cathedrals or humble village churches, hymns like the "Vexilla Regis"—"The royal banners forward go," for Passion Sunday; the long triumphant Easter story, told in the three parts of "Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky;" "The Lamb's high banquet called to share," for a Paschal Eucharist; the Alleluia hymn with its irrepressible gladness breaking out in each verse—

"Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of Heav'n; O sweetly raise
 An endless Alleluia.
This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack
 An endless Alleluia."

The "O quanta qualia"—"O what the joy and the glory must be,"—and other equally well-known hymns,

too numerous to mention, seem to contradict Faber's theory that translations could not express Saxon thoughts and feelings, and would fail to satisfy the wants of the poor; and whilst Faber was writing some of his most beautiful and popular hymns to satisfy their needs, the compilers of the "Hymnal Noted" and others were turning back to old sources, and seeking to make from them "satisfactory provision for this important part of Christian worship." The first part of the "Hymnal Noted" appeared in 1852, and the second in 1854. Out of one hundred and five hymns, ninety-four were Neale's translations from the Latin; and he always retained the pleasantest recollections of his work in connection with this compilation.

"Some," he writes, "of the happiest and most instructive hours of my life were spent in the sub-committee of the Ecclesiological Society appointed for the purpose of bringing out the Second Part of the 'Hymnal Noted.' It was my business to lay before them the translations I had prepared, and theirs to correct. The study which this required drew out the beauties of the original in a way which nothing else could have done; and the friendly collisions of various minds elicited ideas which a single translator would in all probability have missed."

Later, he accomplished a yet more difficult task; a volume of translations from the "Hymns of the Eastern Church," published in 1862.

"It is," he says in his preface to the first edition, "a most remarkable fact, and one which shows how little interest has been hitherto felt in the Eastern Church, that these are literally, I believe, the only English versions of any part of the treasures of Oriental hymnology;" and he begs his readers "not to forget the immense difficulty of an attempt so perfectly new as the present, when I have had no predecessors, and therefore could have no master."

It was a field in which Neale found himself especially at home. The general character of Greek hymnology is objective, breathing a spirit of self-forgetful praise or rapt contemplation of the Divine attributes, with little

reference to the needs, in prayer and penitence, of the human soul ; and since its varying moods are for the most part ignored, these fine productions have a certain sameness, and the long canons, rich in jubilant repetitions, are set in one key. Neale's versions, though eminently successful in embodying and expressing their spirit, do not profess to be accurate reproductions of metres or language ; "Come, ye faithful, raise the strain" ¹ being the only one amongst them which can be called exact. Some of these Eastern hymns are more widely known and more constantly sung than even those from Latin sources.

His original hymns have a freshness, and vigour, and animating hopefulness calculated to strengthen and refresh the weak and faint-hearted. Their authorship is often unacknowledged, since he freely gave them for the use of the Church and retained no copyrights.

To give but one instance, the verses—

" Art thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distressed ?
 ' Come to Me,' saith One, ' and coming
 Be at rest !'

" If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last ?
 ' Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
 Jordan past.' "

are familiar to many who have never heard his name, and the same dominant note of triumph is sounded even above the grave.

" The prize, the prize secure !
 The athlete nearly fell ;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well :
 But he may smile at troubles gone
 Who sets the victor garland on."

All his hymns are absolutely free from sentimentality, either of thought or diction. There is a sense of pressing

¹ "Hymns Ancient and Modern," 133.

forward, a hurrying towards a goal, and notes of encouragement to cheer the toilworn traveller on his way. As Dr. Littledale observed, there was a masculine strength in his writings, the more remarkable as they were so often addressed to women, and the same observation may be applied with equal truth to his hymns. Perhaps one of the most characteristic is the long sequence, "The foe behind—the deep before,"¹ with its varied metre, bursts of triumph alternating with cradle songs of peace:—

"Seals assuring,
Guards securing,
Watch His earthly prison;
Seals are shattered,
Guards are scattered
Christ is risen!"

And then, in soft, smooth accents—

"No longer must the mourners weep
Nor call departed Christians dead,
For death is hallowed into sleep
And every grave becomes a bed."

To be followed by the lines in which we hear the tramp and song of the soldiers—

"Where our banner leads us
We may safely go;
Where our Chief precedes us
We may face the foe.

"His right arm is o'er us,
He our Guide will be:
Christ hath gone before us,
Christians, follow ye!"

A complete list of his hymns would fill many pages; his first collection, "Hymns for Children," was published in 1842, his thirteenth and last, "Original Sequences, Hymns, and other Ecclesiastical Verses," being issued under Dr. Littledale's direction after his death. Dr. Littledale, indeed, had often collaborated with him in

¹ "Hymns Ancient and Modern," 498.

this as in other literary undertakings. His own well-known original hymns and translations from the Danish, Swedish, Greek, Latin, Syriac, and Italian bearing witness to his knowledge and proficiency.

With the exception of his writings on the Eastern Church, there was probably no part of his literary work that, in retrospect, gave Neale such unmixed pleasure. His hymns not only appealed to the scholar and the student, but they quickened and inspired public and private devotion. Little children learnt them by heart; the old and solitary turned to them for comfort. Christmas after Christmas his "Good King Wenceslaus" and other carols have been sung by countless young and happy voices in almost every land where the English tongue is spoken. When his children grew older, he would often gather them, and the servants and pensioners, around him, and there, within the hall at Christmas, or in Easter time in the quadrangle, the carols were sung again to the familiar melodies, some original, some brought and transcribed from long-past times and distant lands. It is no wonder that, over and over again in his journals, as he sends forth another volume of sacred verse, or notes some message or letter of approval, he humbly thanks God for what he has been enabled to accomplish in these several ways for the good of the Church and her members.

CHAPTER XIX.

Travels in Holland and Denmark—Visit to the Bollandists—Tours in Spain and Portugal—Political views—Memorial with regard to Bishop Gobat's action in Palestine—Doctrine of the Real Presence—First idea of the formation of S. Margaret's Sisterhood.

IN spite of Neale's love for Sackville College and the peaceful meadow lands and wooded hills surrounding it, it must at times have been a relief to shut the doors of his study behind him, quit the daily round of duty within those limited precincts, and, not in imagination only, seek fresh scenes and wider horizons.

He not infrequently went abroad, often for the purpose of studying the ecclesiology or history of the countries he visited—a study always to him a form of recreation. A tour in Holland was undertaken in 1851, when he was on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, to which paper he contributed a series of letters on the Churches of Holland, and the so-called Jansenist Church of Utrecht.

As usual when he was travelling, he was on the alert to pick up every sort of information about the architecture, history, habits, and customs of the country he was visiting, not from guide-books and ordinary sources open to the casual stranger, but from those qualified to speak with authority. Utrecht he found to be—

“very like Cambridge, with its walks by the canal; the cathedral even now not ‘less than Archangel.’ The curator of the library was very civil indeed, and I wrote out four sequences and two hymns from two very scarce books not existing in England. He also mentioned M. Werkhoven, a Jansenist priest, as likely to tell me all that

I wanted to know. On him I called, and we had a long conversation. They have three bishops, thirty priests, and about five thousand laity. He told me there would be no objection to my calling on M. Van Santen, the Archbishop, so I went to his house and sent in my name, and after a little time he came down. A most venerable-looking old man he is: he has been Archbishop twenty-six years. With him I had a long and very interesting talk, and he gave me a book of his, the '*Déclaration des Evêques de Hollande adressée à toute l'Eglise Catholique.*' He has a very fine library. There are in Utrecht seven Catholic, seven Protestant, and three Jansenist churches.'

The following year he was in Hamburg—

"a princely merchant city: the planted ramparts and the hundreds and hundreds of vessels that fill the Elbe are indeed a wonderful sight. I have been all over the town, and never saw one which more strongly gave me the idea of being wholly given up to idolatry of gold and silver. There are only five churches for a population of a hundred thousand; and some of these, my guide told me, have not fifty at morning-prayer on Sundays, and they all women. They are quite the worst Lutherans I have seen."

In Denmark he had also a delightful tour, gathering up memories of blue seas and green islands, afterwards commemorated in the descriptive passages of his stories for children—

"You can scarcely imagine the loveliness of those little blue fiords running up between beech and pine groves, reflecting those wonderful wooden belfries in which the Danes delight, tall, ladder-like erections on the summit of the town, with the little, shapeless, barn-like church lying in the valley beneath; a bright, sunny, rippling sea, so blue that it maps itself out against the grey holms or green islands that rise from its bosom, so shallow that mile after mile you catch, on the golden sand beneath it, the net-work of the sunbeams."

All this natural beauty must have been an open door into a purer, higher region than that of religious strife, though even here he was occupied with the ecclesiastical

problems of Denmark. He discourses upon them at length, having become acquainted with some of the leading theologians, and he has come to the conclusion—

“that what we call Christian, they call Catholic. They do believe in the Incarnation, and in the Trinity, and in the Real Presence—and that is about the amount of what they mean. All this I must dilate upon in the *Morning Chronicle*. It will not please Hope, I am afraid. However, I have now quite made up my mind about the Danes, and will fight against them to the knife.”

In the August of this same year, he took his mother out to Aix for her health—a deliberate journey on the invalid’s account, so that he saw a good deal by the way. At Tournay he visited the cathedral, the grandest Romanesque building he knew, and there, too, he was able to copy out sequences in the library. Then to Brussels, where he found “a very religious picture of Giotto’s, and a great many irreligious ones of Rubens.” And here he had one of the most interesting interviews he ever recorded—a memorable visit to the Bollandists. He ever afterwards looked back to it with the greatest gratitude and gratification.

“I went to the College,” he writes, “being rather doubtful whether I could see the Bollandist Library without an introduction. I was shown into a waiting-room with a synopsis of the course of education at the College, and I was told that the Bollandist Father Bosser would come presently. I knew him by name well enough, and he, it seems, knew me also. He is about forty; and I also saw Father Van Hecke—he is rather younger. The library is in two oblong rooms, and very well arranged: Ecclesiastical history—general, local,—Bulls, Councils, Fathers, Schoolmen, Missals, Breviaries and miscellaneous books. Down the middle of the room is a low book-case, filled with cases for the succeeding days of the year, into each of which, when one of the writers finds anything connected with that day, he puts it by for future use. I saw the proofs of the fifty-fifth volume; they have printed five hundred pages, and have three proofs a week. They showed me several letters of the ancient Bollandists and one of Bellarmine’s.

Then they took all possible pains about sequences ; they had, however, but two missals that I did not know. . . . This was the first time that I ever had an opportunity of comparing myself with a first-rate ecclesiastical scholar, and I think we were mutually edified. I sat with Father Bosser in his room (for they work in their rooms) some time ; he was correcting a revise of the 'Life of S. Vervanus.' I don't know when I have spent a pleasanter afternoon. I marked such sequences as I have not, and they will copy them out for me. I, on my part, am to resolve an English question for them about the reign of Stephen."

There must have been something engaging in his single-minded desire to gain fresh knowledge from every possible quarter ; it overcame his natural shyness, and sent him eager and unabashed into unknown places and the presence of strangers, and we repeatedly find a record of the greeting and welcome he received.

The Bollandist Fathers were exceedingly civil. The curators of the libraries gladly displayed their books, the superior of the Beguinage at Mecklin was all courtesy ; Dutch ecclesiastics and Greek priests explained their views and liturgies. From one he gains a sight of some ancient manuscript, from another an interpretation of a disputed passage ; a rare missal is shown, or a copy furnished of a sequence, in kind and willing response to his acquisitive inclinations. To accurate knowledge, in conjunction with impetuous research, some ebullitions of frank egotism might well be pardoned.

No one could have been better fitted to receive oral instruction in foreign countries, so great was his capacity for getting into relations with the inhabitants, his linguistic powers facilitating mutual understanding.

In 1853, he accepted Mr. Murray's invitation to write a "Hand-book of Portugal." He was anxious to explore the comparatively little known ecclesiology of that country, and his first tour was made in the congenial society of Bishop Forbes of Brechin, the Rev. H. L. Jenner, afterwards Bishop of Dunedin, and Mr. J. H. Rogers.

He wrote long letters from Portugal, some of a dry and

technical character, for the *Ecclesiologist*, others full of the strong lights and shades, the little coves and fishing villages, the red-grey ruined buildings, the glittering brooks and dark Basque mountains—a rambling itinerary, to be sent home. It evidences close and detailed observation of the natural features of Spain and Portugal—

“the high plateau of Castille, more colourless than the Cambridgeshire fens—it might be drawn with chalk and ashes, it gives the effect of one perpetual February afternoon; the vast plains of grass with low hills skirting the horizon on the road to Valladolid; the way from Foro, through valleys among bare sandcliffs, and then through pleasant woods or rather chases, the air everywhere perfumed with the may, which here is most lovely; lupins, and yellow jasmines, and the night-blowing stock, making the hedge banks beautiful; a kind of holm oak with bunches of yellow flowers, and the Judas tree with its bright pink blossoms, scattered over the common. The hoopoes, too, with their enormous crests, and bright green lizards, studded with all the colours of precious stones, served to remind us how far we were from England.” Again, in the wildest part of Portugal they “passed over a high table-land, covered with gum cistus in full flower, acre after acre, and in the barer parts, under every group of ash trees or elms was the wild peony, and the whole landscape quite purple with a kind of lavender with very large flowers.”

Altogether another scene lay before them on descending to Miranda, looking down upon the Douro from the top of a rocky hill: “the grand scarped mountains on the other side, their bluff bold heads, the black foaming river dashing from a ravine on the left, the confusion in which the wild peaks are tossed together, the abrupt rocks towering up all around,” rendering the descent one of the finest things he saw in Portugal.

The discomforts of travel in these unfrequented routes were of no account in Neale’s eyes. The Bishop was compelled at times to forego his company, but in the poorest places and dirtiest inns he always found the greatest civility and kindness, and the Portuguese as

inquisitive and affectionate as children. One of his resting-places he describes as an example of what travellers may expect: a two-storied house, with wide-spreading gable and projecting balcony, the entrance to the upper story being by an exterior staircase. In the lower were stables, hen-coops, and pig-sties. No wonder that the apartment into which the travellers were thrust swarmed with vermin. The tiles, fortunately, were loose and open to the sky, and the mules were seen littered below through the crevices in the floor. Yet Neale cheerfully observes that the greatest hindrance to sleep was the mule-bells; and by the light of a candle, stuck in a bottle, he courageously partook of the only supper provided, six small fishes swimming in rancid oil, a dish his companions more discreetly declined.

What were such trifling inconveniences as these compared to the mountain ravines, the moon-rises and sunsets, the chestnut groves and wild vines of that untrodden land, not to speak of the cities and cathedrals he had come to study!

From Burgos he had written: "I do thank God that we have seen Burgos Cathedral." And they had all made up their minds to see Palencia, at whatever cost; for its cathedral "almost rivals that of Burgos." They found the churches there "most excessively dark, the windows few, high, and small; wonderfully effective and religious, but exceedingly gloomy; a sort of Philip II. style of religion." Then on to Valladolid, once the great school of Castilian art, "the cathedral the design of Herrera, the architect of the Escorial, an immense Grecian pile, beautified by Churriguera." Here, as usual, he made friends, and found all doors readily opened at his pleasure. He was introduced (probably by some chance acquaintance) to the Rector of the Philippine College, spared in the dispersion of religious Orders as a school of clergy for the Philippine Islands. The Master of the Novices took him over the buildings; the sub-Rector joined company, and described the desecrated convents and the present condition of the Order; and, still the indefatigable inquirer, restlessly

anxious to see and hear, goes on to talk to the Jesuits at the English College, and finds his way to the Museum Library, with its collection of fourteen thousand books upon theology, the melancholy result of suppressed monasteries. No missals! but a Palencia breviary of 1545, and a Compostella one (1569) from which he got some hymns. Then, reluctantly leaving these precious relics of the past and his agreeable companions behind him, on through a region of olives to Bragança. Here, through the treasurer of the provinces, who speaks English, he obtains an entry into the Bishop's Palace, containing a good library, but again no missals! Nor were they content to pass by more or less well-known tracks from one town to another. They crossed the mountains, rested at country villages, Neale always ready to make a jest of disasters. He found the people, though courteous, somewhat grave, for on one occasion he notes that for the first time they heard a child's laugh! Yet the obstacles encountered were real enough; mules were refractory, guides not always reliable and more easily influenced by fears of mountain spectres and spell-haunted regions than by the reasonable desire of their employers to reach their destination by the shortest road. Even Neale, on a pitch-dark night, slowly making his way down a steep rocky descent, whilst the rain came down in torrents and a terror-stricken peasant proved an uncertain guide, was obliged to confess that he had no time to recall the apostolic foundation and the many ecclesiastical memories of Braga.

The following year (1854), when he returned to Portugal, he had another experience, with an element of unauthorized adventure, well calculated to gratify the natural tastes of an author of fiction.

He was with some friends at Vigo when an alarming outbreak of cholera interfered with their plan of travel. Matters were looking very serious; all communications with Valença were forbidden, and the whole extent of the frontier strictly guarded. They called a council of war, and, rejecting two other plans involving long delay or an ignominious retreat to England, determined to force the

lines, and pass, according to their prearranged project, into Portugal. This, Neale somewhat inappropriately remarked, required "great caution, for the last man who did so was shot at three times, though not touched." Under these circumstances, "caution," one might have supposed, would have dictated another course of action. But, to Neale, a voice of warning was apt to fall upon deaf ears, and he gaily embarked upon the enterprise, undeterred by any respect for legal prohibitions and inspirited by a friendly and substantial alliance, hastily cemented, with the principal smuggler on the Minho, "a very clever fellow," whose principles were not likely to interfere with the successful accomplishment of their designs. The plans were laid with the foresight of those accustomed to circumvent unreasonable officials. They were to embark at an early hour, and drop down the river, as if to land at Guardia, on the Spanish side of the mouth. A boat had been engaged to come out with two other men, and also drop down the river, as if going out to sea—

"This boat will join us: we take one man on board, and our smuggler" (here, it is evident, he cannot suppress a touch of pride in his confederate) "our smuggler takes his place, and goes on shore without exciting attention. There he is to bribe the one or two guards we shall have to pass, so as to let us go by safely; and we are then to be landed in a lonely part of the sand. Here we must leave our baggage in some cottage, and walk on till we meet with mules, which can fetch it to us at Vianna, where we hope to sleep. This plan was arranged by the superintendent of the smugglers, who is a *woman*, and very famous here."

Again, we seem to detect a note of triumph; for no one can say that he is in unknown company, and such an accomplice almost guarantees success. He thinks this plan "very feasible, though of course the guards may refuse to be bribed;" and, if so, he does not "know what will be the next plan."

However carefully concerted, the evasion was not to be carried out without encountering reverses. They made a fortunate start at the appointed hour, but "it was

curious to see the guards, *thick* on the Portuguese side ; and once, when we went down to the shore to deliver a message, they came down with their guns, ready to fire." Nor was this the only incident to enliven the tedium of the voyage. The elements conspired against them. It blew fiercely, "the river swelled like the sea," and it became doubtful if they could proceed at all. The storm increased in violence, and when the boat put in to get fresh hands, "the guards were there with their guns, and we dared not go in." But it was not in vain that Neale had put his faith in smugglers. Their captain, guessing how it would be, came up the river in his boat, and directed them to run ashore at a little village called Peixas, where he had contrived to *arranjado* the guards less obdurate than their fellows ; and, to such good purpose, that on landing they found a deserted beach and not a man or a gun in sight. Their trials were not yet over, for, though horses were procured, it was six hours before they arrived at their destination—the horses staggering under the violence of the storm, the weary travellers drenched to the skin and without baggage, but Neale, at least, by no means depressed, valiant smugglers and corruptible guards having alike combined to give him a pleasant taste of unlawful risks safely run.

It must have been hard to come back to find malicious tongues at home still insinuating charges against him, even asserting that he had appropriated the funds of the College ; though he had already, in 1855, spent £2000 upon it, and was receiving a salary of £28 a year. Very few of his letters give any indication of what he suffered from rumours which, though easily and authoritatively refuted, left upon many people's minds the unjust impression of an unproved accusation. One letter, therefore, to an intimate friend, upon discouragement under trials (though it belongs to a later year—1856), may fitly be quoted here.

"It is," he writes, "mere natural feeling, and has nothing to do with a most real and earnest love of our Lord.

"I will show you that I only say to you what I say to myself. I think even you have no idea—and yet you have more idea than any one else—how much I suffer from this persecution against the College; how it distracts my thoughts in prayer; how it hinders my rest; how (for I am speaking to you without any reserve) it would tempt me, unless I were very watchful, to think that God is suffering me to be tempted above what I am able to bear. But, though all this is so, I am not discouraged, as though my feeling the thing so bitterly were any reason for my believing that I were less in earnest in serving God. It is merely natural temperament. . . . So I tell myself to take courage, notwithstanding all these feelings."

No two letters could better portray the distinct, or as some might have thought, the incompatible qualities of his strong personality, bewildering and dismaying the ordinary observer, by the sharp contrasts it presented. From Portugal we have a letter breathing in every line the exuberant spirit of a careless school-boy; and here, again, from East Grinstead, the chastened utterances of a soul in spiritual distress. This distress might readily have become mentally disabling. Those who have experienced it know how a daily, hourly, irritating pain lessens energy and robs life of all its zest. This for successive years he was fated to suffer, and yet he was as eager as ever to embrace new opportunities, to throw himself into every fresh scheme, to be absorbed in his studies, to plan literary work of various kinds, and write at high pressure for newspapers or periodicals; prepared to teach his children, and minister to his small flock at East Grinstead, and, at the same time, legislate for the Church at large; revise Scotch Offices, attend committees and English Church Union Meetings, and take a keen and well-informed interest in politics from the liberal point of view. Upon this subject we find him advocating discretion, and deprecating the fierce attacks upon Lord Derby in the *Morning Chronicle*. He predicted such animosity would ruin its circulation in the country.

"Hope, who knows as much of country clergy, as I do

of members of the House of Commons, will not, or cannot, see the danger. . . . Remember if I, a free trader and hating Lord Derby, can see a good deal of force in the general feeling, what must those who see in Lord Derby not only their own politics, but, as they think, a Church ministry—what must they think of this, especially when the Church is brought forward in a political article—*e.g.* that offensive one, persuading the clergy *from their pecuniary interests* to be free traders. I plainly see I shall be between two fires. Hope will be disgusted that I don't swear *by* the *Morning Chronicle*, Newland, Gresley and Co. that I don't swear *at* it. I must do what I can to keep the peace—a new office for me."

In 1853 he was engaged about another matter in favour of peace, though purchased by the discomfiture of some dissentients. This was the protest signed by a large and influential body of clergy and laity against Bishop Gobat's unjustifiable proselytizing action in the Holy Land. The committee for drawing up the document was a very strong one, and Neale's feeling about it (partly no doubt the result of his attachment to the Greek Church) is embodied in a letter to Webb. "I never before had anything that seemed to me so important as this." There is no full list of those who drew up the memorial, but it was signed by several bishops; and Keble, Dr. Mills, Charles Marriott, Dr. Pusey, Pearson, and others assisted in framing it.

In reference to the part he had taken, Eugene Popoff wrote, in an undated letter,—

"I wish you from my heart every kind of success. At least, there will remain some shadow of the link which might possibly connect the present extremities.

"As for the reconciliation you mention, I am quite at a loss. The Westerns—indeed civilized but, suffer me this expression, too much materialized—won't and cannot sympathize with our traditions and history. What can be then expected? Thy Will be done."

Popoff had also corresponded with him with regard to the definition given in his history of the doctrine of the Eastern Church, respecting our Lord's Presence in

the Blessed Sacrament. Neale, though he had made a painstaking study of the question, had failed in the exact orthodox expression of the faith, and, at the request of the Eastern authorities, some pages were revised and rewritten.

Upon this same subject he had difficulties with the Bishop of Winchester, who took exception to a passage in "Readings to the Aged." On this occasion, Neale fell back with confidence upon the teaching of the Primitive Church and the Catechism.

"We ought, of course, to keep from a dispute upon this point if we can," he writes. "If we do come to it we shall have this advantage, however, that we can bring forward, such clear dogmatic expressions in the early Church—so much clearer than we could about Baptism or Absolution." He cannot, he affirms, be condemned "without condemning S. Cyril; that is, the ruling of the Primitive Church, and men professing to be orthodox must be on my side when I use the words of the Catechism."

These important doctrinal questions and agitating controversies, in conjunction with literary work which often kept him at his desk for eight or ten hours out of the twenty-four, might have been supposed to absorb his whole attention. He had gradually been drawn more and more within the widening circle of the Anglo-Catholic party. It had awakened all his chivalrous instincts and his keenest sympathies; not, indeed, for an isolated Communion, but for the Church of Christ herself, invincible in strength, endowed with the principle of everlasting life; suffering in her members, wounded in the house of her friends, with Lazarus at her gates and Dives in her palaces, her Lord Himself to so many still a stranger, ignored or neglected in the person of His poor.

Neale's pitiful sense of the embittering contradistinctions between the condition of the wealthy and the indigent, first instigated what was destined to be the great practical work of his life, the foundation and supervision of S. Margaret's Sisterhood, East Grinstead.

He conceived the floating idea of some such Order in

1854. It marked an altogether new phase in his existence, and from this time onwards his aims and efforts were concentrated upon its development. Dreams of the past, historic personages, creations of his fancy in the realms of fiction, literary schemes of every sort and kind, forming henceforth, as it were, but a background to the spiritual fabric of S. Margaret's Convent, as it was built up in the foreground.

CHAPTER XX

Conditions of rural life—Neale's idea of a nursing Sisterhood—Advice from various quarters—Training and reception of Sisters—Their work amongst the poor—Beginning of community life at East Grinstead.

“SACKVILLE COLLEGE in East Grinstead,” to quote Neale's words, “stands on very high ground on the eastern edge of the town, itself a city set on a hill, and overlooks a vast, and, for the most part, wild extent of country—from the Surrey hills, round by Tunbridge Wells, to Crowborough, and so right over to Ashdown Forest, now a wild waste of heath and down, where the trees have been recklessly felled for timber; . . . the parishes of East Grinstead, Hartfield, Withyham, Rotherfield, Buxted, Ardingley, West Hoathly, and one or two chapelries abut upon it, but can hardly be said to penetrate it.”

The inhabitants had few opportunities for public worship or instruction, nor were the resident clergy to blame. The scattered farms and isolated cottages were often miles distant from a church: it was difficult adequately to supply the needs of the population; and still more difficult in casual visits to awaken religious instincts in those too long accustomed to dispense with the Sacraments and other means of grace. Their bodily wants were not more easily supplied. In times of sickness, doctors, medicine and attendance were hardly obtained, and, in many instances, unavailable. And when Neale looked out from his study window over the wide expanse of country, the crying physical necessities and the spiritual destitution of its inhabitants pressed heavily upon his heart.

It might have been said that it was not his concern.

He had his hands already full of worthy work, engrossing occupations, domestic interests—for his children were now older, and claimed much of his attention. These stray sheep were of other men's flocks, his restricted ministry could not affect them: he might have been exonerated from any responsibility so far as they were concerned.

But it was not under this aspect that the matter presented itself to him. No parochial boundaries could set limits to Christian charity; no prudential considerations or personal preoccupations be allowed to outweigh the primary duty of Christian ministry. In every circumstance and position in life he was ready with rash self-sacrificing generosity to constitute himself his brother's keeper. He felt compelled to share at whatever cost the burden and heat of the day. The cottages were badly built and unsanitary; when sickness and fever laid its hand upon the peasantry they had no defence. In those picturesque, innocent-looking, white-washed hamlets the morality was on a lower level than in a city slum, and deadly evil lay hidden from sight in the lovely sequestered woods and lanes, as a poison may be concealed beneath the fair semblance of a flower. The same spirit prompting Charles Kingsley's uncompromising denunciations of conditions of life under which social virtue might hardly be maintained; the fire of indignation that scorched the pages of "*Yeast*," and "*Alton Locke*," set Neale's heart aflame with a desire to save the souls and bodies of these his benighted and oppressed compatriots in the kingdom of grace.

Naturally his mind reverted to the methods of mediæval times. Modern parochial organizations and philanthropic efforts were not then formulated and developed. The charity dispensed from the rectory door or the squire's gate scarcely touched the evil, though in many instances it strengthened a bond of mutual dependence and affection; extraordinary means, it seemed, must be employed, if any radical change were to be effected or lasting impression made.

No wonder that Neale recalled the itinerant labours of S. Francis and his companions; the missions carried on

and the conversions wrought by S. Francis de Sales in remote rural districts ; S. Vincent de Paul with his confraternities of women to fulfil the details of actual service : and the longer he pondered the question the more evident it became that, the ordinary parochial machinery being insufficient, some other means must be found for the efficient accomplishment of the work. Something like a body of preaching friars, he wrote, was needed, could they be found ; and, if not, what would come nearest to them ?

It was at this time that two persons who seemed especially fitted for arduous and self-sacrificing work amongst the poor, with whose aims and capabilities he had been long acquainted, offered themselves as ready to engage in such works of mercy with a lifelong devotion. And a few weeks later, the daughter of the aged Rector of Rotherfield, who had an intimate knowledge of the conditions of life and character of the rustic population, came forward with a similar desire to be entirely consecrated to this service, as soon as she was free to leave her home.¹

This then was the first, and, as it seemed, insignificant beginning of a Sisterhood, now embracing important branch Houses in ever-increasing number.²

The revival of the religious life in England was a natural result of the Tractarian movement ; it is both "a holocaust and a consecration," and, as such, it appealed to those who, touched by its spirit, would escape from the

¹ She was the first Mother Superior of the Sisterhood.

² S. Saviour's Orphanage, Hitchin ; S. Margaret's Mission, Cardiff ; S. Catherine's Home, Ventnor ; S. Margaret's House of Mercy, Roath ; S. Margaret's Convalescent Home, Plymouth ; S. Margaret's Orphanage, Middle School, and Bishop's College, Ceylon ; S. Alban', Worcester (Home for Girls) ; Home of the Good Shepherd (Boys' Orphanage), Hoar Cross, Burton-on-Trent ; The Sisters' House, S. Columba's, Sunderland ; S. Cuthbert's Mission, Newcastle-on-Tyne ; S. Barnabas' Cottage Hospital, Saltash ; S. Margaret's Rest, Durham ; Free Home for the Dying, Clapham ; S. Margaret's, Johannesburg ; S. Margaret's, Chichester (Mission and Rescue Work) ; S. Mary's, Dundee. There are also three daughter Houses—S. Margaret's of Scotland, Aberdeen ; S. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston ; S. Margaret's Home, Boston, U.S.A.

earthly exigencies and worldly ties that set bounds to self-sacrifice. It had found its expression throughout the ages of the Church's history in ways as various as the notes of a musical instrument, which may yet, when struck by the master's hand, be combined in one harmonious chord. Neale was versed in the chronicles of the monastic orders and the lives of the Saints, but at this moment he was inspired not so much by the desire to restore conventual discipline as by an impulse of pity to raise the fallen, convert the unbelieving, and minister to the sick.

Miss Nightingale's noble work in the Crimea had for ever silenced those who would have contended that delicately nurtured women were incapable of bearing physical hardships, or that voluntary work, undertaken from the highest motives, had not a special value of its own. But there remained an undefined prejudice against feminine incursions into the field of philanthropy; joined to a dread of new obligations with a tendency to break old-established domestic ties, and invade the inner circle of homes and families.

The Sisterhoods already founded had undertaken penitentiary work. For this it was conceded that those living apart from ordinary social relationships and in a religious community were peculiarly fitted; but the work Neale had in his mind—the active mission and nursing work of a Sister of Charity in the Church of England—had hitherto been unattempted, and indeed considered to be impracticable.

The Rule of S. Margaret's, East Grinstead, was founded upon that of the Visitation of S. Francis de Sales before he converted his community into a cloistered order; but it had its origin in the principles governing and animating the Society of S. Vincent de Paul. It will be remembered, S. Vincent's first confraternities of women were framed upon the simplest and most elastic lines—what we should now call district visiting, parochial relief, and nursing, sanctified by religious observances and subject to clerical direction. Like Neale, his object at first was to provide for the needs of neglected rural districts, the first members

being persons still living in the world, who enrolled themselves for the purpose of giving their spare time, with the sanction of the parochial clergy, to the relief of the sick and poor. The difficulties incident to a system of district visiting very soon arose. Zeal waxed cold, domestic duties intervened, unforeseen engagements supplied hindrances or excuses, and it was not left to the ladies of the twentieth century to discover that it was culpable to run personal risks of infection, and that uncongenial duties involving inconvenient discomforts might be delegated to their paid domestics. In fact, the organized system broke down, and, as so often happens, apparent failure led the way to unlooked-for success. These troubles directed S. Vincent's mind to the enrolment of those who could devote their whole heart and time to the work ; and with a few peasant women, gathered under a pious Superior, there was first formed a Community of the Sisters of Charity, whose devoted, world-wide labours have made his name known and honoured in every place and generation.

“ Instead of a convent,” so their founder wrote, “ they have only the dwellings of the sick ; for a cell, some poor chamber, often a hired one ; for a chapel, the parish church ; for a cloister, the streets of a town ; for enclosure, obedience ; for a gate, the fear of God ; for a veil, holy modesty.”

No words could better describe the spirit which Neale desired should govern his community ; but the internal rule was in parts identical with that framed by S. Francis de Sales for his nuns, and the instructions the Founder gave to the S. Margaret's Sisters breathe the same spirit as that of S. Francis' “ *Entretiens Spirituels*.”

It must not be supposed that he had endeavoured to transplant into England a system of foreign growth, without regard to national characteristics and English habits. He had long and anxiously pondered the matter and taken counsel with those who, in his own Communion, were best fitted to give him advice. He had been in communication with the Rev. T. T. Carter, of Clewer ;

with W. Butler, of Wantage; with the Mother (Harriet Monsell) of the Clewer Sisterhood; moreover, he had taken steps to ascertain which hospital would be most likely to give the requisite training in nursing to any who might offer themselves for the work.

"At Westminster," he writes, "I succeeded. The house committee at once passed a resolution, granting those we might send admission, and the senior physician and the chaplain both evinced the greatest interest. While I was meditating on the question of lodgings, comes a spontaneous offer from Shepherd, Master of the S. John's House, to take them in there. . . . By this time (February 1, 1855) I had a pretty certain prospect of seven or eight, but I wanted more. I wrote to Mrs. Sidney Herbert, asking if there were any list of applicants for the East, and, if so, whether she would give me the names of some who would be likely to do for me. I saw her, and she gave me a first list. . . . Out of that list I think I shall get two, and I may get more. The week after next, all well, we send the first to Westminster to be trained. . . . *When* there will be enough, or *what* will constitute enough, to make them into a community I cannot say. . . . I have given you very little idea of the eagerness of co-operation I have met with. . . . But you have little idea of the constant hard work and driving it takes; it requires one's shoulder to be always at the wheel."

Though, as he said, sympathy was widely evoked, and voluntary contributions came in from all quarters from those who desired to further the work, it was a great venture of faith, not only on the part of the founder, but also of those who co-operated with him. It was an experiment of which the not improbable failure might have far-reaching and disastrous consequences. Yet he had valued encouragement from others most fitted by their hardly won experience to raise his hopes of ultimate success.

Lord Salisbury wrote from Hatfield: "A scheme for organizing a Society of Nursing Sisters, under proper regulations, would undoubtedly be one in which I should be most happy to join, and I should be really glad to

assist such an establishment as far as lies in my power ;” though he added his fear lest the project, if carried out by Neale, might be made the ground for another attack upon Sackville College. Mr. Bennett, of Frome, wrote :

“ I am sure you will see that I can do no more than fully sympathize with the good work you have in hand. If I had some of your Sisters here I could give them work enough ; but the name of a Sister would set the town in a blaze.”

The Mother of Clewer was full of strong, cheerful encouragement.

“ I most fully enter into the value of such a plan of sisterhood work as you propose,” she writes, “ and shall be very thankful if I can in any way aid you. . . . I believe much the wisest course is to say little of one’s plans ; to make up your mind very fully beforehand what you want to have, and what to accomplish, and to prepare as carefully as you can the rules on which the Sisterhood is to work, and then let people join, or not join, as they like. We have now in our part of the Church gained experience enough to start new works with a certain degree of fixedness, which will make it easier to carry on anything that suggests itself.”

Father Benson, the Superior of Cowley, was communicated with, and wrote a long reply, suggesting alterations to some of the proposed rules. These he makes with “ great diffidence,” and only because he is asked for advice ; “ for the rules appear to him very good, and he hopes the Sisterhood may have every success.” The Rev. W. Butler forwarded him the Wantage rules, and added—

“ My impression is that you have too many, especially for a beginning. Rules should shape themselves as the work goes on and need occurs. With good people, such as Sisters of Mercy are likely to be, one can risk a little, and wait to buy experience. Have you seen the rules of S. Saviour’s, Regent Park ? They are short sermons, expansions of S. Augustine’s, which of course you know. The advantage of the Sermonic rule is that the reading of it gives a devotional atmosphere to the house.”

From the Assistant Superior of Clewer he also received much useful advice, and he was very fortunate in securing for his first Superior one fitted by exceptional gifts to attract, train, and govern those committed to her care.¹

It was a small, and as some might have supposed, a doubtful and unformed beginning. Until the end of 1855 the Sisters did not live in community. The seed was sown, as it were, in the open field. No scrutiny was shunned from ecclesiastical and possible hostile authorities. In the May of that year, Neale wrote—

“The Sisterhood was brought up at the meeting of the Rural Deans at Chichester. There was some little disputation about it; on which Otter, the Archdeacon, who is for the plan, said that the numbers were too great to allow of fair discussion then, and that it had better stand over. The Bishop approved of what he had done, but told Sir H. Thompson, whom we had made our promoter, that whenever the rules came before him he would give all the help he could. If, as Sir H. T. says, he then stated that I was at the bottom of it, this was very favourable.”

A few months later he mentions that the Archdeacon was busy with the rules, and that the Bishop had asked very kindly about the Sisterhood.

Impelled by his enthusiastic conceptions of what the life of a Sister of Charity might be, he had drawn together those who, though desirous of entering upon the religious life, hardly understood what that life involved. This was the frank admission of one of the first members of the community. The Founder himself was its inspiration and its guide. The literal acceptance of gospel precepts involved in his eyes a service, not alone of theoretical self-surrender, but of actual unmeasured self-sacrifice, to which all things should be possible and all things easy. He fully realized the dangers besetting external work, and compiled for the Sisters' use when on duty devotions for every hour of the day and night: “A Horology of the Passion,” “The Hours of our Lord's

¹ Miss Ann Gream, daughter of the Rector of Rotherfield.

Passion ; those of the Holy Ghost," and a book of meditations and prayers, entitled "The Virgin's Lamp." He was convinced, as he wrote to one of the Sisters, "that if we are not really living nearer to God the more we engage in His outward service, it will bring a curse on us instead of a blessing." At the same time, there was an especial joy in performing those corporal works of mercy repugnant to a self-indulgent nature and a luxurious age, which are the consistent exemplification of Christian ethics.

To these duties the Sisters went forth, with what might have been termed an undue disregard of conventionalities, and an indiscreet zeal, to share, as far as lay in their power, the sorrows, pains, and poverty of those to whom they ministered. It is evident that Neale rejoiced at every fresh demand made upon them, and at the pressing cases demanding desperate remedies, justifying the steps he had taken.

The low, marshy, and unwholesome valleys of the Rothe and Eden in Kent are frequently subject to fever epidemics. Here the Sisters gained their earliest experiences. At any hour of the day or night they might be summoned to a fever-stricken family, from whom the neighbours had fled in dread of infection. Day after day the nursing Sisters lived in a wretched hovel, in the midst of a flooded swamp. The whole work of the house, the washing and cooking added to the actual duties of a nurse, devolving upon her as the sole person in the cottage besides her patients. Some instances may be given from Neale's record of the work accomplished :—

"Application was made for a Sister in a case of diphtheria. She went instantly. It was of a most malignant kind—spread through the household, and in five days she had, in that one household, attended four deathbeds. Again, yesterday afternoon, a message that Mr. Whyte had sent for a Sister for the most malignant case of scarlet fever he ever saw at Ashurst Wood. We agreed that Sister K. should go. I went up to the cottage first. The mother, a widow out of her senses (with anxiety, not disease); a boy, and two girls, wildly delirious, only kept alive by port and brandy ; all the cases Mr. Whyte thought

desperate. I back to town, ordered a fly, and Sister K. was off in half an hour. The woman in one of her lucid intervals said, 'I will not have any ladies that worship images in my house.' However, Mr. Whyte talked very reasonably to her, and finally she consented."

It would have been no wonder if even prejudices against "image worship" had been dispelled when, though the next day her boy lay dead, the Sister had nursed the other children back to life.

Testimonies as to the Sisters' unwearied kindness and skill poured in from every quarter, from rectors, doctors, and the patients themselves.

"On Saturday," the Vicar of Cuckfield writes, "I was called to a sad case of scarlet fever in my parish. On visiting the house, I found six children suffering under the most malignant form of that disease, with no mother to take care of them, she being in a lunatic asylum. The cottage could only be compared to a bad Irish cabin. The poor father sat in one corner of the room, with a child four years old in his lap, in the last stage of disease, the picture of helplessness. I soon found that no one in the parish could be got in to help them, and I sent for one of the Sisters. They received my note at nine on Saturday evening, and at nine on Sunday morning one of the most efficient nurses I ever met was at the Vicarage, who went immediately to the house, where the state of things may be imagined when I believe that with six children nothing had been washed for a fortnight! The man was a Baptist, of a most peculiar temper; but everything in the house, the man included, became different a few hours after the Sister made her appearance, and from that time to this she has never left the house, working incessantly by day and by night, with the most entire cheerfulness and kindness, in a place where there is scarcely room to lie down. The poor child had not been baptized. Sister A. did not interfere in this matter at all. She left it to me; but her kindness towards the man had, I doubt not, a considerable effect in inducing him to permit me to baptize the child, which he did. . . . I believe the work is one calculated, under God's blessing, to do more to advance the interests of the Church than almost any other now being carried on,

appealing, as it does, so directly to the kind and good feelings of the people."

Once more, another parish priest writes—

"A poor girl, servant to her bedridden sister, was ill with fever at Edenbridge. I found her lying in a state of unconsciousness ; no one was attending on her. No nurse could be procured from the parish. . . . The girl was absolutely dying from sheer neglect. . . . The husband seemed disposed first to try if he could procure a nurse from the union. He could not understand how a lady could undertake such an office ; how she could live in a cottage, and partake of cottagers' fare, and I dare say thought she would rather be in the way than any assistance. So I sent him up to Tunbridge to the Union, but in vain. The next day, therefore, I sent over to S. Margaret's, and he brought back Sister ——. Until the following Friday, the whole household work—cooking, scrubbing floors, etc., including attendance on two sick women, and washing clothes left unwashed for a fortnight, devolved on her alone, for the dread of the fever had by this time increased ;—incessant labour and watching day and night. On Friday they kindly sent another Sister to her aid. . . . A few days after this the poor girl died. The doctor then said, 'Had either of you been here from the first, in all probability this life would have been saved.' After the death a coffin was sent from the union, but the bearer would only leave it at the outer door of the garden. . . . This work the Sisters had also to do unaided. They conveyed the coffin up the difficult staircase, placed the body in it, and screwed it down."

It would be easy to multiply these reports vividly portraying the application of the high ideal the Founder set before his small band of Sisters. These few are gathered from contemporaneous letters or records. All was to be done in unconscious simplicity, without any sense of unusual or heroic effort. Of one Sister, exposed to a specially dangerous trial, he wrote that he found her just as he would have wished : "not enthusiastic but cheerful." This service of the poor was not only rich in spiritual blessings, but one that inspired him with gladness and awakened all his tenderest feelings. As S. Francis of

Assisi drew within the circle of a universal brotherhood those dumb, wild, or timid creatures of God, the wolf, the leveret, or the lamb: so Neale would draw into the circle of love, and friendship, and Christian fellowship the poorest and most forsaken, the most abject and despised, with an ever-recurrent spring of hope that, beneath their sad sin-stained livery, he might discover the marks of their Lord. Their bodies as well as their souls were objects of his compassion; and to the first, it seemed that women might best minister. The company were united in a spiritual bond strengthening each individual effort. "You can hardly understand yet what is the closeness of the tie that binds those who are fighting this hard battle in common," he wrote to one about to join the Community. "I trust you may soon learn it." It was a tie at first hardly represented by the ordinary externals of Community life; for it was not until June, 1856, that the Sisters began to occupy their first house at East Grinstead.

Their habit, by Neale's desire, was grey; for, he said, black was gloomy, and children were afraid of it. Thus, in a small, barely furnished house, between Sackville College and the Church, the nine Sisters began what was to be the nucleus of S. Margaret's Convent. They had their own oratory, in which the Founder daily ministered. The dormitories were divided into small cubicles, and the refectory was a semi-underground shed. From this humble home they went out at any moment when their services were required. Here, in seasons of respite from active work, they learned more and more of the object of their foundation and of the interior practices of the spiritual life. Here they had won for themselves, in one year, such good report that the Bishop of Chichester, who had inhibited their Founder, called, when confirming, to give them his blessing.

CHAPTER XXI

S. Katharine's Orphanage—Dealings with children—Catechetical instructions—"Duchenier" and other children's books—Scenes drawn from nature—"Child's History of England"—The "Pilgrim's Progress."

ALREADY, in September, 1856, Neale wrote that most of his time was taken up by the Sisterhood. It was anxious work, and naturally somewhat of a tentative character. The ideal was high: likely to discourage the most sincere and humble-minded; whilst, at the same time, it might attract recruits whose enthusiasm outweighed their perseverance and discretion. In that rough cottage building, vocations were tested, and, in the practice of a Rule which is substantially the same as that now governing the large bodies of East Grinstead Sisters in England and abroad, the Community life of S. Margaret's Sisterhood began.

Deadly sickness fell upon them in the very first year, an outbreak of scarlet fever, from which they barely escaped with their lives. "They were all," as Neale writes simply, "as I could have wished;" though it was a tremendous tax upon the strength of those who in the small struggling household were well enough to attend upon the sick. The Mother Superior herself was dangerously ill, but mercifully recovered.

Early in 1857 an unexpected call was made upon them to take under their care some orphan girls whom Neale's sister, Miss Elizabeth Neale, had gathered together in a Home at Brighton. She was relinquishing this undertaking to start a small Sisterhood in S. George's in the East, later established under the name of the Holy Cross Community.

Nine orphans were accordingly despatched, and received by the Founder and his Sisters with great pleasure at East Grinstead. To Neale any child was a welcome visitant, and these solitary homeless little creatures at once found their way into his heart.

“Leur douce clarté nous effleure.
Hélas ! le bonheur est leur droit.
S'ils ont faim, le paradis pleure ;
Et le ciel tremble, s'ils ont froid.

“Quand Dieu cherchant ces êtres frères
Que dans l'ombre où nous sommeillons,
Il nous envoie avec des ailes,
Les retrouve avec des haillons !”

A small house was taken to accommodate the children, the Orphanage started under the name of S. Katharine's, and put under the charge of two Sisters. To those who found their happiness in ministering amongst the most repugnant circumstances to the outcast and degraded, it must yet have been a joy to meet with innocent smiles and clean pinafores, and it is evident that Neale spent some of his happiest hours with the children. On certain days of the week he celebrated at S. Katharine's: on Sundays he would not only catechize, but he would tell them stories, of which he had an inexhaustible store. On weekdays, if he found a teacher absent, he gave them original lessons on geography and arithmetic—lessons so happily illustrated and so pleasantly bestowed as to lose all the distasteful flavour of a task. In one of his “Sunday Afternoons at an Orphanage,” he writes of the little house with the most affectionate remembrance.

“It was built of brick, but in summer it had white roses that climbed very prettily over it. On the one side was a fruit garden, on the other a little paddock ; and in the distance there were pretty blue hills, which, when I lived in these parts, used to remind me of that saying in the Psalms, ‘The hills stand about Jerusalem: even so standeth the Lord round about His people, from this time forth for evermore.’”

When, in 1858, the Sisterhood moved into more commodious premises, the Orphanage, also, had quarters better fitted to accommodate increasing numbers. Eventually about twenty orphans were sheltered there. They were received at almost any age, sometimes quite gratuitously: for Neale consistently carried out the principles of the Christian Commonwealth, and no lack of means was permitted to exclude either Orphans or Sisters.

The girls his sister had sent to him from Brighton soon fell into the ordered and happy routine of the Orphanage. The hills surrounded a tended enclosure, where under good influences hopes might bud and virtues freely blossom: but the very sight of these guarded lives brought to mind the children who, in city alleys and haunts of wickedness, knew no more of piety and prayer than of open blue heavens and sunshine on green country fields. Neale could not be content without seeking to alleviate the evil, and he sent for two children from Wapping, rescued from some den of infamy, to see what could be done to eradicate old habits and arouse better instincts. In the Eden of childhood the tree should at least bear the fruit of the knowledge of good as well as that of evil. Nevertheless, these learners in another school, could not be put amongst the orphans. They slept in a house opposite the Orphanage. They had much to learn and unlearn, "and I," adds a Sister very simply in a letter of that date—"I slept with them." To her, their recitals of the exciting incidents of public and private life at Wapping were immensely interesting—so dramatic, that we may suspect these astute denizens of the city of colouring them highly for her benefit. But with her sanguine view of human nature, she found them both "good girls," and it is a characteristic touch that Neale's first attempt at turning their minds to holy things was to bring down an old French book, of the time of Louis Quatorze, with such quaint Bible pictures that it amused both the Sister and her charges.

When the Fair Day came round, with all the country people crowding into East Grinstead with much shouting,

and bustle and confusion, and galloping of horses, he at once thought of his town children. The Welsh drovers on this day brought in all kinds of cattle; the dealers tried horses, wildly racing them up and down the village street; there was such pleasant stir and confusion, as might awaken delightful recollections of an East-end market on a Saturday night; and Neale's chosen companions upon this exhilarating occasion were the little sharp-featured bright-eyed Londoners. We may well hope that the superior orphans could not peep round the corner, to see their Chaplain and the children enjoying the forbidden exuberant joys of the roundabout, the agility of the clown, and the man on stilts, and the less fleeting pleasures of the gingerbread stall; or for once the pharisee might have reasonably desired to change places with the publican.

One of the Sisters, again, recalls the "energetic manner in which he threw himself into all the active work of the Community, in all kinds of ways, either big or little. If it was a fine bright half-holiday, and he thought it would do the orphans good to take them for a ramble into some distant wood, or to see a quaint church in an out-lying village, he would take out the Sisters and the older girls, intermingling with his explanations of the special things to be seen, anecdotes of his travels, stories of Saints, memorable word-pictures of days gone by; or he would tell of places he had seen in Spain and Dalmatia.

He was ever ready to bring forth treasures from the bookshelves lining his study, either to instruct or amuse those who found admission. "Clumsy leather-bound volumes," writes the Sister again in her Memories — "'Lettres Curieuses et Edifiantes,' being letters from French Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, full of faith and marvels," or "Didron's 'Iconographie Chrétienne' with its curious and wonderful pictures." To many the valuable and beautiful icons which enriched and gilded the dark walls had a yet greater charm. They were gifts, brought to him by Popoff, from the Patriarch at Moscow, and from the Monastery of S. Sergius. Another rare present, a volume of the "Liturgies of the *Starovierti*,"

or Old Faith Dissenters, was sent from Philaret, the Metropolitan, by the Rev. George Williams.

This study, with its literary treasures, was often turned by his children into a playground. There were five children in all—Sarah Agnes, Cornelius Vincent Webster, Mary Sackville, Katharine Ermenild (the present Mother Superior of East Grinstead), and Katharine Isabel, all born between the years 1844 and 1853.

He taught and trained them from infancy, and was never fretted by noise or interruptions. His own real love of the marvellous led them into strange regions of the imagination; whilst, when it was a question of religious instruction, each Scriptural story set before their eyes had the reality of a personal experience. One of the orphans indeed observed that Mr. Neale must be very old, to have talked to so many Saints and Martyrs!

He recalled the severity of the religious rule under which he had suffered, and determined that to them these sacred truths should come in other guise.

There is a melancholy recollection of childish days, so painfully engraved upon his mind as to find a place in one of his sermons, evidencing the grim, inconceivable harshness of Calvinistic tenets.

When he was about eight years old, he tells us, on a winter's evening he was reading from Isaiah xvi. 1: "Send ye the lamb to the ruler of the land from Sela to the wilderness, unto the mount of the daughter of Zion," and already the boy had thoughtfully pondered the meaning of the text. Was not the wilderness the world in which God's people still wandered, and the lamb, Jesus the Lamb of God, not his Judge but his Saviour? It was a figure appealing to the poet and the child.

"Rest for the Lamb of God
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a cross of shame,
Two stark crosses between.

"All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad;
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God."

And so it had been with little Mason Neale. He had been trying to pray, as he said that afternoon, and found some comfort in it. And, "making a great effort," for, as a child, he was always reserved, he ventured to murmur to the person who instructed him that it was beautiful to think of our Lord as a Lamb. And then upon his moved and trembling soul there fell the reply, crushing each tender aspiration, every sweet trustful impulse of love: "Till you are converted it would be far truer if you were to think of Him as a Lion; if you were to die to-night—and who can tell but you may?—He would be in no wise a Lamb to you."

He went to bed "crying those bitter tears that children never forget," in a miserable conviction of his unconverted condition, and a passionate recoil from the injustice of the sentence leaving him nothing to hope for but the blank chill terror of death, which at any moment might find him cowering in vain beneath the bed-clothes. No wonder if, gathering together some remnants of boyish courage, he made up his mind that it was no use to think of being saved. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," he cried to himself, in deliberate and sorrowful daring. There was nothing else to be done.

"And yet," he adds, "she who gave me the answer" (probably his mother) "was kind and good." The impression "made by this kind of teaching," he says, "was traceable throughout life."

It had certainly a beneficent effect upon his dealings with his own children. We seem to see traces of it in the prayers, still preserved in his journal, written for Agnes' use at five years old. It may seem a counsel of perfection to arrange set forms for morning, midday, evening, and bedtime; but at any rate they breathe a happy childlike Christian spirit. She prays to remember always that she is God's child; and intercedes for the sick and the poor, the living and the dead, as all belonging to her Heavenly Father. She remembers she has the safeguard of Holy Angels to keep her from everything

that might hurt or frighten her ; and asks for comfort in this life, and everlasting joy in that to come.

When this same child was two years old, he had noted, in his journal, "First told Agnes about God." If in some measure the instruction seems unduly forced or unfitted to his children's years, it must be remembered that the atmosphere surrounding them was that of a religious house. Sacred emblems were before their eyes, sacred truths were inculcated and shown to be the motive-power of conduct.

Sundays were red-letter days in the domestic calendar. After service the Sunday walk, an invariable institution ; then a leisurely afternoon spent with favourite story-books until the four o'clock Vespers at S. Katharine's. The sermons preached on these occasions are published in the two volumes entitled, "Sunday Afternoons at an Orphanage." Later in the evening, the children were gathered in the parlour to repeat their verses of Scripture, or look out texts and types on some special subject. Sometimes their father led them into paths difficult and bewildering to little feet and childish understandings, but they willingly followed so sure and kind a guide. We may be forgiven for wondering if Agnes, at nine years old, might not have been better employed in nursing her doll than in making "an alphabet of heresies," whatever that may mean ; or if, even in mediæval literature, the children might not have found something more adapted to their age than their father's translation of S. Anthony of Padua's "Moral Concordances ;" but it was evidently their ambition to share as far as possible his studies and occupations ; a disposition he did his best to foster. Here is a note in his journal, in Christmas, 1851, proving how little he felt their companionship to be irksome. Agnes, on this occasion, sat up to supper, and "read me a story while I was writing the *Generatio* from the Salzburg Missal." In the same year, he remarks that he read to his seven-year-old child "about the Council of Ephesus." As the children grew older, he would read aloud to them from Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Coleridge, Southey, or Hood—all the poetry he himself loved best, "sometimes," to quote his

daughter's recollections, "varying the readings by passages from Homer and Aristophanes, translating as he read with wonderful fluency into beautiful and well-chosen language. . . . When we were out with him he told delightful stories. At other times, natural history or literature formed topics of conversation."

One of his daughters remembers how, during a walk, a science was briefly explained in the most interesting way, and it was not until home was nearly reached that she discovered he had been teaching her the first principles of political economy.

When he was writing his "Commentary on the Psalms" he asked his two eldest girls each to learn an alphabet (the one was Georgian and the other Syriac) that they might be able to help him by reading aloud. The younger, then a child of ten, recalls the pride and delight with which she set to work to master Syriac; and for the next few years at intervals she and her father studied it together. It was the same with all his pursuits, as far as possible they participated in them; more able to do so than most children of their age, for his little girl at nine years old was construing S. Augustine.

As he walked through the town the village children might often be seen running by his side or holding on to his cassock. When in friends' houses, he constantly bore the children company; and it is related that on the occasion of a visit to some Orphanage, where to the officials he had appeared abrupt and reserved, he was discovered in a corner surrounded by a pressing, clustering group of children, at whose imperious commands he was writing verses "to show how they were made."

In his home circle and amongst intimate friends the tide of fancy sometimes broke in sparkling waves of merriment, such as his precocious boyhood had never known; evanescent intangible ebullitions, family jests too perishable to be recorded, nevertheless appreciably lightening the domestic atmosphere; and, as we hope, diverting his children's attention from theological questions and ecclesiastical history.

As a teacher he was concise and exceptionally lucid. There might be very different opinions as to his preaching powers. His sermons at Sackville College undoubtedly fulfilled their purpose ; but his delivery was abrupt, his voice harsh and unmeasured ; and his power lay in the directness with which he delivered his message, rather than in the words which clothed, or in the gestures that enforced it. A not altogether unworthy desire to cultivate preaching as an art, an attempt at style founded upon the model of the great preachers with whom he was well acquainted, some slight element of oratorical ambition, might have possibly made his discourses better adapted to educated congregations ; but the unstudied presentment of eternal verities ; theologically exact, and brought to bear with a convincing reality and a tender solicitude upon aspects of human life and the individual needs of single souls, had a power and an effect sometimes denied to more eloquent preachers. In catechizing (an important part of his work when the Orphanage was once started) he could not be excelled. He retained the children's attention by the simple force of his personality, took infinite pains in preparation, and was quite content in a quarter of an hour to press home a single lesson.

"His Bible Classes to the Sisters," writes the present Superior of S. Saviour's Priory, "were most marvellous. He walked up and down the little oratory with his Bible in his hand, reading, explaining, asking questions, giving the key to the wonderful mystical interpretation of the Old Testament, with quotations from the mediæval writers bearing upon the subject, so that one saw Christ, and Christ only, in every chapter from Genesis to Revelation."

This was not merely a proof of his zealous devotion to their spiritual advancement, but the result of the direction in which his own mind was working. It was manifested not only in private meditations, but in a novel simplicity of catechetical methods.

He studied educational systems, but he never lost sight of the individual child. This, in part, no doubt, accounts

for the freshness and vigour of the children's books which, though in the first place addressed to the "children of the Church," reached a much wider circle of readers.

"Duchénier, or, The Revolt of La Vendée," is in all probability the best-known and most popular of his historical tales, and upon many schoolroom bookshelves the battered copies of that delightful story bear unanswerable testimony to its fascination for children. There is little doubt that, in its smart new red and gold binding, (as lately re-issued by the S.P.C.K.) it will exercise its old ascendancy over the minds of another generation. It may well have a charm, for it has the force and reality of a narrative related by an eye-witness. It is not, indeed, told in the first person (a somewhat doubtful expedient for confounding truth with fiction), but we are never for a moment allowed to inquire into the mechanism of the scenes presented, nor tempted to imagine that the author in the background prompts the actors in their parts.

The scene is laid in the western provinces of France, where a last desperate effort was made to rally the scattered Royalists round the standard of a well-nigh hopeless cause, in the spring and summer of 1793; and we are swept along upon the rapid and turbulent current of the story to find ourselves in Paris, in the Hall of Convention, in the prisons of S. Lazare or the Luxembourg, when the terror of powers of cruelty and evil hung over the city like a cloud of thick darkness, breaking now and again in a blinding dangerous glare, over its doomed inhabitants. The incidents of the story are facts easily gleaned from the pages of history; what is surprising is, not so much the course of the narrative, nor even the descriptive passages in their detailed and striking accuracy, but the manner in which the personages move and act in accordance with their character. Whether aristocrats or peasants, they are all so undeniably French, as they severally display the national irresponsible gaiety of heart, the dignity of outraged womanhood, and the unconquerable loyalty, in itself a religion, in the face of death

and disaster. The dialogue is as unconstrained and fresh as the characters. The jests upon the scaffold, the brutal unconcern, or aimless cruelty, the unquenchable lust for blood, indelibly staining the records of the French Revolution, are faithfully chronicled, together with the impulses of pity, and the heroic courage, in so many instances redeeming the honour of the nation. Moreover, with its breathless escapes and hurrying movement, it is emphatically a book for the young. As G. P. R. James, the novelist, wrote, in acknowledging a presentation copy,—

"It is a most interesting and powerful tale, depicting scenes from history with which I am well acquainted from reading, and scenes in nature which, from having lived amongst them, have become familiar to me as household words. Both for the work, and for having written it, I beg you to accept the best thanks of

"Yours faithfully,

"G. P. R. JAMES."

It was published in 1848; "The Triumphs of the Cross," "Shepperton Manor," "Stories of the Crusades," "Stories from Heathen Mythology," and "Poynings," a tale of the Revolution, having preceded it. Though his fertile brain produced this light literature with extraordinary ease and rapidity, he bestowed much care upon the elaboration of details, and was especially desirous of ensuring the truthful delineation of scenery. His local and topographical knowledge often stood him in good stead. His frequent excursions into Normandy and Brittany supplied the background for "Duchénier." The Cevennes were described in a shorter story, Wales in the "False Signals of Rhosilly;" and other tales are concerned with the green lands and low shores of Holland. His accounts of places he had never visited bore a remarkable resemblance to scenes drawn from nature, from his power of picturing to himself what he read; and sometimes, again, in another manner he would seek to impress a landscape on his mind. When writing about the Holy Land, for example, it struck him that a valley near East

Grinstead had in its natural features a likeness to the district of Palestine he wished to depict, and he would go out alone and rest his mind upon it, until he had, as it were, taken possession of its aspect and its spirit. One of his daughters recalls a visit to Cambridge with her father and a conversation on the subject of his story, "The Lily of Tiflis," with the Rev. George Williams, of King's, Professor of Oriental Languages: and his question put to her father, "When did you go to Georgia?" When the Professor was told that he had never been there, he expressed himself as altogether amazed at his faithful reproduction of the features of the country.

This conscientious accuracy possibly impressed children less than their elders, but he undoubtedly reached the schoolroom public for whom he wrote. Pathos rarely appeals to it, and in his stories of Saints and Martyrs there were tortures and tragedies, but nothing so moving and pathetic as children's premature death-beds in modern books—a species of literature from which the healthy-minded child instinctively recoils, though it may take an incomprehensive delight in grim ferocious deeds of wild Indians and scalp-hunters. Neale's books were, of course, written for a purpose, to establish a principle or illustrate a truth; they are tales such as a Chaplain might tell to convent children: and yet as we are transported into distant lands and unknown regions there is no sense of unreality in the predominant note being that of creed rather than character; for he wrote of times when religion not only concerned the individual destinies of men, but governed the fate of nations. Graphic and spirited, they were calculated to fix in a child's mind a very true conception of historical events or personages; and in two instances only his attempts in this line of literature may be acknowledged to be failures.

His "English History for Children" (1845) is compiled for edification. Constitutional reforms are subordinated to ecclesiastical order, and upon the chequered board the King as well as the Knight give place to the Bishop. An intelligent child would fail to gain any

coherent historical ideas from its perusal, though he might find episodes and incidents well engraved upon his memory.

Eight years later, in 1853, he made an unnecessary attempt to adapt Bunyan's "*Pilgrim's Progress*" for the use of the children of the English Church. Bunyan's creed repelled him, but at the same time he was irresistibly fascinated by the spiritual meaning, the dialogue, the humour and the personages of that marvellous allegory.

For the unregenerate Bunyan he could have found excuse ; he might have condoned his Sunday sports and Church-going, in the days when he confessed that he was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that he—

"adored with great devotion even all things, both the high-place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else belonging to the Church, counting all things holy there-in contained, especially the priest and clerk most happy and without doubt greatly blessed."

If we except the clerk, we may say that in these respects Neale was in agreement with him ; but the Calvinism of Bunyan shocked and distressed him, and he shrank from presenting to children the terrors of the Law, the piercing sense of transgression, and the uncompromising message of wrath to come. He might have been assured that the average child would rest content to read of the Miry Slough, the Hill Difficulty, the Wicket Gate, and all the picturesque incidents and surprising adventures to be met with on the road, without acquiring any definite idea of the spiritual meaning they conveyed, or exposing his orthodoxy to any risk of contamination. Bunyan, Mr. Froude assures us, was born to be the "Apostle Poet of the middle classes ;" Neale was the exponent of mediæval worship and Catholic verities. Between the two there were great irreconcilable differences, and, though they might meet together with Christian at the Interpreter's House, such divergences would infallibly hinder mutual understanding.

For these and other reasons, it might be asserted that

the task of compiling an expurgated "Pilgrim's Progress" had been better left unattempted. But when an artist has given us so much that is beautiful and enduring, it would be ungrateful to complain if, in the selection of an impracticable subject, he may chance now and again to spoil a canvas.

CHAPTER XXII

“Essays on Liturgiology and Church History”—The Bollandists—
The Greek liturgies—Reminiscences from Sackville College—
Renewed opposition—The Lewes riots—Bishop Wilberforce’s
action.

FROM this time onwards, Neale’s life assumed a more practical character, being much occupied not only with spiritual supervision, but also with the homely details of the organization and management of the Sisterhood and Orphanage. He yet found, not indeed leisure—for leisure formed no part of his scheme of existence—but sufficient spare hours and opportunity to pursue some of his most important literary undertakings. His great project of a “Commentary on the Psalms” was already taking shape and form, though the first volume was not published till 1860; and in various directions he was engaged in liturgical studies.

His papers on this subject alone, “Essays on Liturgiology and Church History,” in one volume, chiefly reprinted from the *Christian Remembrancer* in 1862, have a wide and varied range from the earliest breviaries to contemporary ecclesiastical history, from the Ambrosian Rite to the revision of the English Prayer-book. Every page bears evidence of the most conscientious research, together with an apprehension of realms of knowledge beyond his reach, at once inspiring and humbling to the serious student. At the head of one of his articles, he quotes a dialogue, recorded by Boswell, between General Paoli and Dr. Johnson. “I have been studying,” said General Paoli, “the ecclesiastical writers of the middle ages.” “Why, sir,” replied Dr. Johnson, “they are very

curious," and Neale observes that they each spoke of the pursuit as one worthy to occupy some six or eight weeks of a man's spare time. And then he goes on to describe the "gradual compilation of Liturgy, Office, Sacramentary, the living kernel of devotion enshrined in its art shell: . . . on which of these subjects might not volume upon volume be written?" In another paper, on the first four Bollandists, with what sympathetic delight, he writes of their literary journeys. "They gleaned a life here, a sequence there, a proper office in this church, a passion in that;" how merrily they travelled onward, from city to city, so secure in the sanctity of their mission, so joyfully discovering the acts of the saints. He relates how Papenbrock, one of the little company, who began his labours in 1659, "luxuriates, revels, runs riot in his descriptions," as he tells how proud the sacristan of Mayence is of the dust of the cathedral, because it is older than the Reformation; how they dined with a very apostolical Dean, where there were thirty-six covers and twelve men-servants, and where they drank Bolland's health in hock one hundred and twenty years old; how very surprisingly venerable Papenbrock looked in the chasuble of S. Witegisus at Mayence, and how Henschenius (one of the companions), "who had never seen a mountain, was frightened out of his wits in the descent of the Alps, and lay like a heap at the bottom of a carriage." As we turn over the pages, and Neale, like Papenbrock himself, writes of "the glorious folios, rough in their yellow hogskin, and clamped and knobbed with wrought iron, and dotted down the face with the well-thumbed finger-holds, with their illuminated initials and flowing margins, their quaint abbreviations and lovely letters . . . all hastened as into a treasury for the glory of the saints . . . to swell the twelve thousand volumes of the Bollandine library," we may fancy that Neale, himself, would have been happier had he been born in days when such a quest might have absorbed a lifetime. Then as he flies from Parisian breviaries to a paper on the connection between Church festivals and household words, it would appear as if, in whatever

generation he had been born, his mind could never have been exclusively relegated to a single task.

It was at this time that the question of Prayer-book revision had been brought prominently forward. Professor Freeman's "*Principles of Divine Service*" had been published, and men of separate schools of thought were delivering opinions. It is strange to find Neale advocating greater elasticity, making suggestions, reverting to liturgical precedents, and at the same time considering the needs of different congregations. Cardinal Quignon's "*Reformed Breviary*" he pointed out, had supplied the model for our Prayer-book services; and he much desired—"to fall back upon the responses which follow all the lessons in the Breviary, and thus develop in a fuller sense the doctrine which we are at that especial time endeavouring to teach. I may well say," he adds, "that daily service in anything approaching what may be called a national scale is a thing as yet unknown amongst us. What wonder if we find difficulties, drawbacks, inconveniences!"

Many of his suggestions have since been adopted, though others were regarded as of a retrograde character, and the matter raised a good deal of controversy and correspondence.

The two volumes, "*Greek Liturgies of SS. Mark, James, Clement, Chrysostom and Basil*," and the English translation of "*Greek Liturgies*" appeared in 1859, as also the "*Rhythm of S. Bernard*," the annual Seatonian Poem, some of his "*Children's Sermons*," and "*Voices from the East*"—documents on the present state and working of the Eastern Church. The two previous years had been probably the least productive as regarded literary work. The reason is not far to seek. In the first place, the charge of the Sisterhood occupied much time. Hours of study might be carefully planned, but they were more liable to interruptions; and though change of work was unquestionably a gain, it must have been hard, even for his obedient brain, to give concentrated attention to such varied duties in succession.

‘ Nor was he left to pursue his way undisturbed. His publications, as well as his pastoral work, had earned an increasing measure of notoriety and admiration, together with the more valued intelligent approbation of qualified critics ; but in the narrower circle of the College, jealousies and discontents, rank weeds cut down to the root but never wholly eradicated, spread and overran the fair growth of confidence and affection, the well-merited recompense of his patient husbandry.

Tempus fugit, and many things around and within the College are altered, but still it stands, overlooking the red roofs of the little town, as in the days when the Earls of Dorset stayed their horses at the gate, or in those later times when Neale went in and out, crossing the quadrangle to talk with some garrulous pensioner at the low-arched doorway, or mounted the wide staircase dividing the low-raftered rooms to sit by a bed-ridden inmate.

The slope outside, then carefully tended, was in the July of this year, (1906) in uncut flowered grass, but as you pass through the deep porch with its oak benches, the green quadrangle, intersected with narrow brick walks, lies before you ; the Dorset Arms surmount the central entrance, and the well, Butterfield designed and Neale solemnly dedicated, is so closely covered with honeysuckle and clambering roses as to half conceal the pious inscription : “ Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again ; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst. . . . O ye wells, praise ye the Lord.”

All along the border, beneath the grey walls and mullioned windows, all manner of bright-tinted flowers—yellow and crimson-throated snapdragons, stocks and marigolds, pinks and larkspurs, bud and blossom. In Neale’s day great vines, rich in beautiful emblems and scriptural teaching, almost overspread the buildings, but since his death they have been unfortunately destroyed, and ivy planted in their stead. The peacocks, too, have removed their stately presence, that once proved Sackville College to be no exclusive refuge for the indigent ;

but the white pigeons are fanning themselves in the sunshine, and flutter down from their station upon the eaves.

The hall, with its dark-panelled walls and gallery—the wide hearth, where he gathered the old men and women on winter nights to listen to his tales or share his hospitality—is as it was then, though the plain, long oak table and wooden benches have been replaced by more modern furniture. The view from the study windows over the wooded country, with Saxonbury Hill and Crowborough heights in the blue distance, has been circumscribed by the growth of trees and the erection of one or two new buildings, but it is green and peaceful as when he looked upon it first; and the chapel, a shrine around which such fierce wars were raged, with its simple altar and ornaments, stands as a silent reproof to contentious spirits and sectarian animosity.

Here Neale's memory is green, though forty years ago he was laid to rest in the adjacent churchyard. Those who knew him best, the aged people to whom he ministered, and the discontented spirits who so unhappily endeavoured to destroy his peace, have departed to the land of fuller knowledge and surer hope, but in the pensioners' quarters there are friends and descendants of former inhabitants, ready to tell of the old days, of his pleasant, friendly ways, and the trouble he would take to secure some small boon or relieve some trivial discomfort. An inmate remembers how her old father, when admitted to the College, came back from his first interview with the Warden, the slow tears of old age and weakness in his eyes; and when she asked him anxiously what had passed, he could only say that it was "the kindness, the gentleman's kindness that had overcome him." For, with true delicacy of feeling, Neale had perceived how one who had seen better days found it bitter to accept the shelter of a charitable institution. Then again, how ready he had been to make allowance for the old pensioner who could not forego his tobacco! On this occasion, Dr. Turnbull, the Presbyterian minister, had been employed as an intermediary, for every one in East Grinstead knew how much he thought of

Dr. Turnbull. They were such good friends, it was no wonder he would have no one but the Warden to minister to him on his death-bed!

The old people asserted that he was never put out;—an unexpected tribute, for his best friends in other positions of life acknowledged him to be a quick-tempered man, as ready to take fire, and hasty in speech as he was eager to forgive and to atone; but his instinctive love and reverence for helplessness and old age, and a generosity towards those unable to retaliate, forbade him to be angry with the poor or with children.

There is no necessity to stir the dust raised by violent passions raging with unreasoning virulence around the College during the years 1856–1860, years that, owing to the increase of the Sisterhood and literary successes, would have otherwise been exceptionally peaceful and happy. The opposition had all the infectious rage of a no-popery cry, undoubtedly stimulated by personal enmity.

It was evident there was some traitor within the gates, and for years internal disturbances as well as outbreaks of fire took place for which no reason could be assigned.

Naturally an ancient foundation like Sackville College was not without its ghost. A very well authenticated spirit haunted the room known as the Earl's lodging, and Neale at first appears to have laid some inexplicable noises and doings unjustly to its charge, and to have consequently regarded any carnal weapon of defence as out of place. His mind easily and credulously accepted manifestations of inter-communion between ourselves and the departed. In his book on the "Unseen World," published in 1847, he writes, "There can be no subject more interesting—perhaps also more perilous—than the union and sympathy of the seen with the unseen world." Dreams, witchcraft, astrology, and all supernatural manifestations had from his youth had an immense attraction for him; whilst he instantly sought a spiritual interpretation of physical facts. Lacordaire said of himself before his conversion, "*J'ai l'âme extrêmement religieuse et l'esprit très incrédule,*" and no doubt the two things

are often combined. It was otherwise with Neale: his impulse was to believe. As early as 1844, he relates as a fact a curious instance of supernatural protection afforded to some people in a lonely house, all the bells of the house ringing continuously of themselves, and saving its tenants from a projected burglary. Again, in 1853, we find him investigating mesmerism and spiritualism popularly so called; he writes: "All this matter deserves to be most seriously thought about; for that 'sleepless beast,' as S. Cyril says, will not leave it alone, whether we do or not. I think it shows remarkably good sense in the Pope to have it [*viz.* table-turning] done before him."

These were the early days of psychical research. Neale had apparently no connection with any society and no opportunity for pursuing discoveries by quasi-scientific methods, or formulating theories, but the whole question was to him an open one, to be approached with a mind disposed to credence rather than to disproof.

His own experiences tended to confirm these prepossessions. One example may be recorded, especially as a witness to the protective care he believed the dead were permitted to exercise over those with whom they had been connected whilst on earth.

One evening, when he was crossing the churchyard between the College and the Sisterhood, he relates that he met with the figure of a lady who had died not long before, and she begged him to give a warning to her husband respecting some journey or some work he was about to undertake. Neale of course faithfully delivered the message. The husband was unconvinced and sceptical. Neale's fertile imagination might have conjured up a vision; he did not doubt that, to a dreamer of dreams, apparitions might appear as realities; but one thing was clear to him, he had not seen his wife. When Neale still persisted in his belief, he asked questions as to the appearance; and, amongst other things, inquired what dress she had on. Of this Neale had taken special note. It was a green satin of a remarkable colour and pattern, and he minutely described it. The husband's doubts were at once removed;

and he said, "It must have been my wife. I gave her that dress just before she died, and I believe no one else ever saw her in it."

These persuasions as to the possible intervention of visitants from the unseen world, seeming to many but as idle tales, added to the perplexing mystery in which the disturbances of the College were involved. In 1886, however, they reached another climax, and there was now no possible doubt as to the perpetrators.

Unfortunately, Neale himself had appointed a Mr. Rogers, with whom he had once taken a tour in Portugal, as Assistant Warden. This man became his bitterest enemy, and instituted annoyances of all sorts, "to an extent that" (Neale writes), "one could hardly have believed possible in a civilized land." He contended that the Warden had no right to certain rooms in the College, and, at his instigation, doors were broken open and windows smashed, the police, until the question had been legally settled, not daring to interfere. The contention was aggravated by furious attacks in local papers. To these Neale would make no reply; but life became so unbearable that, in July, 1856, when he was offered a small living, he determined to accept it. The Sisters professed their willingness to work anywhere with him, and he wrote, fortunately as it proved, too late, to find that the living had just been given away.

In the mean time matters had brightened in the College. His brother-in-law, Mr. T. Webster, Q.C. (the father of the present Lord Chief Justice), concurred with the Charity Commissioners in advising that stronger steps should be taken to restrain evildoers and re-establish order. Lord De la Warr gave Neale his support; the law was brought to bear; the Bishop of Chichester visited the Sisterhood, and was kind and encouraging; and peace was for the time restored. "A host of friends," Neale writes, "have risen up to us; and, with six or eight exceptions, the town is quite on our side. . . . Though I tell you all this, don't think that it worries or hinders me in the least. We are like the eels now, and are used to it."

But, all the same, at times his elastic spirits were

depressed. One clean open wound might have been more easily healed than these reiterated pinpricks of pain. The enforced truce did not last long, and in the following year the Lewes riots supervened, and once again deprived Neale and the Sisterhood of the Bishop's countenance. There must indeed have been much smouldering enmity to account for an outbreak, of which the funeral of one of the Sisters formed the pretext.

Neale had undeniably little worldly wisdom, and, with regard to money matters, very imperfectly developed business qualifications. He was culpably careless in regard to his personal expenditure; would drop a cheque out of his pocket and never miss it, and leave five-pound notes scattered upon his table, or simply thrust into a chimney-piece ornament as into a money-box. He had clearly a mistaken idea that other people were likely to share his indifference to temporal possessions. The little book entitled "*Dicit Fundator*"—"The Spirit of the Founder," is very exact and distinct as to the Sisters' duty in respect to the vow of poverty. The instructions are too long to quote in detail, but, in view of the troubles about to be related, and their ostensible cause, it is well to give some explanatory sentences.

"Let us imagine a Sister wishing to join us with a certain income belonging unrestrictedly to herself, when she makes the vow of poverty what does she promise, and what does she not promise?"

"She promises, in the first place, to give up what is called the usufruct of it; that is, neither directly nor indirectly to lay out a farthing of it upon herself. . . . She does not promise—God forbid—to devote all her income to this House. When I say 'God forbid,' I mean what I say. There have been some griping, grasping religious Houses, which have been satisfied with nothing less; but they have always been regarded as the plague-spots of religious Communities. She does not promise necessarily to lay out all her money in charity; for there may be relations who have a right to part of it. . . . What, then, is a Sister who has this £100 a year bound to do when she joins us? In the first place, she is bound to tell

the Superior what part of it she may lawfully dispose of to this Sisterhood. And here relations have the first claim ; old charities the second, but the Sisterhood ought to take precedence of all new charities."

These quotations are sufficient to show that, in money matters, he was as unexacting for the Community as for himself.

On October 30, 1857, he wrote: "The success of the Sisterhood is really surprising. . . . Considering the tremendous opposition we have encountered, is not that a triumph over prejudice?" And then, only a fortnight later, the storm broke.

The occasion was the death of a Sister who had but lately joined the Community. Her father had been summoned, but the end was somewhat sudden, and he arrived too late to see her alive. In the mean time, she had been permitted (perhaps, under the circumstances, indiscreetly) to make a will, in which she left the bulk of her little property to a favourite brother, a legacy to her sisters, and £400 to S. Margaret's. She had expressed a wish to be buried in the family vault at Lewes, and her father, on his arrival, at first professed to be satisfied that everything right and possible had been done, and was prepared to make funeral arrangements in accordance with her request. Before the funeral (which, contrary to the wishes of Dr. Neale and the Sisters he had fixed for the evening) he appears to have conceived an unreasonable hostility towards those under whose care she had died, an hostility possibly aggravated by natural distress and the provisions of the will. His displeasure, unrestrained and violent in its expressions, set all manner of exaggerated reports afloat in the town ; and by the day fixed for the interment an adverse party had organized a public protest. Carried out by an uncontrollable mob drawn from the lowest dregs of the population, it assumed proportions and led to actions it may be trusted its promoters had not anticipated. A threatening crowd filled the churchyard, and it was with difficulty that the mourners followed the coffin to the vault. There was nothing unusual

to excite angry feeling, all arrangements having been left to the Sister's family ; but during the service the rabble in the churchyard raised turbulent shouts, their attitude every moment becoming more inimical. In the half-darkness the worst characters had no fear of recognition. They made way for the family to pass out ; and then lights were extinguished, or flashed in the faces of those they attacked, so as to make confusion worse than darkness, and a fierce rush was made upon the band of Sisters. Neale was knocked down before he could prevent them from being hustled and insulted, and the whole company were borne along the street at the mercy of the crowd, until at last the police gathered sufficient force to secure their retreat—some into the schoolmaster's house, and some into a friendly inn, where, at least, a siege was less intolerable than a street fight. It was not till after strenuous police efforts that the train could be reached, for the return journey to East Grinstead, the rabble besetting the station to the very last.

Still the father's vindictive instincts were not appeased. He published a scandalous account of the cause of the disturbance, asserting that his daughter had been entrapped into the Sisterhood, purposely placed in the way of infection (she died from nursing scarlet fever), and then induced to make a will in favour of the Community.

The Bishop of Chichester (who unaccountably gave ear to the most inaccurate reports in any way affecting Neale and the works connected with him) withdrew from his position as Visitor of S. Margaret's. Many difficulties arose, subscriptions declined, friends fell away, false rumours of all kinds were circulated ; and it was found easier to accuse than to defend. But Neale was not without well-informed and influential friends, and amongst them three conspicuous laymen—Colonel Moorsom, the Hon. Richard (afterwards Lord Richard) Cavendish, and Mr. John David Chambers—took action on his behalf. Mr. Cavendish wrote at great length to the Bishop, and in the most straightforward terms denounced his proceedings as absolutely unjust and indefensible.

"Your Lordship has condemned the Sisterhood," he writes, "simply on the ground that it has been under Mr. Neale's influence. Your Lordship does not assert that that influence has been mischievous in its effects. Had such been the case, the institution could hardly have produced fruits to the uniform excellence of which Arch-deacon Otter has borne such unexceptionable testimony. I am therefore led to conclude that your Lordship declines to sanction any institution with which Mr. Neale is connected, solely because he holds theological opinions which you believe to be at variance with the doctrinal standards of the Church of England, and because you disapprove of his views on the subject of Confession.

"With regard, my Lord, to the first of these points, I entreat you to bear with me, while I humbly call your attention to the fact that, be those opinions right or wrong which, so far as the public are informed, have induced you to inhibit Mr. Neale, they are precisely similar to those held by the greatest divines of the English Church, some of whom were actually concerned in the revision of the Prayer-book as it now stands. . . . But, my Lord, you ground your censure also on the fact that Mr. Neale advocates Confession. . . . With reference to this subject I may venture to remind your Lordship that the Church of England does most undeniably recommend Confession in certain cases. . . . She has laid down no rule as to the frequency with which, under certain circumstances, Confession should be resorted to. . . . Mr. Neale may be thought by some to have committed errors of judgment, his conduct was throughout dictated by a conscientious sense of duty and responsibility. . . . I do not appeal to your Lordship's justice and generosity on behalf of women admirable for their Christian zeal and self-denial, who have been lately subjected to a brutal assault at the hands of a mob of ruffians. Persons who, like these ladies, endeavour to tread as closely as possible in the footsteps of our Blessed Saviour while on earth, cannot be dependent on any merely human support, however much they may be cheered and encouraged by it ;" and then he goes on to entreat that the Bishop will, at least, hear testimony from both sides, and institute an impartial inquiry into the Sisterhood.

Mr. Chambers, one of the first legal authorities in ecclesiastical matters, also wrote a statement of the law as

to Confession and Absolution. It was forwarded with a letter from Neale. But the Bishop's attitude had been a foregone conclusion, and he declined to reconsider the question ; Mr. Cavendish's outspoken but temperate remonstrance producing no effect.

It must be confessed that in very various positions of life, from the lawless rioters of Lewes to the Bishop of his own diocese, Neale had many irreconcilable enemies ; nevertheless, the opposition he encountered confirmed and augmented the loyal affection of his friends. Not only so ; the injustice with which he had been treated, as it became known to impartial judges, roused public sympathy, both on his behalf and on that of the Sisterhood. In the early part of this same year, 1857, to his surprise, his name was suggested for the vacant Bishopric of Aberdeen, eventually bestowed on Dr. Suther.

Bishop Wilberforce had from the first stood his friend. It is probable that upon many points they were by no means in agreement, but during Neale's first troubles he had tried to arrange matters for him with the Bishop of Chichester, and he frequently invited him to Lavington. On one of these occasions, September 1856, Neale had written—

"This week I have been paying a visit to the Bishop of Oxford at Lavington—it was a very pleasant party—principally to consult what we are to do in the Denison case. It is next to certain that the judgment will be reversed, on the legal point, in the Court of Arches."

Again, in 1861, when the prejudice against him in certain quarters had by no means subsided, he writes : "On the 15th [January], all well, I go to Cuddesdon for a few days. When I have been with S. Oxon. before, it has been at Lavington ; and Cuddesdon I have a curiosity to see." At a later date, Wilberforce again took the unpopular side in his defence. When the section of railway between Tunbridge Wells and East Grinstead was opened, on the 18th of July, 1864, by Lord West, there was a great gathering of county people, the principal inhabitants

of the town, and the neighbouring clergy. After the ceremony, about three hundred met at a public banquet ; but the feeling against Neale was still so strong on the part of those who organized the proceedings, that he was the one man of any consideration who received no invitation. No doubt many missed him and silently regretted his absence, but Bishop Wilberforce did not hesitate to openly proclaim his disapproval of the slight put upon him. As his eyes, from the head of the table, took note of the assembled guests, he asked at once, "Where is Neale?" We are not told what reply was given, but at any rate, it was not such as to diminish the Bishop's generous indignation. As he left the table he went straight to Sackville College, to call upon the man who had not been judged worthy to meet him.

CHAPTER XXIII

Tours in the South of France and Dalmatia—Interview with Michael, Prince of Montenegro—Neale's social qualifications—Lecture on Sisterhoods—Degree of D.D. conferred by Hartford University—Autograph letter respecting it.

OCCASIONALLY, the routine of life at East Grinstead was broken, and the harassing daily cares besetting it forgotten, even during these later years of Neale's life, in revisiting or exploring some new tract of country abroad.

In June, 1857, he had gone to the South of France, in company with Bishop Forbes of Brechin, and now, bearing his own Sisters at home in mind, he was particularly anxious to visit conventual establishments. At Bourges he visited the cathedral, "grand beyond all description, and its windows on fire with ruby glass," and also the "Couvent des Sœurs (Bleues Brigittines)," to ask questions about their work; then on to Puy-en-Velay, to see the large schools of Marist Sisters and a Convent of Récollectines, fifteen Sisters and two hundred and twenty children. "Their infant school and its exercises were excessively pretty."

At Nismes, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, he saw the great procession, not allowed in the days of Louis Philippe for fear of disturbances. The civil authorities were holding a strong body of gendarmes in reserve, lest any indignity should be offered; but it was needless, everything was successfully and reverently carried out. There was an enormous concourse of lay people, sappers and miners, young girls and matrons, twelve boys, from six to eight, dressed like cardinals, and a boy bishop; the lines of soldiers presenting arms, and bright

hangings from the windows, making a brilliant spectacle; the only *contretemps* being, that little Saint John the Baptist, with his bare legs and his sheepskin coat and cross, was so tired that his mother had to carry him!

The following year he had hoped to take a yet more congenial journey. The Bishop of Brechin was in all probability to confirm at S. Petersburg, Moscow, and perhaps Archangel, and he had offered to take Neale as his chaplain. "I should learn more ecclesiology in a month than in a year anywhere else," he writes. "Just imagine seeing Novgorod!" But this project fell through, and he never saw Russia.

In 1860 he was enabled to carry out a desire long in his mind. His deep interest in the history of the Oriental Church roused a wish (as he says, in his "Notes on Dalmatia") to observe for himself—"the mutual action and reaction of the Eastern and Western Communions in their border lands on the East Coast of the Adriatic. As devoted to liturgical studies, I wished personally to examine, in the only country where it is still in use, the questions which arise from the venerable and mysterious Glagolita rite. And, finally, as an ardent student of ecclesiology, I promised myself no small gratification from the churches of Istia and Dalmatia, and, above all, Aquileia."

"Through Gladstone," he writes, in a letter to Webb, when about to set out, "I hope to get a special recommendation from the Austrian ambassador, formally written. I had one in Portugal which was of the greatest use." And in this he was successful, for Count Apponyi, the ambassador to this country, favoured him with a very strong official recommendation to the authorities, both ecclesiastical and civil, in Dalmatia and the neighbouring provinces. This document proved most truly a golden key, opening every door, and surmounting every difficulty.

On this journey, again, he was supremely happy in taking notes of churches, pursuing architectural studies, searching for missals and manuscripts in monasteries and libraries; and received everywhere with the greatest

kindness and courtesy, owing to his credentials. At the monastery at Lambach, for instance, (the Foundation of the eleventh century still in life), the library was not to be seen, but when he sent in his recommendation, one of the fathers, a very pleasing man, came out and took him all over it. "There were fourteen thousand volumes, manuscripts of great value, an almost priceless collection of Incunabula (the name Germans give to books printed before 1500), some pretty little manuscript breviaries, but no manuscript missals."

He applied to the Abbot, a very striking man, by far the most intellectual-looking of the whole set, for leave to copy sequences, and permission was graciously given, whilst he sent for some wine of the monastery's growth, and before Compline the visitors and Fathers each had a tumbler! From Gratz, again, he wrote—

"Great as has been the kindness I have always received in foreign libraries, that which I here experienced surpassed them all. 'Name your own time, sir,' said the first librarian, 'and I will give you two clever undergraduates to wait on you.'" I spent nearly a day in that cinquecento room, and the heartiness with which the young men threw themselves into my pursuits, and the courtesy with which they seemed to be receiving rather than giving a favour, I shall never forget. The library contains 42,000 volumes (of which 3,500 are Incunabula), and 7,500 MSS."

Not only was Neale's enthusiasm infectious, but nothing, and nobody, from intelligent innkeepers and polite undergraduates to learned university professors and dignified prelates, came amiss to him. In the eagerness of his search his shyness was forgotten. At ease in foreign languages he found less difficulty than most travellers in understanding the spirit of the country and the point of view of the natives, and was undeterred by the etiquette of small foreign courts from venturing, unembarrassed by insular reserve, into the presence of royalty. At Cettinge, the first thing he saw—

"was a crowd of people, surrounding a man, alone covered, addressing them. This was the Prince; it was a council of war. At the end, the oldest peasant said, 'O Vladika, let it be as thou wilt!' And then they moved to another place. We sent our introduction to the Prince, and followed it at a little distance. Presently came the high marshal, in a most gorgeous red and green dress, to bring us to the Prince. He was with the senators (yeomen) and the heads of the army, about to overlook the games. He speaks French fluently, wears bagging green trousers like a Dutchman, a waistcoat crimson and passemented with silver, a jacket green and lined with crimson and slashed, and a green cap set with jewels. He spoke very politely, asked me to honour them by seeing the games, and set me by him."

For a taciturn Englishman it might have been an embarrassing position. But Neale evidently enjoyed himself almost as much as if he had been in a convent library. He remained looking on at the sports till dusk, when the Prince ordered a room to be made ready for the travellers, and sent them a royal present, white bread, a lamb ragoût, potatoes, and ices, for their supper. In his "Notes on Dalmatia," published in 1862 by Hayes, Neale adds—"I little thought as I listened to him then, so full of life and strength, discussing with the brightest anticipations the future fortunes of his little state, that in a few months he would be lying in a bloody grave." For this Michael, Prince of Montenegro, was assassinated at Cattaro in the August of this same year, 1860.

With a definite object in view, and freed from the ordinary conventionalities of life, Neale was perfectly unconstrained, both in manners and conversation. When at home, he greatly valued the visits of those who shared his tastes; and opportunities of intercourse with ecclesiastical authorities, more particularly with those actively engaged in the guidance and government of the Church, were especially welcome to one whose student life had to a certain extent debarred him from taking a practical part in public affairs. But in ordinary society he was absent-minded, and reserved. In a *tête-à-tête* with a

chosen companion he gave of his best. He was ever ready to answer inquiries, clear up disputed points, and freely bestow information upon almost every conceivable subject, turning from one thing to another with extraordinary facility : his mind was a labyrinth, but it was one to which he never lost the clue. All this stood him in good stead when his conversational powers were put in requisition. On the other hand, he was deficient in those social capabilities either natural or acquired, enabling a man to take his right place in mixed company. As a guest at a country house or a London dinner party, he might easily have given a poor or wrong impression of his powers. Indeed, on one of his visits to Lavington, it is recorded that, though he had been expressly invited to meet the Bishop of Oxford, when the dinner-hour arrived he could nowhere be found ; and when a search was instituted it was discovered that in a sudden access of shyness he had gone to bed as the only possible excuse for not appearing at dinner ! Shyness, as it so often happens, took the semblance of conceit, and a want of deference in argument with equals or superiors, formed a remarkable contrast to his gentleness with children and the unfailing courtesy of his manners to the poor. He was in touch with the majority of the men who, in his day, were distinguished for the part they played in the public affairs of the Church, or for their achievements in the various departments of art and literature engaging his attention ; but communications were carried on chiefly by means of letters. He was constantly invited to take the principal part at English Church Union and other meetings ; and as a lecturer his lucid expositions, decisive, clear-cut judgments, and concise methods, made him pre-eminently successful. One of his last lectures, in 1865, on "Sisterhoods in the Church of England," made much impression. It was delivered at Stafford, but afterwards printed and widely circulated ; and some paragraphs evidencing his manner and his method are worth quoting.

"As I remarked just now, we are all inclined to believe that women ought to work for God, and work more for Him, too, than they have done in the last century—not so

much from any unwillingness on their part, as because the weight of the world pressed down upon them. Still, nevertheless, we all know, and it is absurd to say or profess that we don't know, there are difficulties and objections made about Sisterhoods. Now I will be as quick as I possibly can in going through these, because argument is not very profitable ; and then I will tell you some things which may perhaps interest you more."

His answers to dissentients are to the point, and so sensible as to at once strike a popular audience. For instance, with regard to the vows taken by the Sisters, he explains the preliminary two years of novitiate or probation.

"I wonder how many people are engaged two years before they are married, and how many people have to go through a severe scrutiny as to whether, in the first place, they are fit to be engaged at all, and then, after undergoing two years' probation, as to whether they are fit to be married. I fancy any of us would say : 'That is a very needless scrutiny'—needless in this world it may be, but not needless so far as regards the world to come."

And then he goes on to describe the Sisters' life of devotion and their labours of love. One anecdote may well be recorded.

"About four years ago, in a very stormy November, a Sister was sent for by a doctor to go to a place in Sussex, about thirteen miles from their Home, to nurse four or five cases of diphtheria. The doctor wrote : 'They are all, I am afraid, hopeless cases, but still the patients' sufferings may be relieved, the passage to death made easier, and one or two may be saved.' The Sister went, and the next day, towards afternoon, we had a message from her, asking for things she stood in need of to nurse the sufferers. It was one of the stormiest evenings I ever remember in my life. I would let no one else go, and I went myself. The village where she was nursing was about three miles from the station, and I had hard work to persuade any one to drive me over. When we came to the farmhouse, five out of the six patients were dead, and the sixth was struggling between life and death. The man who had driven me

came and sat in the kitchen, drying himself by the fire, and there was nothing to be done except just to pray with the Sister and leave her, which I did. The man, who had been very talkative when we came over, was very silent on our way back. At last he said, just as a man might do who had made some wonderful philosophical discovery, 'Do you know, sir, I begin to think that perhaps there is some use in prayer after all.' I told him such was my opinion, and asked him to see whether it was not correct. He said, 'Well! I think I will.' There the matter stood for two years. At the end of that time, another Sister had to go and nurse in the same part of the country. . . . The same man drove her over who had driven me, and, knowing her by her dress, he told her of the wonderful recovery of the woman for whom prayer had been made two years ago. He added that the circumstance had made such an impression on him, that he became a communicant, and induced his wife to follow his example, and now they were both trying to serve God."

Then he told of the thanksgiving services, held in a Methodist Chapel, for a Sister's efficiency in nursing one of their class leaders, of the gratitude and courtesy shown by the roughest labouring men; how, in one case, when the husband of a woman whom a Sister was nursing found she had nothing to sleep upon in the wretched hovel but her own cloak laid on the floor, he said she must lie down by her patient, and he would go out to "the house of a friend;" and it was not till the next morning he allowed her to discover that, with the ground covered with snow, he had slept in the courtyard, with his head in a big dog's kennel. Again, in an outbreak of scarlet fever in a small town in Hertfordshire, during the three weeks before a sister arrived thirty-six deaths had occurred, but in the six weeks she was there, though there were many more people ill, there were only nine deaths.

We can imagine how the actual facts related formed the most eloquent appeal. Organized women's work was almost as new as sisterhoods themselves. Sanitary reforms, vigilance committees, philanthropic institutions had hardly been called into existence. The Sisters had to grapple single-handed with infection and disease without the most

necessary and ordinary modern appliances. In other countries the work of religious orders had long been recognized as in every respect superior to that of paid nurses; but in the Church of England Sisters of Charity were yet untried, and until after the Crimean War, strange to say, there was no such order in Russia. Anxious to learn how the system worked in England, the Russian Church sent two ladies to gather information at East Grinstead; and acting upon their report and upon the knowledge gained during their residence with the S. Margaret's Sisters, determined to establish Sisterhoods upon the same lines. It was a circumstance that, in the midst of many discouragements, greatly gladdened their Founder's heart; one of the things for which he said he thanked God most, that, in some measure, he had been able to benefit the Communion he so deeply venerated.

He threw himself with his accustomed vigour into the itinerant work of a lecturer, sometimes delivering speeches at different centres on three consecutive days, on various subjects; very often to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. He also frequently preached in London and elsewhere, the Bishop of London having formally withdrawn his inhibition in December, 1852. This inhibition appears to have been based on a printed sermon, and with regard to it Neale wrote to Webb—

“The proposal was my own. I offered, without retracting or qualifying anything I had said, to substitute another sermon, stating in the preface that, as what I had said in that sermon had been, in my opinion, unaccountably mistaken, I had put another in its place. Now I hope you do not think that I have made any concession I ought not. To my mind I have absolutely conceded nothing, but if you think that I have at all betrayed the truth, I will retract at once what I have offered. . . . The Bishop¹ opened the door as wide as ever he could; he never even hinted at my qualifying in the preface what I said. . . . Still, if you think that I have done too much,

¹ Bishop Blomfield.

let me hear by return of post. I will take your opinion here as against my own, for I am dreadfully afraid of seeming to give up a point."

He need never have been afraid of doing so for any personal advantages or for the sake of worldly gain. He might be at times injudicious, or indiscreet. Both in speech and in writing it would have been better if he had paused to weigh his words, but his instinct was to fight with any legitimate weapon at his command in defence of what he held to be the truth. His daughter remembers how, in his teaching, one of the lessons most often enforced was as to the Christian's position as a member of a militant Church, and the obligation it involved to war against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Yet it would have been no wonder if he had wearied of a struggle with those who seldom took the trouble to weigh his arguments or understand his position.

To his old friend, though separated from him, he could write freely; he leaned with confidence upon the just discernment of Webb's impartial judgment, and was satisfied by his prompt and undoubting approval. Later on differences arose, not merely in matters of taste but of principle—divergences of opinion not unlikely to result from their different positions in the Church and the circumstances in which their lot had been cast; nevertheless, almost to the last years of Neale's life, the correspondence between them was of the most confidential character, and rarely intermitted.

In 1860 Neale received the degree of D.D. from Hartford, Connecticut. There was some question of it in 1855, when he wrote: "One thing more which will amuse you: the University of Hartford, the organ, you know, of the American Church, has offered me a D.D.; so at all events a man may be a prophet out of his own country." The degree was actually conferred in 1860. The fact was communicated to one of his friends by the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, afterwards Bishop of Western New York, in the following terms:—

"I am able to gratify you and myself by announcing that Neale is D.D. of Trinity College, Hartford. The degree was conferred in a beautiful form:—'For the glory of God and the benefit of His Holy Church,' etc., and when it came to *in Nomine Patris*, etc., all rose and said 'Amen.' In none of our other Colleges is this solemnity observed; and there is another point at Trinity which I like, viz. that degrees in Divinity come directly from the Bishop; so that without a faculty from him the president cannot confirm them. . . . At the dinner, in reply to a toast, I thanked the members of the Corporation for having honoured *themselves* by being the first to pay this deserved compliment to a scholar among the first of his age. The members of Convocation responded to this by loud cheers, and I assured them they should know how Dr. Neale had received it."

Undoubtedly Neale was gratified. He had had little of that public recognition to be anticipated as the just due of his labours. One reason for this might have been found in the abstruse subjects engrossing his attention. No one would have expected his "History of the Eastern Church" to find a place except on the library shelves of scholars and theologians. His liturgical researches were also outside the circle of ordinary readers. A laudatory review, or an appreciative letter from a friend or fellow-student gave him pleasure therefore out of proportion to the occasion. But it is certainly true to say that, secure in his opinions, occasionally presumptuous in argument, he was sincerely humble with regard to his own writings and attainments. It seems necessary to emphasize this point, though it has been touched upon before, for it both explains his attitude with regard to others, and constitutes an important factor in the judgment to be formed of his life and character. As one of his oldest friends¹ asserted, he was absolutely devoid of personal vanity, and had no idea of conforming to worldly standards. Webb differed from him with regard to the use of an American degree in England. He had insular prejudices, and seems to have been unaware of its honourable

¹ The Rev. J. G. Young, Vicar of Hursley.

P. C.
Dec. 19. 1851
—

My dear Webb

I have been for some time wishing
to write to you about a point upon last letter,
— namely, the degree of American degree.

I rather care, — nor do not care — whether
people call me by it, or not. But I certainly will
not regret it, — for these reasons:

1. It has always been accepted before,
in the very few instances where given. (as well
— though I say by no means agree with the views —
— e.g. — no fool.

2. So are medical degrees

1. But that is a good reason. You do
not know — or how should you? — how much
better known I am in America than in England: —

has much more than; — has much more than
anything. You will be surprised that I to
look up all the Americans who have
made their way here.

Well: — it will be mean in me — I
cannot have few folks in London very long —
to meet the friends of those in America who
save me all they had before — (& the less, mean
for, the more mean & unkind it would be.)
To the bottom of the matter — & how absurd
is a D.D. — hard for — fare for
themselves!

No: — I feel that that, as saying about the
Laureateship. There is no honor now, but, if
God give me life & health, I will make it
honorable.

distinction as conferred by such a University as Hartford. The autograph letter subjoined gives a full explanation of Neale's position.

"S.C.

"Dec. 19, 1861.

"MY DEAR WEBB,

"I have been for some time wishing to write to you about a part of your last letter,—namely, touching my American degree.

"I neither care,—nor do *not* care,—whether people call me by it, or not. But I certainly will not *reject* it,—for these reasons:

"1. It has always been accepted before, in the very few instances where given. Caswell—though I may by no means agree with his views—is, *e.g.* no fool.

"2. So are medical degrees.

"3. But this is my real reason. You do not know—as how should you?—how much better known I am in America than in England;—how much more liked;—how much more of an authority. You would be surprised were I to reckon up all the Americans who have made their way here.

'Well:—it would be mean in me—because some few fellows in London may laugh—to hurt the feelings of those in America who gave me all they had to give—(and the less, mind you, the more mean and awkward it would be). Go to the bottom of the matter—and how absurd is a D.D.—paid for—of one of our Universities!

"No:—I feel about that, as Southey about the Laureateship. It is no honour now, but, if God gives me life and health, I will make it honourable.

"As to being laughed at (and especially—you must not be angry—by *Saturday Review* people, who laugh at everything), I care for it οὐδὲ γὰρ (or γὰρ—I don't know which).

"I was amused—or rather, I felt sorry,—that the *Guardian*, holding your own views about Austria and Naples, should yet be more generous in that way to me than the *Ecclesiologist*. You there spoke of my strong feeling for Austria and for poor Francischello as if it were—or approached to—a moral fault."

CHAPTER XXIV

Neale's correspondents—Letters from Gladstone and Dean Stanley—Visit and letters from Ambrose de Lisle—Proposed "History of the Church"—The "Commentary on the Psalms"—Mystical interpretations of Holy Scripture—Dr. Littledale finishes the "Commentary."

IT has been necessary to anticipate events in order to give a clearer idea of Neale's connection with public questions and the world at large; but it must not be forgotten that the parti-coloured threads of his life's work were ceaselessly woven together in the narrow precincts of his study. Here he gathered knowledge and material for his books; here he studied and pondered the foundations and rules of religious Orders; here he wrote his sermons, rarely delivered extempore; here he received the many visitors who sought his counsel on literary, ecclesiological, historical, or spiritual matters; and from thence, from the year 1854 onwards, he ruled and guided the Community, founded in a faith that surmounted all difficulties and misgivings and was the surest pledge of continuity.

Here, too, he carried on an extraordinarily voluminous correspondence. For years he wrote to Webb every week, sometimes even more frequently; whilst during the last years of his life his letters to his friend, Canon Haskoll, are nearly as numerous. Of the letters preserved, a few may be quoted.

In August, 1855, Gladstone writes to him in respect to the Scotch Office and Neale's proposed "Life of Bishop Torry."

"It is quite true that I have felt a most deep interest in the preservation of the Scotch Office; a treasure from

which, it appeared to me, that no consideration upon earth ought to induce those who possessed it to depart.

"I regret that it should be said, even in the letter, that you write to me as a stranger, but I hope we may at any rate consider this as the beginning of our acquaintance, and that time may improve it.

"I am well aware of your labours in connection with the Eastern Church, which one cannot but believe has its own special work to do for Christendom as well as for itself. I lament that the attitude of partial opposition between us should now be aggravated and complicated by political causes; but I pray God that when this sad strife is at an end it may leave the atmosphere clearer than it was before.

"I remain Rev. and dear Sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Canon Carter of Clewer consults him upon a controversial question, and will "be glad of the support of his authority for" his "own private convictions."

Sir Henry Baker sends a long letter inviting criticism on various translations of hymns, and begging Neale "to gather out of his abundant store such Greek hymns and others as you think most suitable to congregational use" for "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

Canon Bright, from University College, in 1865, asks his opinion upon "an important point connected with our Latin translation of the Prayer-book."

The Archbishop of Connecticut writes, in December, 1864—

"I have just had the pleasure and edification of reading—surely unless you wrote it nobody in England did—your article in the *Christian Remembrancer*, on the *Filioque*. . . . The paper is read far and wide among us, and is having, among the very best men, a great effect. It was just what we needed. I do not know how it is in England, but here, those who know the most about the Eastern Church are only 'borgnes parmi les aveugles.'"

Hawker, of Morwenstow, writes from his Cornish vicarage, in 1850—

"Your name is so linked with the Eastern mother that it is to me almost a household word. . . . Neither is there any scholar of our day to whom my thoughts and sympathies more frequently turn."

When the Sisterhood was being started, the Rev. R. W. Sibthorp sent his congratulations from Lincoln—

"January 8, 1855.

"I sincerely wish you success. I can scarcely say that I anticipate it; but I would not discourage you. When you speak of having met me twenty-seven years since, that may remind you that I am come to an age when the *couleur de rose* no longer tinges our plans and prospects. I have seen enough of conflicts to long for rest, and enough of the world and Church militant on earth to apprehend that the place to set the sole of my foot is a very narrow one, and I wish that others may not find it too narrow to carry out enlarged plans of ecclesiastical and Catholic usefulness. Your motto, I suppose, is *Christo duce, nil desperandum*, and I won't put any shadows in your way.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully in Christ,

"R. WALDO SIBTHORP."

The packet of affectionate and confidential letters from Bishop Forbes of Brechin bring their testimony to bear upon a close and enduring friendship. He asks Neale's opinion as to the admission of laymen into synods, discusses Eucharistic doctrine, and demands help in framing occasional services.

Butterfield makes an impossible request, that he would write a short popular History of the Greek Church.

Archdeacon Denison discusses Church matters, and the Gorham case in particular. From Beresford Hope (though in later years they were estranged in opinion) there must have been many letters; only one has been preserved.

Mr. Boyle (afterwards Lord Glasgow) consults him as to the Consecration of a ruined mortuary chapel, the most convenient method of reciting the Seven Hours of Prayer at Cumbraë, and the arrangement of shortened services.

Next in the packet we find a letter in Latin, from

a Professor Karsten, respecting Neale's writings on the Dutch Church.

A series of letters from Dr. Mill, the great Oriental scholar ; as well as one from Dr. Malan, with inquiries concerning Eastern liturgies.

Bishop Wilberforce returned thanks for assistance given in connection with a speech of his in the House of Lords ; and Dr. Pusey, in an undated letter, explains his reasons for retiring from the London Union.

There are interesting letters from George Williams upon Oriental problems, and one asking Neale to solve a question as to Greek Church doctrine for Dr. Pusey.

Then comes a letter from Dean Stanley—

"I have to thank you for your kindness in sending me your poem on Sinai. It was interesting to me to see how naturally the subject flows into poetry, and I am glad to think that my descriptions have enabled you so thoroughly to enter into the scenery. . . . I wish you all success in the [illegible] of Chaldea.

"There are many points, as doubtless you are aware, on which we should widely differ. But I cannot but admire your courage in undertaking such a laborious work ; and I have derived great assistance, even in my slight studies on the same subject, from the extent and accuracy of your research.

"I was very glad to see your statement of the disgraceful affair at Lewes.

"Yours faithfully,

"A. P. STANLEY.

"Precincts, Canterbury."

Wordsworth, Bishop of S. Andrews, requires information regarding the "Moral Concordances of S. Anthony," "a remarkable performance, and, in the form which you have given it, I should hope likely to be very useful."

These letters, selected from those preserved, mingled with many from other countries, France, Russia, Holland, and Spain, as well as from our colonies, afford some indication of the place Neale held in the estimation of very different types and classes of men ; and show upon what important subjects his advice was sought as that of

an expert. In Russia his name was widely known and honoured, and in 1860, on the receipt of a magnificent present of icons, he writes, "I had no idea until now, how big a man I was in Russia." Every mark of recognition from that country was most especially prized. His Holiness Philaret, of Moscow, on sending him a rare book, wrote his name in it with the following inscription: "God's blessing and help to them who investigate the truth in the ancient books and traditions of the Church, for the peace and ultimate union of the Churches of God. PHIL. M., Moscow, July 13, 1860."

Pursuing with a light heart the ideal of a reunited Christendom; no sense of present isolation could chill his ardent desires, no dust of controversy could conceal, though it might for the time obscure, the brightness of his hope. Each step, tardily or timidly taken, in the right direction received his glad support; each sign of amity, however trivial, was welcomed as a herald of peace. He was delighted when the Bishop of Bruges asked permission to have some of his stories for children translated into French and Flemish, and published with his sanction. They had been translated into German for the Lutherans, and into Russ for the youthful members of the Orthodox Church, and this was a crowning gratification.

He was more than ready to respond to a request from Bishop Forbes of Brechin to bring his friend Mr. Ambrose Phillips, better known as Ambrose de Lisle, who from another Communion had done so much to advance the cause they had at heart; and two letters to Sackville College after the visit had taken place were full of sympathy and encouragement.

"I can assure you I shall never forget the happy day I spent with you yesterday—I was deeply edified. I bless God from my inmost soul for the great work His grace has wrought in you, and I pray Him to complete what He has begun, and to bring our Churches to perfect unity in His own good time. But go on, nothing doubting, nothing fearing. Pray for me, and believe me heartily yours in Christ Jesus,

"AMBROSE LISLE PHILLIPS."

And from Gracedieu Manor, July 22, 1860, he wrote again—

“I have often thought of my agreeable visit to East Grinstead, and I feel much indebted to my friend, the Bishop of Brechin, for having given me such a valuable introduction, for I can truly say that I attach a deep value to your acquaintance. I trust we may turn it mutually to the greater glory of God, and the promotion of the future union of our respective Churches. What I saw, both in your parish and in other localities, of the Anglican Church, particularly at Clewer, affords a most striking and undeniable evidence of a most wonderful growth of Catholic principles and life in your Communion, and I cannot doubt that Providence is thus gradually preparing your Church for a reunion with the other great Churches of Christendom in which the normal principle of Catholicity prevails. But much remains to be done. The Anglican Church must be brought to greater unity in herself before, as a whole, she can reunite with the Latin and Greek Churches. So, also, a very different feeling must be established between Greeks and Latins, before a healthy union can be brought about. In the mean time we must cultivate kindly feelings and mutual forbearance, and, above all, strive after holiness, and the avoiding of all that is evil, in order to draw down God’s blessing on the work. . . .”

Then there follows a cordial invitation to Neale to visit him at his home, an invitation circumstances unfortunately hindered him from accepting.

But neither Neale’s short tours abroad, nor valued and welcomed guests at home, were allowed to interfere with his unceasing labour with his pen. He rose frequently at five, and worked on till night, often writing a sermon before he said Prime with the Sisters. The daily Eucharist was at seven, and his ministrations to the Sisters, pensioners, and orphans were never set aside for any literary occupations, however important and pressing. Of these latter he had occasionally more than a dozen on hand at once, his tenacious grasp upon a subject being relaxed only to take up another.

During these last years his, “History of Antioch,” and

the "Commentary on the Psalms" (one of the publications by which he is best known) were the chief objects to which his hours of study were devoted. "I stick to 'Antioch' daily," he writes; and, in 1859, he was making way with the "Psalms." But this great work went on slowly, and he was not destined to complete it. No wonder, when so many other books and duties intervened! In a letter to Webb, typical of many others, he proposed to undertake a translation of the fifth book of "Durandus." He is sending off some Greek hymns, and he adds—

"My name must be looking up, I think. To-day I had a proposal from Saunders & Otley, with whom I never had any dealings, to write a large History of the Church; at my own terms, and at my own time—all books of reference to be supplied gratis. They repeat, that they would give any sum I asked. Of course, I was forced to decline, but fifteen years ago, how I should have jumped at such an offer!"

Ten days later, Saunders & Otley returned vigorously to the charge, and Neale, athirst for work he loved, reconsidered his answer. A big Church history (four octavo volumes of 600 pages each) could surely, somehow, be wedged in between the "Commentary on the Psalms" and "Antioch," without interfering with his translations, and hymns, and children's stories, and yet leave plenty of time for his direction of the Sisterhood, and the lectures and sermons he was delivering in London and elsewhere; and he offered to write the four volumes for £500. In this case, he had overrated his exceptional powers. Not even his indomitable industry could conquer increasing difficulties in the way of strenuous and uninterrupted application to one subject, and this particular scheme was never carried into effect. "The History of Antioch," (though it remained unfinished), in 1857, occupied a large portion of his attention. "I am tooth and nail on 'Antioch,'" he writes, "and have quite got into the spirit of it. I do four octavo pages every day; and can answer to keep that on." Later it became impossible. Hours of study were carefully planned out, but services and

devotional exercises had to be observed with the strictness and regularity of a religious House, and demands upon his time were multiplied on every side.

The "Commentary on the Psalms" had been in his mind for years, and at intervals he had done a great deal of work in connection with it, the first volume, however, was not published until 1860.

In this immense undertaking Dr. Littledale co-operated with him. He was a constant visitor at Sackville College (for years he spent Holy Week and Easter there), and in many respects his tastes were identical with Neale's. They were both unusually versed in Holy Scripture; not merely with respect to verbal and ethical knowledge, but with that deeper sense of its significance, and love for mystical interpretations which, as Neale himself states in his preface to the first volume, "appear beyond measure wild and unreal to persons who are not used to primitive and mediæval commentators."

Their "holy ingenuity" filled Neale with admiration. The fanciful intricacy of words or sentences, the design in various forms expressing a central idea, was as beautiful as the delicate fretwork and elaborate carving of rood-screen or capital; and just as the close observation of an expert may be required to discover the initial beneath the embossed and gilded foliage surrounding it, so spiritual insight might alone discern the truths hidden in the inspired pages of prophets and evangelists. Here he found the secret of the Lord emblazoned in pure untarnished colour; here he caught evasive, remote, and yet illuminating glimpses of the mind of Christ.

To him it was no question of literary excellence or decorative art. The barest statements of historical facts were types and symbols or prophecies; all rich in inner meanings, clearly manifested to an enlightened and receptive mind. In the society of Saints and Mystics he sought the heights where they enjoyed more intimate communion with God, and attained to a clearer knowledge of His Attributes; yet he had neither the temperament of the contemplative nor the vocation of the solitary. He

made no prolonged sojourn upon the mount, descending to unfold the message to the people upon the plain; to interpret the allegory, to connect type with anti-type, and re-establish emblems of faith tradition had consecrated.

His discourses on the "Apocalypse" and on the "Song of Songs" are naturally most full of mystical interpretations, and to a large extent these permeate all his sermons. In his third dissertation on "the Literal and Mystical Interpretation of the Psalms," he vindicates the principle upon which his Commentary is based;—a principle that must be recognized if it is not to be condemned "as an aggregation of the wildest conceits and the most worthless fancies." He brings forward strong historical arguments for the legitimate use of metaphor, and shows that such explanations were enlarged and sanctioned by the universal voice of the Church. For instance, he points out—

"a conventionalism which, from the time of S. Augustine downwards, directed and influenced the whole mediæval course of Scriptural interpretation, . . . the appropriation of the name Jerusalem—the Vision of Peace—to the Church Triumphant; that of Sion—Expectation—to the Church Militant. . . . That they may declare the Name of the Lord in Sion, and His Worship at Jerusalem. . . . His Name in the earthly Sion now; His Worship in the Heavenly Jerusalem. . . . Again, 'O be favourable and gracious unto Sion;' and then by a very beautiful sequence, 'Build Thou the walls of Jerusalem;' because, through God's love and mercy to the Church here, those spiritual stones are prepared by which the walls of the eternal temple are to be built on high."

In like manner he dwells much upon—

"the additional depth of meaning, given to almost every Psalm, by taking the Word to mean the Incarnate Word. . . . 'The Word of the Lord also is tried in the fire;' how more truly can His sufferings be described? 'Thy Word hath quickened Me.' 'Whoso eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, hath eternal life.' . . . 'I am as glad of Thy Word as one that findeth great spoils;' take it of the Church, when, after four thousand years she could say,

‘Unto us a child is born.’ The 119th Psalm taken in this sense is transfigured into a beauty which cannot exist for those that reject Mysticism.”

If inexperienced novices in that school might grasp these obvious and appropriate interpretations; in other places we find him delighting (like those who had preceded him) in extracting harmonies from strange combinations of texts as he played upon the words. Examples may be given from his curious sermon upon the number seven; in which he illustrates its “especial holiness.” “It means, and it is the sign of, God’s covenant relation to man, and especially to His Church, Jewish or Gentile.” And then he gives instances too numerous to mention. Seven is the number of sacrifice. Hezekiah and Job’s friends offer seven bullocks and seven rams, etc. Balak is commanded to build seven altars. The priest sprinkles the blood seven times before the veil; and so, on the day of Atonement, he sprinkles the Mercy Seat. “It is the number of forgiveness; I say not unto thee seven times, but until seventy times seven.” He might, as he says, “go on almost endlessly”—seven clauses in the Lord’s Prayer, seven words from the Cross, seven parables concerning the Church; and yet further, Neale (possibly also some of the Fathers) divides the number again to show that $3+4$ has a mystical significance—

“Three sets forth God, four the world. . . . In the Lord’s Prayer three petitions about the Glory of God . . . four for the good of man. In the seven great parables of the Church: four spoken by the sea-side, then a pause, then three in the house. . . . In the seven words [from the Cross] three are addressed to man . . . the other four to God in marvellous analogy with the Lord’s Prayer. So in the Beatitudes, four have to do with earth, three with Heaven. . . . And what the God of Grace orders, the God of Nature typifies. What is the sign of the covenant between God and man, but the rainbow with its seven colours.”

Nevertheless verbal types and analogies, though often set forth in treatises and discourses of mediæval writers,

have no necessary connection with the inner spirit of Christian mysticism, defined "as the attempt to realize, in thought and feeling, the immanence of the temporal in the eternal, and of the eternal in the temporal."¹ Of speculative and philosophic mysticism under its "formless" aspect Neale had not the knowledge that can only result from conscious intuitions and personal experience. Of the two ways of attaining to the knowledge of God as set forth by Molinos, "meditation or discursive thought and pure faith or contemplation," he would probably have chosen the former; and when he writes of the Saints he dwells more upon the asceticism of anchorites, the faith of virgins, the labours of theologians, and the constancy of martyrs than upon their passive reception of Divine revelations. His knowledge either of the systematic and tabulated mysticism of S. Teresa, or of such morbid quietism as that of Madame de Guyon, was not experimental; though his imagination, unfettered by chilling prejudices or rationalistic dispositions, easily lifted him into a region where supernatural occurrences or heavenly visions were natural indications of the Divine Presence.

In the study and interpretation of Holy Scripture, he invariably sought the assistance of the Fathers, and used texts for his sermon, full of significance, but with a mystical rather than a literal relation to his subject. Dean Randall remembers his preaching on the slaughter of the sons of Rizpah and Michael, 2 Sam. xxi. 9: "And they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of the harvest, in the first days, in the beginning of barley harvest;" and the sentence following the text: "These words, my brethren, *as you all know*, refer to the Apostles;" and how he spoke of their fall before the Crucifixion, in the beginning of the great harvest they were one day to gather in. Other texts, appropriated to certain times and seasons, or bearing upon sacramental teaching, are more obviously suggestive.

For the absence of the Blessed Sacrament from the Altar on Good Friday and Easter Eve: "Saul said unto

¹ W. R. Inge, "Christian Mysticism."

Jonathan his son, Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat, neither yesterday, nor to-day?"

For *Spiritual Communion*: "And this your heave-offering shall be reckoned to you, as though it were the corn of the threshing-floor, and as the fulness of the wine-press."

For *Christmas*: "David earnestly asked leave of me that he might run to Bethlehem, his city."

In the preface to the second edition of his Sermons on the "Song of Songs," published a year after his death, his friend, Canon Haskoll, observes that, in the meditations and addresses given to the Sisters, he was especially anxious to draw out "the mystical interpretation of Holy Scripture, that thereby a celestial glory might be thrown on the common things of everyday life." It was, he deemed, "a true way of brightening the road to the Heavenly Country."

In every word he saw a hidden meaning, some sweetness to be drawn from the efflorescence of each verse. These discourses were best suited to the Religious for whom they were written, who, meditating upon the verbal metaphor, might grasp the truth it enshrined. To those who had foresworn earthly consolations, he appropriately spoke of the Palm of rest, and the Palm of victory, and of the words of the Bridegroom, "I have come into My garden." The garden, in its literal sense, the world overgrown with weeds and thorns to which He came in the Incarnation, and where He laboured for three and thirty years, a garden "in years to come to be beautified by the roses of martyrdom and the lilies of chastity." Another garden—the garden of the Agony, where His disciples, may be with Him in temptation. The garden, again, of the Resurrection, where He appeared very early to Mary Magdalene, "and she supposed Him—and oh, how rightly—to be the Gardener;" and then, again, His garden, to which He comes in "the closest, liveliest sense" when He visits the soul "to eat His pleasant fruits, and to find there the myrrh of sacrifice and the spice of prayer."

The whole little discourse is representative of many

others, full of spiritual knowledge brought to bear upon the religious vocation and the details of a Sister's life.

From the time that he began to hold services at the College, Neale had made a close and constant study of the Psalms ; and when he sought for instruction, he became aware that the Church of the Primitive and Middle Ages, in adapting the Psalter to her own needs, had—

“employed all the luxuriance of her imagination to elicit, to develop—if you will to play with—its meaning. There is, to use the word in a good sense, a perfect treasury of mythology locked up in mediæval commentaries and breviaries—a mythology the beauty of which grows upon the student, till that which at first sight appears strange and unreal, making anything out of anything—perfectly fascinates. The richness and loveliness of this system of allegory have never been done justice to in our language.”¹

Again, in the same volume, Neale lays great stress upon the recital of the Psalter as one great means of quickening devotion and sustaining a sense of communion with God, not only in religious communities and in the Church at large, but in individuals. He recalls how S. Gregory the Great declined to consecrate a Bishop who did not know the Psalter by heart, and how the Council of Toledo (653) ordered that “none henceforth should be promoted to any ecclesiastical degree who did not know the whole Psalter ;” how many of the Saints made vows to recite it daily, though he much laments that S. Dominic the Cuirassier should have turned so pious an occupation into task-work by going through two Psalters every day, and given a penitential character even to the song of praise by taking the discipline all the time.

Just as Neale's love for the Bible seems to have been in some measure the result of his early evangelical training, so his affection for the Psalms was strengthened by attendance upon the Offices of the Church and his knowledge of mediæval customs and Patristic commentaries. In the

¹ See introduction to the first volume of the “Commentary on the Psalms.”

use of antiphons, for instance, he sees a means of illumination, brought out in a very characteristic passage :—

“The same Psalm was said at Easter, said in Lent, said at Whitsuntide, said on the Festivals of Martyrs, said in the Office for the Dead ; it could not at all these seasons be recited with the same feelings, in the same frame of mind. The different emphases required to be brought out ; the sun-ray from the Holy Ghost rested, indeed, at all times on the same words, but the prism of the Church separated that colourless light into its component rays, into the violet of penitence, the crimson of martyrdom, the gold of the highest seasons of Christian gladness.”

Pages of this introduction are taken up by the list of different versions of the Psalms, and the long roll of commentators consulted.

“To my mind,” he writes, “the Commentary of Michael Ayguan (1416) is, on the whole, the best of those that have been contributed to the treasury of the Church, though wanting the unction of Dionysius and the marvellous Scriptural knowledge of S. Augustine. To me it has been, as it were, a dear companion for the last fifteen years ; during that period I have read it through three times, and each time with a higher admiration of its marvellous depth, richness, and beauty.”

The passage quoted is selected from many affectionate comments upon the authorities consulted ; but it opens, as it were, the door, and gives us a sight of his mental laboratory. Here revelations were vouchsafed, and rays of knowledge illuminated the duldest pages of antiquity. The very touch of an old missal or manuscript inspired hope that patient study would receive a full reward. The books that filled his study, lining the walls and stretching in extra shelves across the room, hardly affording space to pass to his desk, were familiar friends and dear companions.

From the Office-books of the Church, Roman, Mozarabic, Ambrosian, Gallican, Greek, Coptic, Armenian, and Syriac, he derived even more assistance than from the early

commentators, and he emphatically disclaims originality of interpretation, having sought, above all, to follow in the steps of the saintly men who expressed the mind of the Church; yet, without Neale's setting, to many these primitive jewels would have been buried, unknown stones of no price; and it may well be said that the collector was best qualified to appraise them at their true value. In allegory and type, in prophecy and parable, he gathered rich sheaves of divine meanings; fanciful, unfounded, obscure as they might seem to some, to him they were but the natural and legitimate exposition of words necessarily to be regarded as symbolic of heavenly truths.

"Our Blessed Lord Himself," he writes, "seems to invite us to discover mystical interpretations by the very structure of His parables." And he shows how very soon such were discovered by ecclesiastical writers, until mystical interpretation in "the fourth century, had acquired all the characteristics of a science. . . . It is the distinguishing mark of difference between ancient and modern commentators. To the former, it was the very life, marrow, essence of God's Word—the kernel of which the literal exposition was the shell—the jewel to which the outside and verbal signification formed the shrine; by the latter it has almost universally been held in equal contempt and abhorrence."

"I claim nothing," he writes again, "but the poor thread on which the pearls are strung. To collect them has been the happy work of many years—work which has consoled me in trial, added happiness to prosperity, afforded a theme of profitable conversation with dear friends, furnished the subject-matter for many sermons. I pray God to accept it as an offering to the treasury of His Church."

Dr. Pusey heard of his work in 1858, when he himself was engaged upon "S. Cyril of Alexandria" with a view to a new edition. He was, as he wrote to Neale,—

"especially much occupied in collecting and enlarging, as far as I could, the fragments on the Psalms, . . . I bethought myself that I was running some risk of losing my labour by carrying it about to foreign libraries for the purpose of collection. I therefore had three or four copies of the 'Psalms' roughly printed, but I thought you would

be, most likely, too far advanced to use it. However, on naming this yesterday to the Bishop of Brechin, he was inclined to think it would still be acceptable to you. I therefore send you the sheets, eighteen in number, by this morning's post."

The Commentary was advertised as early as 1858, and no doubt there were other living authorities from whom Neale sought and obtained information and advice ; but in this special work Dr. Littledale was chiefly concerned, and it was proper that his pen should finish the task Neale's death left incomplete.

Littledale had not only been an intimate friend, but they had had constant conversations and discussions upon scriptural questions. Though lighter themes were introduced, and quaint sayings and odd rhymes would be repeated, interspersed with stories from every land and time ; those who formed part of the family circle remember how, sitting in the evenings one on each side of the fireplace, they would most often seek out obscure Biblical texts, divine meanings, or explain disputed passages by reference to theologians or fathers of the Church.

Littledale, an untiring student and prolific writer, with great stores of learning, had a more caustic wit and controversial mind, but his faculties had been exercised in the same school as Neale's. He had the sympathetic interest of a fellow-labourer in his schemes and writings, and in his preface to the second volume of the "Psalms," published in 1868, he pays a just tribute to his memory. This was two years after Neale's death, whose commentary ends abruptly at the fifth verse of the fifty-ninth Psalm.

Though the work "is chiefly a mosaic from old writers," Dr. Littledale declares himself to be conscious of the inferiority of the part for which he is responsible.

"The vast stores of Dr. Neale's learning," he writes, "were hardly less remarkable than the readiness and certainty with which he could draw on them, the ease with which he could illustrate any subject he treated, with apt classical allusions, parallels lying hid in history or legend,

hymn or song, of ancient or modern times. Any one coming after him in the many paths of his labours is at a disadvantage in comparison, but especially in a field so peculiarly his own as the mystical interpretation of Scripture."

The work was executed to fulfil the wish of a dying friend, and much gratitude is owing to one who, in the midst of other pressing duties, and in incessant ill-health, did not fail to carry out that bequest.

CHAPTER XXV

Development of the Sisterhood—The Spirit of the Founder—Inner life—Spiritual dealings and letters—Attention to details—The Sisters' work in Soho—Penitentiary work.

THE last years of Dr. Neale's life were perhaps among the happiest he had ever spent. He had borne the burden and heat of the day, he had laboured with cheerful, unremitting courage at tasks of which the magnitude might have easily disheartened a less indomitable spirit; he had seen the Church he loved weather storms at times threatening to overwhelm her, and for the moment her anchor was cast in smooth waters. From East and West he had received a due and instinted meed of praise for his successful incursions into almost untrodden regions of knowledge. Reinstated by time's laggard justice in the estimation of the authorities of his own Communion, he had so completely put the past aside as to dedicate the volume of his collected "Seatonian Poems" to the Bishop of Chichester, apparently without a thought that the offering might come to him in the undesired shape of coals of fire. On November 23, 1863, he writes—

"It is really providential that now, about three weeks ago, the Bishop *formally*, as he did three years ago *virtually*, withdrew his inhibition; so, I hope, ends a battle of more than sixteen years; I having not withdrawn a single word nor altered a single practice (except in a few instances, by way of going further). . . . You saw that I got the Seatonian again—my tenth. I have now had it oftener than any one before. These are to be reprinted together, for the booksellers want them, and they are to be dedicated to the Bishop of Chichester. Of course I know

what horrible trash they are, but if the bookseller likes to give something and the Bishop likes the honour, I ought to be content."

It was not that he had not deeply felt the injustice of the treatment he had suffered and the opposition he had had to encounter. He had been occasionally depressed; indeed, in referring to the year of the Lewes riots, he says that he does not know how he and his wife could have lived through such another, though throughout all trials her calm and courageous attitude had strengthened his defences, and she had been ready to share and lighten his cares. But it was not in his nature to allow an injury to rankle; happy in his home, in his literary occupations, and in the growing religious Community he had been privileged to found, the skies above him were serene, and he went forth to his work without any presentiment of how soon the evening shadows were to fall.

Never strong, slight lapses from health became more frequent, his journals often taking note of some project or work for this reason interrupted or abandoned; nevertheless his mental energy remained absolutely unimpaired, and he was not content with having his present time filled to overflowing, but, with all his old enthusiasm, was planning fresh undertakings for the years to come.

"Do you wish to know what I have set myself—smaller books being omitted—for my life task?" he writes to his old tutor, Mr. Russell, on January 11, 1860. "This. Of the Greek History—'Antioch and Jerusalem,' making in 8vo 2. 'Constantinople,' 2. The remainder of the 'Psalms,' 3. 'History of Hymnology,' 2. 'Eucha: Bibliar,' 1. 'History of the Cross,' 1-11. Reckon each at two years' hard work, and I fear I must not even hope for much more."

His faithful affection for his tutor exemplifies a very engaging trait in his character—his unalterable attachment to old friends. Mr. Russell had taught him as

quite a little boy, and he never forgot his kindness. Every year, if possible, he visited him upon his birthday ; he kept him perpetually informed by correspondence of all his thoughts and projects, and one of the last letters he was able to dictate from his death-bed was addressed to him.

From 1859 to 1866, the year of his death, the Sisterhood increased and prospered, more than fulfilling his most sanguine expectations. Already, in 1859, he wrote : "Our numbers at S. Margaret's have so increased that at Michaelmas we enter upon five houses. Our income this year will have amounted to £1000."

It is strange, after all the years that have gone by, to walk down the lane between the churchyard and these five houses, of which he speaks with the pride of a fortunate possessor ; stranger still to pass through the yard, and up the narrow stairs to what was originally the Community room ; the oratory, built for a workshop, long and narrow, once furnished with dark wooden benches for the Sisters, where the chief part of his sermons on the Religious Life were preached. This oratory connected the houses used for the Orphanage with S. Margaret's ; the first refectory being a sort of semi-underground shed, now used for lumber. Neale's grave on the edge of the raised churchyard is close to the place where so important a part of his life's work was done.

In this rough and rudimentary dwelling, the vow of poverty could hardly fail to be literally kept. This was the home to which a wearied Sister thankfully returned from dispiriting struggles with some deadly form of disease or sin. Here she found spiritual rest and refreshment, and the Founder ready to console, encourage, and minister to each individual soul. To one who reproached him with devoting too much of his time to the Sisters, he replied that when at home they justly demanded all the help and spiritual comfort their position as members of a Religious Community could afford. Called upon to face danger and death, at a moment's notice, when on nursing duty, they were necessarily debarred from

Sacraments, religious instruction, and even from formal prayer. With respect to daily Communion, for instance, he says—

“I do not wish to put a difficulty in your way of receiving Him, as I should in any Sisterhood but this; I mean where the Sisters were from year’s end to year’s end always in the oratory, and able to communicate. It is not so with you. Some of you by to-morrow night may be fifty miles off, and never see the Blessed Sacrament again for a month.” In their chapel they were constantly in that Presence: “Scarcely an hour when this little oratory will not be His Court; scarcely an hour at which it will not diffuse its blessings all around it, if only your hearts are pure and holy to receive them.”

No one could possibly accuse him of undervaluing the observance of the religious rules, “which, if in themselves worth nothing, are yet the heart’s blood of a Sister’s spiritual life;” at the same time, he was anxious that in keeping the letter they should not sacrifice the spirit of the order. “It has pleased God,” he writes, “to give you a Sisterhood banded together for work, sometimes terrible work. Your motto is, ‘He that works well, prays well.’” Though two hours a day was the minimum of time for Sisters’ private prayers, he constantly exhorted those on duty to let no rule, no personal acts of devotion, no fulfilment of other obligations stand in the way of their single-hearted attendance upon the sick to whom they were sent. There was to be no restriction of service. Where others might reasonably shrink back from difficulty or danger, there the Sister was most especially bound to go. In cases of necessity he asserted that she need not be disquieted if she found no time and opportunity throughout the day for formal prayer. In the lonely wayside cottage as in the crowded street she might still keep her hand upon the Lord’s garment, though no words might be framed.

In other lesser respects he allowed more freedom than some Superiors of convents would have approved.

"We should all agree," he writes to a friend, "that they should have modern books to read, if they like, at certain times. But now—what about novels? Would you absolutely say, 'You shall never read *one*;' or would you rather say 'I will choose for you, and you may read, if you like, those'? I confess that, whether right or wrong, and however much it might shock some people, I believe that this is the right way. I say this without any prejudice whatever. You know what an inveterate devourer of novels I used to be. The only thing in which I see I am getting old is, that now it is a positive bore to me to read them. Yet some that I look at, I do really think, our Sisters might read with real profit."

He did not for an instant seek to depreciate the stricter rules of other orders; the long vigils of solitaries, the austere devotions of ascetics, the unintermitted prayer and adoration of cloistered nuns had inspired and hallowed the lives of Saints, preparing them, in Montalembert's words, "*par une douce transition l'accès de la vie éternelle.*" At the same time he most fully realized the nobility of the service to which his Sisters were more particularly pledged.

"What I feel strongly myself," he says, "that I want you also to see; namely, that this is the exact Sisterhood of all others which must have the strongest temptations. The rapid change from complete isolation to a Sister's life, from weeks without a service, to days full of service, makes everything more difficult. A simply ascetic Sisterhood is comparatively easy."

He is profoundly desirous to impress upon them the sense of unity and intercommunion no distance or absence may destroy:—"That is one dear use of a House like this. There is no such thing—to use a technical term—as a Limited Company here. You are each answerable, not only for your own sins and shortcomings, but, to a certain extent, for those of all your Sisters. Had you, each of you, prayed more for them, they would have fallen less. . . . And thus we must endeavour more to resemble that Jerusalem which is built as a city in unity with itself."

When the Sisters were absent from the Home he wished the rules of behaviour to be as simple and unconstrained as possible. When a Sister was nursing a private case she was to take her meals, for convenience sake, with the family. If they had a friend or two to dinner she was to dine with them as usual. "This scandalizes the Clewer people, with whom we are on intimate terms," but to Neale it seemed the "height of unreality" for her to withdraw on account of the presence of one or two visitors.

It might be said that these were of necessity but tentative untried lines upon which to work an organization yet in its infancy. This is perfectly true ; as time went on there were extensions in one direction, restrictions in another, but, in the little book entitled "*Dicit Fundator*," compiled for the Sisters' private use, the spirit actuating the Founder is breathed into the Community.

"It is not external poverty," he writes, "it is not external obedience, it is not your profession of chastity which will make you brides of Christ. It is love first, love midst, love last ; love that makes you resign all possessions and all appearance of them ; love that makes you delight in submitting your own will to that of others ; love that cannot endure to think of any love but His own."

This spirit ensured an unhesitating response. To Neale and to the Sisters alike the post of danger was the post of honour ; and a call to the lowest and most repugnant form of service the one to be most anxiously coveted. There is an unmistakable note of triumph in Neale's sentences, when it is a question of ministering to exceptional misery or destitution. In one terrible outbreak of typhus, he writes of—

"the only case where as yet it has been necessary to send two Sisters. The terror was so great that no one would bring even water from the river (the only water they have) to the door ; and when they first went, the girl, too weak to turn in bed, had literally not been touched for

a week. Again, there is an application for a Sister to take charge of the temporary small-pox hospital at Salisbury, where it is raging. I am very well pleased to get a footing in that diocese."

When the sick were not too far from East Grinstead, he would always visit the nursing Sisters and their patients himself, often walking long distances at night across ploughed fields to bring some food or necessary drug; and when unable to reach them in any other way, prayer for their individual needs was daily sent up from the Home. He prayed like a Saint or a child, as readily for temporal as for spiritual blessings. If he lost his keys he prayed that he might find them; and if he was hoarse, and had to preach or lecture, he would ask the Sisters to join in prayer at the appointed hour, that he might not break down in his sermon. On the one side there was an ever-abiding sense of the supernatural, and on the other a large measure of what has been termed "sanctified common sense." At the beginning of Lent, whilst setting self-denial before them as an absolute duty, he observes he has often had occasion to remind them that it is the duty of those who need all their physical strength for God, not to do more in the way of fasting than they are fully able to bear. Again, he is severe upon reckless exposure to infection; the Sister has no right not to care in this respect for others, and, as far as is possible, for herself.

In insisting upon the importance of little things he displayed an intimate knowledge of detail. Just as, in another department of work, he had shown extraordinary patience in unravelling some disputed point or examining a defaced missal, so he now set himself to master the intricate daily order of the Sisterhood and Orphanage. Example, it might have been said, was better than precept. His study littered with papers, disarranged books, and old letters, hardly bore out his teaching, and to the impartial observer might have afforded an object lesson of another kind. But he realized the importance of method in a Community in regard to the training of

children, and had a keen eye and a sharp reprimand for failures in this respect.

The work was increasing beyond the capabilities of the number of Sisters available to cope with it. In 1858 the Rev. J. C. Chambers, Vicar of S. Mary's, Crown Street, Soho, asked Dr. Neale for two Sisters to work in the worst quarters of his poor parish. A graphic account of that work may be found in "*Memories of a Sister of S. Saviour's Priory.*" It is the story of a movement for the enfranchisement of the slaves of sin and oppression, by individual effort, not yet fully organized, and subject to no public support or control, and for seven years a small band of Sisters did what they might to lighten ignorance and misery in one of the poorest districts in London ; until, in the spring of 1866, they removed to Haggerstone to form the nucleus of their present Home, S. Saviour's Priory, now a branch House, with one of the early Sisters whom Dr. Neale professed, as its Mother.

The Sisterhood was thus stretching out its arms in all directions, to the sick and poor and fallen. At first Neale had shrunk from undertaking what is technically called "rescue work." Other Sisterhoods had made this their object, and, though usually hopeful, in a sermon he had openly stated his belief that such work was seldom satisfactory, and but a small percentage of women affected by it. That same night he dreamed that he was coming out of his door, into the College quadrangle. It was midnight, and perfectly dark but for a great light about the figure of our Lord, who stood before him, holding a lantern in His hand as in Holman Hunt's picture. And our Lord asked, "How many books have you written about the victories of My Saints?" and he gave the exact number in reply without hesitation, although waking he would have found it hard to recall them. And then there came another question, "Can you number all the deeds and triumphs of My Saints?" And he answered, "No man can." Then our Lord said, "How then can you dare to limit the extent of My mercy?" and vanished out of his sight.

Thus Neale believed he was rebuked for his want of

faith. He remembered the exact spot in the quadrangle where the heavenly light had shone, glorifying and transfiguring each small herb and blade of grass, and ever afterwards passed it by with reverent recollection. Moreover, as time went on, he perceived that some penitentiary work was necessarily interwoven with his Sisters' vocation.

CHAPTER XXVI

Spiritual work—Retreat at Clewer—Neale's appreciation of others—
The foundation-stone laid of S. Margaret's Convent—Preaching
engagements—Last illness—Letter from Keble—Death on
August, 6, 1866—Funeral.

THERE seems a danger lest, in an existence so full of mental activity, so abounding in scholarly and literary preoccupations, fruitful in work accomplished—all comparatively easy to chronicle—the inner life, the spiritual struggles, the penitence, and the power of the Divine Love should be ignored.

These only Neale's good angel could record, and into that sanctuary of the soul we may not penetrate. Possibly a reaction from the set phrases of conventional piety, over-familiar in childhood, induced reserve, with regard to religious experiences. Yet, without unwarrantably seeking to intrude, we may discern in words and thoughts and deeds, the impress of a profound knowledge of Divine things, and of secret communion with God.

His temperament, in spite of his attraction to allegory and mysticism, was not meditative, although his imagination preserved him from too great absorption in immediate issues, and idealism shed its illuminating, if sometimes misleading, radiance over a world of sense.

Knowledge, as a revelation from God, was to be both treasured and communicated. The desire to instruct and evangelize permeated his writings, inspiring the single-minded love for the individual soul that marks an apostolic mission.

During the latter part of his life he gained much experience as a confessor in dealing with those who sought

him from a distance, as well as within the sphere of the Sisterhood and College; and for their help and consolation. He grudged no pains, and no time. "Never mind *what you call* trouble," he writes, "if an hour of my writing can give you half an hour's comfort, it will be very well spent;" but spiritual letters cannot be included within the prescribed limits of this memoir. Quotations tend to give misleading impressions, and without knowledge of the circumstances, and the persons to whom they were addressed, they would be as useless and incomprehensible as pages taken haphazard from the works of a voluminous writer.

With all this personal work of the ministry increasing every week, any fresh demand upon his energies met with a prompt response. In October, 1862, the Sisters were invited to start a House of Refuge at Ash, in connection with the camp at Aldershot. "In five months," Neale writes, "they have been able to send twelve poor women to various Houses of Mercy, who, all but one, are doing well. . . . One, I trust, though it is hard to judge in such cases, died the death of a true penitent." The next year he was laying the foundation of an independent daughter Sisterhood at Aberdeen. The Middle School at East Grinstead as well as the Orphanage grew quickly in numbers; and when the line of rail between Tunbridge Wells was in prospect he started a mission for the navvies; the Sisters visited and read to them in their dinner-hour, and on Sundays and week-days they gathered in the men at S. Margaret's for a night school.

He was continually preaching at a distance; often pleading and collecting money for the Sisterhood, and was so successful, that, in August, 1864, he was able to write: "You know that we have bought the ground for our new house. . . . The view to the north is very lovely, over the Surrey hills. The field is ten acres. We have also bought a quarry about three hundred yards off, so that we shall have no expense in cartage. Our quarry is white with a few iron stains. The plans are in Street's hands."

It was during this year, also, that he took the Clewer Retreat. His subject was the three Marys at the tomb, as the type of the Religious life. The three days were, he said, among the happiest he had ever spent.

"I liked the work, and I liked the place, and I liked, of course, where all hearts are open, to see how much or how little their Sisters were like my own. It is the custom there (and it is a good one) that the priest who gives the Retreat takes the Offices. So with the Eight Hours, the three Meditations, and the Confessions, there was enough to do. . . . I was quite sorry when it was over. . . . I have been asked to take it again, and I hope I shall."

But his death so soon followed that this was the first and last Retreat which he gave to any religious Community.

In 1856, Randall of Lavington, afterwards Dean of Chichester, gave a Retreat to the S. Margaret's Sisters. "I knew," wrote Neale, "that he would do it well; but some of the meditations were the most eloquent things I had ever heard." He was always ready to show a generous appreciation of other men; and on another occasion, after listening to one of Dean Randall's sermons, he said in his simple way, "You ought to thank God for helping you to preach like that." He very occasionally preached extempore himself, but did not consider that he was qualified to do so; and he would take as much trouble about a Bible-class for the Sisters, or an address to his old pensioners, as in the preparation of a sermon for a London congregation.

Dr. Littledale, who constantly heard him at Sackville College, bears testimony to the power he possessed of "reaching the recesses of minds which others might have thought impenetrable." He never confined his teaching "to the mere primer and rudiments of religious knowledge." He selected obscure texts, and communicated some portion of the mystical theology in which he was a proficient, but with such a perfect limpidity of diction as to engage the interested attention of his rural congregation.



S. MARGARET'S CONVENT, EAST GRINSTEAD.

The same testimony is given from every quarter where his "Sermons at Sackville College" or his "Readings to the Aged" have been used for the comfort or instruction of the unlearned ; and it is certainly remarkable that a mind engaged in the elucidation of theological problems, and often, as it were, buried beneath a mass of obsolete learning, should have so clearly presented the truths and precepts of Christianity to those whom Dr. Littledale describes as "specially disabled souls." The constraining love of humanity, ever sacred to him in the Person of His Lord, happily redeemed daily reiterated acts of service from becoming wearisome or commonplace, and led him to regard each poor trembling decrepit inmate of the College as one who might secure a place in the courts of the Heavenly City.

The stone of the great building now known as S. Margaret's Convent was laid on the Feast of S. Margaret, the 20th of July, 1865.

To Neale it was a day of unclouded rejoicing and of humblest and deepest thanksgiving. The foundation was not only the promise of a great and enduring work, but it was a symbol of victory. Nine years before, even in the presence of death, it had been difficult to afford ordinary protection against the assaults made upon him and the Sisters by a brutal and organized mob. Upon this occasion the townspeople united in a request that the procession of clergy and Sisters should pass through the streets ; the whole of East Grinstead was in festal array, and, as Neale wrote, the ceremony "was an uninterrupted and brilliant success." The procession of two hundred was nearly a quarter of a mile long. Numbers of well-known clergy were present ; the Communities of Clewer and Holy Cross sent representatives. Neale himself blessed the stone (which was laid by F. Barchard), prayers were said, and the Alleluiatic Sequence chanted to its ancient melody.

An incident followed full of meaning and value for the Founder, as typical of union between the Eastern and Western Churches. His dear friend of many years,

Eugene Popoff, Chaplain to the Russian Embassy, was present, and with him the Archimandrite Stratuli; and all knelt whilst the Archimandrite, standing over the stone, gave his blessing, after the Eastern rite, to the new undertaking and to the congregation.

The bells of the parish church (where Neale had not for so many years been permitted to take a service) rang out, three hundred and sixty guests were entertained, and the collection amounted to seven hundred and thirteen pounds. As the *Guardian* of the day observed, "the occasion bore a striking testimony to the changed feelings with which the Religious life is now regarded in England." It might have added, that it bore an equally strong witness to the courageous attitude and labours of the Founder. The subject of ecclesiastical censure, singled out, in many instances, for personal attacks of an insidious nature especially difficult to repel, the victim of a popular outcry, condemned without defence, abused in the public press, misjudged, or misunderstood, by some of his own party, he had yet gone on his way with persistent, unflinching determination. At times, dejection had laid its heavy hand upon him, but the grasp was soon cast off; and more often he had been invigorated and exhilarated by the storm, and found a keen and lively pleasure in breasting the waves.

Hostility had not simply died out, it had been disarmed and destroyed by the cheerful and unresentful nature of the defence. The present was fair and unclouded by fears or perplexities, and hope shed bright though changing lights upon the future. The vision of a re-united Christendom had haunted Neale through life; he saw at the last a nearer prospect of its fulfilment.

"You do not know," he writes, "how hopeful matters are. The American Church has had a semi-official request from the Holy Governing Synod, through Philaret of Moscow, for information on five points: 1. Our Succession. 2. Tradition. 3. The Articles. 4. The *Filioque*. 5. The Seven Sacraments. In the Eastern Association we have divided these among ourselves for a short, plain

treatise. I have the *Filioque*. S. Oxon. sent for me the other day to Lavington, where a number met. There was an *attaché* to our Legation at Brussels, who had lately seen Prince Orloff, the Emperor's great favourite, who promised to do all he could ; and the Empress, who prays for reunion every day. I have to draw up a series of propositions about the insertion of the clause (not the doctrine) *Filioque*, which Archdeacon Randall is to get through Committee, if he can, and then through the Lower House, and S. O. will fight it through the Upper. Is not this like business ? ”

No wonder that, as the vision grew clearer, the blessing of the Greek Church given in the English meadow from which the walls of the great Convent were to rise, seemed a happy augury of peace.

Thus a seal was set upon the dual character of Neale's work. First upon the formation of a Religious society, with its constitutive elements of purity, faith, and self-sacrifice systematized and harmonized, not by mere mechanical methods, but by an all-pervading spirit of love ; and secondly, upon that other task so devotedly pursued from his youth, the serious mission to display the dazzling spectacle of a Church, impregnable, immovable, divinely appointed, of which the inward unity should one day receive open and universal recognition.

This year (1866), as it advanced, saw no abatement of his exertions. His very success demanded fresh efforts, lest a work projected upon so large a scale should languish for want of support. One list of his preaching engagements, though this is for the autumn of 1865, may give some idea of his itinerant labours in connection with the Sisterhood—

“ On Saturday, all well, I go to Manchester again, to preach at the reopening of Huntingdon's church. On Monday I have a lecture on Sisterhoods at Liverpool ; on Tuesday, a lecture on the ritual question at Manchester ; on Wednesday, a lecture on Sisterhoods at Stafford. I hope to come up by the night express, and spend Michaelmas Day here ; and at the second Vespers I have to preach at S. Mary's, Soho, which is rather in my line, and I like it. On October 12th I have to preach at

Bradley Abbot's harvest home at Clapham. So you have my engagements."

In the same year, he mentioned that the Bishop of Oxford had again asked him to pay him his "autumn visit," but that the work connected with the Convent hindered him from accepting the invitation; he "was sorry, as he wished to impress on him the importance of the ritual storm."

In politics Neale was naturally, we had almost said, inevitably, a Liberal. He was a constant reader of newspapers, and, at the time of the war in America, absorbed in public affairs. He had an unbounded admiration for Abraham Lincoln, and felt his death to be a personal bereavement as well as a national calamity. He never narrowed his interests or allowed himself to be so much engrossed by his special subjects as to ignore questions that from the social or political points of view might be regarded as of supreme importance; and even during the unceasing occupations of his last years, he found time to study the position of parties and the course of public events. His imagination, never brooding, but always on the wing, left little leisure for metaphysical or speculative thought. An historian and apologist, he was rather concerned with facts and persons than with abstract theories or schemes of philosophy. Ubiquitous, aggressive, persistent, with decided antipathies and equally strong predilections, he went on his way, unsparing of effort, indifferent to censure, in his sanguine search for buried knowledge; his endeavours sanctified by reverence for each manifestation of grace or truth.

But in spite of his vigorous vitality and inordinate efforts, there were disquieting symptoms in the early part of 1866, indicative of approaching disabilities. The flesh would impose limitations, though, like a recurrent wave, the spirit beat against the barriers. In very literal truth, he went forth "to his work and labour until the evening."

He had been doomed by physicians to an early death, yet their prognostications had remained unfulfilled. He

had conquered in that first struggle against disease, and though at intervals he had suffered and failed, he had rarely experienced the lassitude and depression attending upon sickness in its various forms ; and it is possible that thus he had unconsciously led others to over-estimate his strength. It was not a gift he had ever thought it his duty to measure or husband. He had been a generous, if unwise, spendthrift of his talents, his powers, and his time. He had let the world's prizes slip through his fingers as things of no account, but he had amassed a strange medley of possessions, for which he counted them well lost.

The journals of 1866 show that he toiled as long as he was able with energy and hopefulness for the development of the Sisterhood. He took no warning from increasing weakness and attacks of illness ; in the intervals of services and other spiritual work he was out in all weathers superintending workmen and revising plans. He often came back wet, chilled, and exhausted ; and still, with restless unflagging courage, he refused to abandon his post.

Nevertheless, it was apparent to those who knew him that the sands of life were too rapidly running out. He was only forty-eight, and it is possible that precautions might have preserved his health for many years. It would have been, however, hard if not impossible to associate the passive serenity of old age with his unbounded spirit of enterprise and insatiable love of work. He had delighted in spiritual discoveries and literary adventures, and had climbed the hill of difficulty with a light heart. Even in the ante-chamber of death he would have welcomed a reprieve. He was no tired traveller seeking repose, no weary warrior anxious to lay down his arms ; the world for him was still in its spring-time, and the sunshine lay not alone upon untravelled realms of thought, but upon the familiar roadway beneath his feet.

Every now and again it seemed to the anxious watchers that their hopes might be realized. Temporary amendments were hailed as omens of returning strength, and as, with all his old creative, constructive power, he dictated hymns

and sequences from his bed, it was difficult to believe that they were the final entries in his well-worn book of life.

All that care and skill could do was done to relieve his sufferings. Many old friends (amongst them his life-long friend, B. Webb) found their way to East Grinstead. Prayers were specially offered for him in more than thirty churches, and messages of gratitude and sympathy from all quarters caused him to exclaim, in pleased wonder, "I did not know that I had so many friends!" One letter gave him particular gratification: it was from Keble, now himself upon his death-bed.

To Mrs. Neale.

"Bournemouth, Fourth Sunday in Lent, 1866.

"[March 11th].

"DEAR MADAM,

"Only within these few days have we become aware of Dr. Neale's very serious illness, and though I read this morning that he is by God's blessing much relieved, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to say to you, and if you think well, to him through you, how earnestly we remember him—my dear wife (who is herself very ill) and myself—in the best ways that we can think of—in common with others—who can say how many?—who owe to him in various ways such help as One only can recompense him for. May his valuable life and health be spared for a good while longer to do his Master's work, and to see it prosper more and more, until a goodly number have grown up to take his place, and transmit the impression he has made to other generations! . . . One thing I would ask: that you would remember us at those times when one most desires to be remembered. But you are not to write to say so—we shall take it for granted. Pray assure him of our sincere love and respect, and believe me, dear Mrs. Neale, though unknown to sight,

"Truly and cordially yours,

(Signed) "J. KEBLE."

Keble died on the following Maunday Thursday, and Neale lived to write an elegy on his death.

During these months, as long as it was practicable, he would be drawn in a chair to watch the progress of the Convent buildings. He was, perhaps, the only one who did not realize the shadow of mournful foreboding, gradually deepening into a melancholy certainty, that he would not see its completion. He had desired to live. The laying down of his life was not the result of passive resignation, but a conscious act of willing and unqualified surrender; and, when it was accomplished, he remained, as his sister wrote, "calm and thankful, only asking for prayers." True to the habits of a lifetime, he reverted to the consolatory study of the Greek Offices of Our Lord's Passion, a desk upon his bed supporting the books he was too weak to hold.

He had never lingered over a task, and Death itself made no long delay. The conflict was short, though sharp; but a few days of acute suffering and fever, and upon the Feast of the Transfiguration, August 6, 1866, his work and life upon earth were over.

Twenty years before, full of young and generous hopes, he had come without a regret within that remote enclosure. Twenty years had passed of strenuous unremitting labour. Thoughts and aspirations had been wrought into divers forms in the crucible of his restless brain. Numerous schemes for alleviating the lot of the poor and desolate, and bringing the light of Divine Truth to shine into misguided or darkened understandings, had been evolved. In a patient study of the past, uniting a monk's love for an old missal to a scholar's value for the treasures of antiquity, he had unearthed and discovered jewels of great price—the crown jewels of the Church.

Now, when his active brain was quiet, when the hot pursuit of ideals was ended, and the pen had dropped from his fingers, it was fitting that he should rest in the room next to his study. Thence might be seen, framed in the vine-leaves about the window, the soft lines of woods and hills rising against the horizon where his eyes had so often rested, which had prompted thought, silenced anxieties, and brought peace to his soul.

"I must by all means keep this feast that cometh at Jerusalem." So the text ran upon the wall behind the table supporting the crucifix and candles at the coffin's head—in reference to the next day's Feast, the Festival of the Holy Name, to which he had a special devotion ; a text most faithfully expressing the desire of that hurrying ardent spirit. And upon the plain wooden coffin was engraved beneath the cross, "J. M. Neale, miser et indignus sacerdos, requiescens sub signo Thau."

Until the day of the funeral (August 10th) watch was kept beside the body. On the evening before the burial it was removed from the College to S. Margaret's, where it remained until the first Eucharist. The Requiem was sung in the College Chapel, and those who could not gain admittance knelt outside. An immense and reverent crowd filled the streets and churchyard as the procession passed ; a long line of more than sixty representative clergy from far and near, including several personal friends. E. J. Boyce and J. Haskoll, co-founders of the Cambridge Camden Society, T. Helmore, R. T. Littledale, Le Geyt, J. Purchas, R. W. Randall, Upton Richards, C. F. Lowder, C. Gutch, R. Liddell, A. H. Mackonochie ; Father Benson and Father Grafton representing the newly formed Society of S. John the Evangelist, Cowley, and others. The coffin was carried, at their request, by the workmen at the Convent buildings, to whom some of his latest pleasant words of encouragement had been given ; and his own hymn was sung as they carried him to his grave—

"Safe home, safe home, in port !
 Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck :
 But oh ! the joy upon the shore
 To tell our voyage-perils o'er."

The slab, with a cross, paten, and book engraved upon it, lies on the green slope of the churchyard above the little street down which at one time he daily walked to minister to the Sisters in their humble home ; and around it may be read the inscription : "In gratia et misericordia

JHESU Hic requiescit Johannes Mason Neale Sacerdos quondam conventus Sanctæ Margaritæ capellanus; qui obiit VI. die mensis Augusti MDCCCLVI. Cujus animæ propriietur Deus. Amen. JHESUS FILI Dei, miserere mei."

About a mile away, amidst woods and lawns and sheltered gardens, there is another monument raised to his memory—the Mother House of the East Grinstead Sisterhood. The beautiful pile of grey stone, with its tiled roofs and belfry tower and long double cloisters bordering a wide quadrangle; its schools and orphanage, and guest-chambers, affording accommodation to over sixty Sisters, and more than two hundred inmates; and the lofty dignified chapel of severe Early English design;—all bear a striking silent witness to what his life and death have wrought. Faithful to that pitiful affection for the poor and destitute so often in life the motive power of action, his last bequest was an annual dinner to the pensioners at Sackville College. But more honoured in his death than in his life, the Great Convent was erected to his memory at the cost of over £70,000.

The quest was over. His labours were ended. His dreams had found an interpretation. Sorrow and sickness and poverty could no longer cast a shadow of vicarious suffering, for beside the river there stood the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. The mysterious problems of life were solved, and the perplexing divisions of Christendom forgotten within the walls of a city at unity in itself, and the unslaked thirst for active service satisfied in that land where the servants of God for ever serve Him.

APPENDIX I

GENEALOGY

It is interesting to note that Dr. Neale's poetical powers, his pre-eminence as a translator, as also his devotion to the study of Holy Scripture, were inherited. On the maternal side he was descended from Cyprian de Valera, a Spanish reformer, who in 1560 made a translation of the Bible into Spanish, still in use. His grandfather, Dr. John Mason Good, was an accomplished linguist, with exceptional talents for versification. Whilst the strong Puritanic strain exhibited in his grandmother and mother may be traced back to their ancestors, three of whom were Nonconformist ministers; one of them preaching in London during the great Plague, and suffering imprisonment under the Conventicle Act.

APPENDIX II

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE WORKS OF THE LATE REV. J. M. NEALE, FROM THE CATALOGUE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A.D.

1841. Account of Restoration in the Church of Old Shoreham,
Sussex : T. Stevenson, Cambridge.
History of Pews : Parker, Rivingtons.
1842. Supplement to ditto.
Bishop Montague's Visitation Articles, with Memoir :
Stevenson.
1843. Songs and Ballads for the People : Burns.
The Private Devotions of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes,
Part II. : translated from the Latin (Part I., from
the Greek, in "Tracts for the Times," was by J. H.
Newman) : Parker.
Hymns for the Sick : Burns [Masters].
Agnes de Tracy : a Tale of the Times of S. Thomas of
Canterbury.
Ayton Priory : or the Restored Monastery : Rivington,
Stevenson.
Herbert Tresham : a Story of the Great Rebellion,
Rivingtons.
A Song for the Times : Burns (?) [Masters].
Hierologus : or the Church Tourists : Burns.
Hymns for Children ; series 1 and 2 : Burns [Masters].
Symbolism of Churches : translated from the first book of
Durandus by J. M. Neale and B. Webb : Stevenson
(re-published 1893?).
1844. Letter on Private Devotion in Churches : Burns.
Songs and Ballads for Manufacturers : Burns [Masters].
1845. On the Ecclesiology of Madeira : a paper read before the
C.C.S. : Rivingtons.

1845. English History for Children (Juvenile Englishman's Library) : Burns [Masters].
 History of Portugal (J. E. L.) : Burns.
 Triumphs of the Cross : Tales of Christian Heroism (J. E. L.) : Burns [Masters].
 History of Greece (J. E. L.).
 Shepperton Manor : a Tale of the Times of Bishop Andrewes : Cleaver.
 A Mirror of Faith ; Lays and Legends of the Church in England : Burns.
1846. Annals of Virgin Saints : Masters.
 Illustrations of Monumental Brasses (partly edited by J. M. N.).
 Sir Henry Spelman's History of Sacrilege, edited by Revs. J. M. Neale and J. Haskoll.
 Stories of the Crusades : Masters.
 Triumphs of the Cross, 2nd series ; Tales of Christian Endurance (J. E. L.) : Masters.
1847. Tales from Heathen Mythology (J. E. L.) : Masters.
 Poynings : a Tale of the Revolution (J. E. L.) : Masters.
 History of the Holy Eastern Church ; the Patriarchate of Alexandria. Vol. I. Masters, Parker, Macmillan.
 Ditto. Vol. II.
 The Unseen World : Communications with it, real or imaginary : Burns.
1848. Duchenier, or the Revolt of La Vendée : Masters.
 Ecclesiological Notes on the Isle of Man, Ross, Sutherland, and the Orkneys : Masters.
 The Ecclesiastical Latin Poetry of the Middle Ages ; (an Essay in *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, vol. xxv.) : Griffin.
1849. Tetralogia Liturgica : Leslie.
1850. The Church's Extremity, her LORD'S Opportunity (in "Sermons preached in the Octave of S. Barnabas', Pimlico").
 Documents connected with the Foundation of the Anglican Bishopric in Jerusalem, and with the Protest against Bishop Gobat's Proselytism (collected and edited by J. M. Neale).
 Deeds of Faith ; Stories for Children from Church History : Mozley.

1850. A Few Words of Hope on the Present Crisis of the English Church : Masters.
 A Letter to the Ven. Archdeacon Hare with respect to his Pamphlet on the Gorham Question : Masters.
 Readings for the Aged : Masters.
 Victories of the Saints ; Stories from Church History : Cleaver.
 A History of the Holy Eastern Church. Part I. General Introduction, 2 vols. Masters, Parker.
1851. The Followers of the LORD ; Stories from Church History : Masters.
 Hymni Ecclesiæ : Parker.
 Hymnal Noted ; Part I. : Novello.
 "Joy and Gladness ;" a Christmas Carol : Masters.
 A History of the Holy Eastern Church ; Appendix, containing lists of the Sees : Masters.
 Lectures on Church Difficulties of the Present Time : Cleaver.
1852. The Bible, and the Bible only ; a Lecture : Masters.
 Evenings at Sackville College ; Legends for Children : Masters.
 Sequentiæ ex Missalibus : Parker.
1853. A History of the Church for Children ; Part I. : Masters.
 Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, for the use of Children in the English Church : Parker.
 A Statement of the late proceedings of the Lord Bishop of Chichester against the Warden of Sackville College : Masters.
 Carols for Christmastide : Novello.
1854. Carols for Eastertide : and Hymnal Noted, Part II. : Novello.
 Confession and Absolution ; a Lecture.
 Sermon for proposed new Church in Liverpool.
 Readings for the Aged ; 2nd series : Masters.
 The Egyptian Wanderers ; a Story of the Tenth Persecution : Masters.
 The Warnings of Christmas Eve ; Two Sermons : Masters.
 The Farm of Aptonga ; a Story of the Times of St. Cyprian : Cleaver.
1855. The Railway Accident (Tales for Young Men and Women) : Parker.

1855. The Ancient Liturgies of the Gallican Church, with introductory dissertation, edited by J. M. Neale and G. H. Forbes : Burntisland.
Lent Legends; Stories from Church History : Masters.
1856. The Life and Times of Patrick Torry, D.D., with Appendix on the Scotch Liturgy : Masters.
Epistola Critica de Sequentiis (Daniels' "Thesaurus Hymnologia," tom. 5) : Leipsic : J. T. Loeschke.
A Handbook for Travellers in Portugal : J. Murray.
The Moral Concordances of S. Antony of Padua : Hayes.
Judith; a Seatonian Poem : Cambridge : Deighton.
Mediæval Preachers, etc. : Mozley.
Readings for the Aged ; 3rd series : Masters.
"Tractarian Delusions," Catholic Truth ; an Answer to Rev. E. B. Elliott : Masters.
A History of Sackville College : Masters.
The Two Huts ; an Allegory : Masters.
1857. Tales on the Apostles' Creed : Masters.
The Lewes Riot, its Causes and Consequences ; a Letter to the Bishop of Chichester : Masters.
Theodora Phranza (reprinted from *Churchman's Companion* of 1853-54) : Masters.
The Hours of our LORD'S Passion, translated from the Latin : Masters.
The Litany of the Holy Name of JESUS, translated from the Latin : Masters.
1858. A History of the so-called Jansenist Church of Holland : Parker.
Sermons on the Canticles : Painter.
Readings for the Aged ; 4th series : Masters.
Egypt ; Two Seatonian Prize Poems : Deighton.
Gill's Lap (reprinted from *Penny Post*) : Parker.
1859. The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix on the Celestial Country : Hayes.
Greek Liturgies of SS. Mark, James, Clement, Chrysostom, and Basil : Hayes.
English Translation of Greek Liturgies : Hayes.
The Disciples at Emmaus ; Seatonian Prize Poem : Deighton.
"He said, Come ;" a Sermon : Masters.
Sunday Afternoons at an Orphanage : Masters.

1859. Voices from the East; Documents on the Present State and Working of the Oriental Church : Masters.
1860. A Commentary on the Psalms. Vol. I. Masters.
The Christian Nurse : translated from the French of Gautrelet ; edited by J. M. Neale : Hayes.
Ruth ; Seatonian Prize Poem : Deighton.
Οεοουωραφραγστ (Romaic) : Athens.
The 29th Canon, and Reasons for its Abrogation ; a Letter to the Bishop of Oxford : Masters.
1861. [Letterpress of] Text Emblems : Hayes.
Additional Reasons for the Abrogation of the 29th Canon : a Second Letter to the Bishop of Oxford : Masters.
[Preface to] The History of the Council of Florence ; translated by Basil Popoff : Masters.
1862. Notes on Dalmatia, etc. : Hayes.
An Earnest Plea for the Retention of the Scotch Liturgy ; a Letter to the Bishop of Brechin : Masters.
King Josiah ; Seatonian Prize Poem : Deighton.
Hymns of the Eastern Church : Hayes.
1863. Essays in Liturgiology and Church History : Saunders and Otley.
The Seven Churches of Asia ; Seatonian Prize Poem : Deighton.
1864. Seatonian Poems [collection of eleven] : Masters.
1865. Extreme Men : a Letter to A. J. B. Hope, Esq. : Masters.
Hymns, chiefly Mediæval, on the Joys and Glories of Paradise : Hayes.
1866. Hymn for use during the Cattle Plague : Novello, S.P.C.K.
Stabat Mater Speciosa ; Jacopone de Todi ; Latin and English : Hayes.
Sequences, Hymns, etc. : Hayes. (This was passing through the press at the time of the author's death.)

POSTHUMOUS PUBLICATIONS.

1867. Hymns suitable for Invalids : selected by Rev. R. F. Littledale : Hayes.
Sermons for Children, edited by Rev. J. Haskoll : Hayes.
Sermons on the Song of Songs (a reprint, with additions, of Sermons on the Canticles) edited by J. H.

1868. Sermons for the Minor Festivals (a reprint, with additions, of Readings for the Aged, Vol. II. ; forming Vol. IV. of Sackville College Sermons) : Masters.
 Commentary on the Psalms (by J. M. N. to end of 10th sheet : the remainder, and subsequently the 3rd and 4th volumes, by the Rev. R. F. Littledale).
 Revision of the Lectionary ; Letter to Bishop Hamilton of Salisbury (a fragment, begun shortly before the author's last illness, and never completed), ed. J. H. : Hayes.
 The Virgin's Lamp : Devotions for English Sisters, chiefly selected by J. M. Neale : Wakeling, Rivingtons.
1869. Catechetical Notes and Class questions : Hayes.
 Sermons preached in a Religious House ; 1st series, 2 vols., ed. J. H. : Masters.
 Via Fidelium ; Litanies, Stations, and Hours, chiefly translated by J. M. Neale : Wakeling, Hayes.
 Sermons on Passages of the Psalms : Hayes.
1870. The Night Hours of the Church (Breviary Night Offices). Vols. I. and II. : partly translated by J. M. N. : Hayes.
 Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament : Wakeling, Hayes.
1871. Sermons on the Apocalypse, the Holy Name, etc. : Hayes.
 Sermons preached in Sackville College Chapel : Vol. I., Advent to Whitsuntide (reprint, with large additions, of Readings for the Aged) : Masters.
1872. Vol. II., do. ; Trinity : Masters.
1873. Occasional Sermons preached in various Churches : Hayes.
 Sackville College Sermons, Vol. III. (Lent and Passiontide) : Masters.
1875. Sermons for some Feast Days : Hayes.
1876. Sermons for the Church Year ; 2 vols. : Hayes.
1877. Sermons on Passages from the Prophets ; 2 vols. : Hayes.
 The Night Hours of the Church, Vol. III. : Hayes.
1878. Readings for the Aged : selected from Sermons in Sackville College, by Rev. R. F. Littledale.
 History of the Eastern Church : Patriarchate of Antioch : completed by the Rev. G. Williams.

APPENDIX III

ARCHÆOLOGICAL STUDIES

“TAKING CHURCHES” is an expression often met with in Dr. Neale’s Church tours. It signified the filling in of such a scheme as is here reprinted from the sixteenth edition (in a compressed form), for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the diligent and exhaustive manner in which the Cambridge Camden Society carried on its researches, and directed its Associates.

ECCLESIOLOGICAL, LATE CAMBRIDGE CAMDEN, SOCIETY.

The Society trusts that its Members, while pursuing their Antiquarian research, will never forget the respect due to the sacred character of the Edifices which they visit.

| <i>Date</i> | <i>Name of Visitor</i> | |
|-------------|------------------------|--------------|
| Dedication | County | Archdeaconry |
| Parish | Diocese | Deanery |

I. Ground Plan.

1. Length } of { } Nave { } Aisles { } Porches { }
2. Breadth } Chancel { } Transepts { } Tower { } Chapels { }
3. Orientation.
4. What division between Choir and Sanctuary.

II. Interior.

- I. Apse.*
 1. Plan.
 2. Windows.
 3. Apse-Arch.
 4. Groining.

II. Chancel.

1. East Window.
2. Window Arch.
3. Altar.
 - (α) Altar Stone, fixed or removed.
 - (β) Reredos.
 - (γ) Piscina.
 - (1) Orifice.
 - (2) Shelf.
 - (δ) Sedilia.
 - (ε) Aumbrye.
 - (ς) Niches.
 - (η) Brackets.
 - (θ) Easter Sepulchre.
 - (ι) Altar Candlesticks.
 - (κ) Steps—number and arrangement.
 - (λ) Altar Rails.
 - (μ) Table.
4. Clerestory, { N.
S.
5. Triforium, { N.
S.
6. Windows, { N.
S.
7. Window Arches, { N.
S.
8. Piers, { N.
S.
9. Pier Arches, { N.
S.
10. Chancel Arch.
11. Stalls and Misereres.
12. Chancel Seats, exterior or interior.
13. Elevation of Chancel.
14. Corbels.
15. Roof or Groining.

III. North Chancel Aisle.

1. Windows, { E.
N.
W.
2. Roof or Groining.

IV. South Chancel Aisle.

1. Windows, { E.
S.
W.
2. Roof or Groining.

V. North Transept.

1. Windows, { E.
N.
W.
2. Transept Arch.
3. Roof or Groining.

VI. South Transept.

1. Windows, { E.
S.
W.
2. Transept Arch.
3. Roof or Groining.

VII. Lantern.

1. Windows.
2. Groining.

VIII. Nave.

1. Nave Arch.
2. Panelling above Nave Arch.
3. Rood Screen.
4. Rood Staircase.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 5 Rood Door. | 12. Window Arches, { N. |
| 6. Rood Loft. | { S. |
| 7. Piers, { N. | 13. Belfry Arch. |
| { S. | 14. Parvis Turret. |
| 8. Pier Arches, { N. | 15. Roof or Groining. |
| { S. | 16. Eagle Desk. |
| 9. Triforia, { N. 1st tier. | 17. Lectern. |
| 2nd tier. | 18. Poppy-heads. |
| { S. 1st tier. | 19. Pulpit (<i>position and de-</i> |
| 2nd tier. | <i>scription</i>). |
| 10. Clerestory, { N. | 20. Hour Glass Stand. |
| { S. | 21. Reading Pew. |
| 11. Windows, { N. | 22. Pews. |
| { S. | 23. Galleries. |

IX. North Aisle.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| 1. Windows | { E. |
| | { N. |
| | { W. |
| 2. Chantry Altar, | { (α) Piscina. |
| | { (β) Aumbrye. |
| | { (γ) Niches. |
| | { (δ) Bracket. |
| 3. Roof or Groining. | |

X. South Aisle.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| 1. Windows, | { E. |
| | { S. |
| | { W. |
| 2. Chantry Altar, | { (α) Piscina. |
| | { (β) Sedilia. |
| | { (γ) Aumbrye. |
| | { (δ) Niches. |
| | { (ε) Bracket. |
| 3. Roof or Groining. | |

XI. "Ornaments."

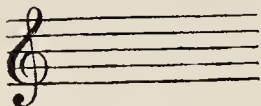
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|------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Parclose. | 9. Corbels (<i>date of head-dress etc.</i>). |
| 2. Shrine, fixed or move- able. | 10. Arches of Construction. |
| 3. Niches. | 11. Interior Surface of Arch towards Aisle. |
| 4. Brackets. | 12. Spandril Spaces. |
| 5. Mouldings. | 13. Vaulting Shafts. |
| 6. Arcades. | 14. Woodwork. |
| 7. Sepulchral Recesses. | 15. Pavement. |
| 8. Benatura. | |

XII. Belfry, {
E
N.
W.
S.

XIII. Font.

1. Position.
2. Description.
3. Cover.
4. Kneeling stone.
5. Measurements.

III. Tower.

1. Form.
2. Stages.
3. Spire Lights.
4. Lantern.
5. Parapet.
6. Pinnacles.
7. String-courses.
8. Belfry Windows.
9. Windows of Tower, {
S.
W.
N.
E.
10. Buttresses.
11. Construction and age of Woodwork and Floors of the Tower and Spire.
 - (a) Number.
 - (b) Tone.
 - (c) Inscription and Legendal History.
12. Bells. {
(d) Chime. 
(e) Remarkable Peals rung.
(f) Saint's Bell.
(g) Arrangement, etc. of Frames.
13. Beacon or Belfry Turret.
 - (a) Situation.
 - (b) Form.
 - (c) State of Defence.
 - (d) Line of Beacons.
14. Staircase. {
(a) Construction.
(b) Doorways.
(c) Spiral Bead.
15. Defensive arrangements of Tower.
16. Thickness of Walls.
17. General Character of Tower as peculiar to the district, or adapted to scenery and situation.

IV. Exterior.

1. West Window.
2. Window Arch.
3. West Window.
4. Porch, N.
 - (a) Inner Doorway.
 - (b) Benatura.
 - (c) Window, {
E.
W.
 - (d) Roof.
 - (e) Outer Doorway.
- Porch, S.
 - (a) Inner Doorway.
 - (b) Benatura.
 - (c) Windows, {
E.
W.
 - (d) Roof.

5. Parvise.

Windows, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{E.} \\ \text{N. or S.} \\ \text{W.} \end{array} \right.$
6. Doors in (α) Chancel or Chancel Aisles, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{N.} \\ \text{S.} \end{array} \right.$

(β) Nave or Aisles, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{N.} \\ \text{S.} \end{array} \right.$

(γ) Transepts, etc.
7. Niches.
8. Buttresses.
9. Pinnacles.
10. Arcades.
11. Parapet.
12. Mouldings.
13. Pinnacle Crosses.
14. Gurgoyles.
15. Eave Troughs, and general arrangement of Drains.
16. Crosses in Village or Churchyard.
17. Yew in Churchyard.
18. Sancte-Bell Cot.
19. Lych-Gate.
20. Coped Coffins.
21. Rood Turret.
22. Masonry.
23. Nature of Stone.
24. Composition and age of Mortar.
25. Joints in Arches.
26. Door and Stanchions.
27. Roof, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} (\alpha) \text{ Present pitch.} \\ (\beta) \text{ Original pitch.} \\ (\gamma) \text{ Nature.} \end{array} \right.$

V. Crypt.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Form. | 6. Windows. |
| 2. Arrangement. | 7. Door. |
| 3. Vaulting. | 8. Stairs. |
| 4. Piers. | 9. Altar Appurtenances. |
| 5. Dimensions. | 10. Lavatory. |

VI.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Evangelistic Symbols. | 11. Church Plate. |
| 2. Confessional. | 12. Church Chest. |
| 3. Hagioscope. | 13. Fald Stool. |
| 4. Lychnoscope. | 14. Reliquary. |
| 5. Encaustic Tiles. | 15. Oratory. |
| 6. Texts (Canon 82). | 16. Chrismatory. |
| 7. Church Terriers(Canon 87). | 17. Sun Dials. |
| 8. Homilies, etc. (Canon 80). | 18. Royal Arms — date and position. |
| 9. Chest for Alms (Canon 84). | 19. Paintings on Wall or Roof. |
| 10. Commandments(Canon 82). | 20. Tradition of Founder. |
| | 21. Connection of Church with Manor. |

22. Time of Wake or Feast.
23. Conventual Remains.
 - (a) Situation of Church with respect to other buildings.
 - (β) Situation and Description of Cloisters.
 - (γ) Situation and Description of Chapter-House.
 - (δ) Abbot's or Prior's Lodgings.
 - (ε) Gate-House.
 - (ζ) Other Buildings.
24. Antiquity of Registers.
25. Funeral Achievements, viz. Banners, Bannerets, Pennons, Tabard, Helm, Crest, Sword, Gauntlet, Spurs, Targe.
26. Embroidered work.
27. Images of Saints.
28. Stone Sculptures.
29. Merchants' Marks.
30. Library attached to Church.
31. Well connected with Church.
32. Heraldry.
33. Form of Churchyard, and situation of Church in it.
34. Brasses.
35. Monuments.
36. Epitaphs.
37. Lombardics.
38. Stained Glass.
39. Chapel.

| | |
|---|---|
| N. (α) Dedication. <div style="margin-left: 40px;"> $(\beta) \text{ Sides, } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{N.} \\ \text{E.} \\ \text{W.} \\ \text{S.} \end{array} \right.$ </div> <div style="margin-left: 40px;"> (γ) Roof or Groining. </div> | S. (α) Dedication. <div style="margin-left: 40px;"> $(\beta) \text{ Sides, } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{N.} \\ \text{E.} \\ \text{W.} \\ \text{S.} \end{array} \right.$ </div> <div style="margin-left: 40px;"> (γ) Roof or Groining. </div> |
|---|---|
40. Dedication Crosses.

GENERAL REMARKS.

General state of repair.

Late alterations—when—by whom—and in what taste.

Notice to be taken of any recess E. or W. of the Sedilia ;
 of the capping of Norman and Early-English Towers ;
 of niches in the West soffit of the S.E. Nave Window ;
 and of *gabled* Towers.

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